

PHOTOPLAY

25 CENTS
30 Cents in Canada

NOVEMBER



**Robbing
The Cradle For Stars**

MARGARET
SULLAVAN

Earl
Christy

Contrast her life with yours



HER life is outdoors . . . the wind . . . the sun . . . the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined . . . the home . . . the school room . . . the factory . . . the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours . . . well, you really don't know . . . you merely hope.

Don't offend others!

Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn't be guilty if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE checks halitosis
(unpleasant breath)



What a FOOL She is!



... to make an Eyebrow so important ... and to neglect her Teeth and Gums ... to tolerate "Pink Tooth Brush"!

No one would quarrel with this woman for using every beauty art at her command. The shape of a fingertip ... the arch of an eyebrow—are all so important to true loveliness. But what is gained if dull teeth and tender gums destroy her charm!

So many women are unaware that their teeth need a beauty treatment too! So few realize the fact that "pink tooth brush" means tender gums and tender gums mean *dull teeth and a clouded, unattractive smile.*

Dental science explains "pink tooth brush"—and how massage and Ipana help keep gums firm and teeth bright.

Soft foods are mainly responsible

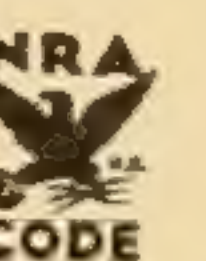
for "pink tooth brush." The coarse, fibrous foods of yesterday have given place to soft and creamy dishes that rob our gums of work and health.

Follow dental science. Massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Use Ipana for both purposes. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, aids in bringing back firmness to the gums.

And firm, healthy gums are safe not only from "pink tooth brush" but they are in little danger from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are more brilliant when your gums are in good condition. And they are safer!

Professional Opinion says:

- *By a well-known authority:*
"Modern food is too soft and does not call for a hard effort to chew it."
- *From a widely-read textbook:*
"Massage improves the health of the gums by stimulating the blood circulation. It also toughens the gums, making them more resistant to disease."
- *A famous scientist says:*
"Mouth hygiene means sound teeth and healthy gums in clean mouths."



TUNE IN "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS, WED. EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



WITH A WALTZ IN YOUR HEART

Surrender to the happy seduction of Ernst Lubitsch's most glorious picture holiday! When Maurice Chevalier with delicious gaiety flirts, sings, conquers Jeanette MacDonald, the rich and merry widow, it's your big new screen thrill! Because Franz Lehar's romance is the greatest operetta of our time M-G-M has spared no expense to make it memorably magnificent! With the stars and director of "The Love Parade".

In the hush of a lilac-perfumed night to the soft sobbing of gypsy violins . . . they danced the dance of love . . . the "Merry Widow Waltz".

MAURICE
CHEVALIER

JEANETTE

MacDONALD

an **ERNST LUBITSCH** Production

THE

Merry Widow

with

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • UNA MERKEL

GEORGE BARBIER . . . MINNA GOMBELL

Screen Play by Ernest Vajda and Samson Raphaelson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Editor and Publisher

William T. Walsh, Managing Editor

Ivan St. Johns, Western Editor

Vol. XLVI No. 6

November, 1934



Winners of Photoplay
Magazine Gold Medal for
the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

1926
"BEAU GESTE"

1927
"7th HEAVEN"

1928
"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"

1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"

1931
"CIMARRON"

1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

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Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (July)

★ **AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Frank Morgan's performance as the *Duke of Florence* highlights this sophisticated yarn about the loves of *Benvenuto Cellini* (Fredric March). Constance Bennett, as the *Duchess*, and Fay Wray are grand. (July)

★ **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelveteeth, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Barrie, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (June)

ALONG CAME SALLY—Gainsborough.—So-so British musical comedy with Cicely Courtneidge, in a dual rôle, and Sam Hardy. (Sept.)

ARE WE CIVILIZED—Raspin Prod.—A dramatization of various conflicts from the beginning of civilization, with a powerful sermon on world peace by William Farnum. (Sept.)

ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign made film with English dialogue. (June)

BABY TAKE A BOW—Fox.—Shirley Temple scores again as the daughter of an ex-convict (James Dunn) accused of stealing the "pearls." Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor, Ray Walker. (Sept.)

BACHELOR BAIT—RKO-Radio.—As the promoter of a matrimonial agency scheme, Romance, Inc., Stuart Erwin is perfect. Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson. (Sept.)

★ **BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET, THE**—M-G-M.—Well nigh perfect is this adaptation of the stage play, with Norma Shearer as the invalid poetess and Fredric March as her lover. Charles Laughton and excellent support. (Oct.)

BEDSIDE—First National.—This tale about Warren William attaining success as an M.D. by the use of another's name and diploma is a jumbled affair, indeed. Jean Muir. (May)

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—Monogram.—Unusual plot idea and good direction make this splendid dramatic entertainment. Lionel Atwill superb as maimed and beggared steel magnet. Betty Furness, James Bush, H. B. Walthall. (May)

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures.—Still another jungle story with thrilling wild animal shots and a touching native romance. (Aug.)

BEYOND THE LAW—Columbia.—Railroad detective Col. Tim McCoy's investigation of a killing is packed with suspense and action. Shirley Grey. (Oct.)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Boris Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells while in his weird abode seem all too unconvincing. (July)

BLACK MOON—Columbia.—If you're in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, you'll probably enjoy this. Jack Holt and Fay Wray fine. (Sept.)

BLIND DATE—Columbia.—Moderately satisfactory film fare about Ann Sothorn going out with Neil Hamilton when "steady" Paul Kelly lets business interfere with her birthday party. (Oct.)

BLUE LIGHT, THE—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic Leni Riefenstahl production will be enjoyed by all intelligent audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Magnificent camera effects in the Tyrol. (Aug.)

BLUE STEEL—Monogram.—John Wayne again outgallops, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (Aug.)

BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only "bad" by Loretta Young, little Jackie Kelk proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (June)

★ **BOTTOMS UP**—Fox.—A grand musical, boasting two song hits, clever lines, direction, story, Hollywood locale. Spencer Tracy, Pat Paterson, Herbert Mundin, fine support. (May)

BRIDES OF SULU—Exploration Pictures Corp.—Regard this as a scenic travelogue and try to overlook the poor dialogue. Interesting customs and characters, with Philippine Archipelago background. (Oct.)

Movie Fill-in Contest Winners

will be announced in the January, 1935, issue of

PHOTOPLAY

The number of solutions submitted in this \$500.00 prize contest is so large that the judges have found it impossible to render their decision for the December issue.

★ **BRITISH AGENT**—First National.—Locale—Russia during the war; characters—Leslie Howard, a British agent, and Kay Francis who loves him, but is also passionately devoted to her country. Deft direction; capable cast. See this! (Oct.)

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK**—20th Century-United Artists.—You must see Ronald Colman as the amateur detective who leaps headlong into the most baffling case in many a day. Loretta Young, Charles Butterworth fine. (Aug.)

CALL IT LUCK—Fox.—An old plot, but Herbert Mundin's cockney caddy characterization and Pat Paterson's fresh charm make it fair entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **CAT'S PAW, THE**—Fox.—Doing his familiar characterization—the naive young man for whom even the most difficult situations come out well—Harold Lloyd scores again! This time he's a missionary's son, visiting America. Una Merkel. (Oct.)

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox.—Admirers of the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team will like this light tale about their experiences with two college chums in the big town. (Aug.)

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British.—Melodrama aboard the Dover-Calais liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce, Matheson Lang all take important parts. (Aug.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE—Fox.—This yarn, centering around Warner Oland's difficulties in delivering a string of pearls, is the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series. (Sept.)

CHEATERS—Liberty.—Racketeer Bill Boyd's reform of his entire gang, when he falls for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mackaill, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. do nicely. (July)

CIRCUS CLOWN, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown splendid in the sympathetic rôle of circus roustabout who later becomes a trapeze artist. Patricia Ellis and good support. (Aug.)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad magnet Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, newshound Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps, James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (June)

★ **CLEOPATRA**—Paramount.—A passionate love story, with Claudette Colbert splendid in the title rôle, Warren William as *Caesar*, and Henry Wilcoxon as *Antony*. A typical DeMille spectacle. (Sept.)

★ **COCKEYED CAVALIERS**—RKO-Radio.—A hilarious hour in Merrie Olde England with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (Aug.)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns. Grace Bradley's dance is a wow. Ida Lupino. (May)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Margaret Kennedy's novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (July)

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO—Universal.—Novel tale of extra Fay Wray driving off in studio car, registering at hotel as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (May)

★ **CRIME DOCTOR, THE**—RKO-Radio.—As a detective who plans the perfect crime, incriminating his wife's lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther score, too. Holds interest every minute. (May)

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield.—The old, sad story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (June)

DAMES—Warners.—A barrel of good humor, and excellent tunes by Dick Powell, teamed again with Ruby Keeler. ZaSu Pitts, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert supply comedy, and Joan Blondell lends a snappy touch. (Oct.)

DANCING MAN—Pyramid.—Mediocre murder mystery, featuring Reginald Denny as a gigolo in love with Judith Allen and affairing with her stepmother, Natalie Moorhead. (Oct.)

★ **DAVID HARUM**—Fox.—Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

★ **DOUBLE DOOR**—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinster who cruelly rules over brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]

*Hi America!...
Here he comes!*

**...IN WARNER BROS.'
WILDEST LAFF RIOT!**

Every lap a laff as the screen's ace comic sets the pace!... See him as the Adonis of the Arena—making chumps out of champs... a cycling cyclone of mirth—head over wheels in love with every gal in the grandstand!... It's an hysteric event!

**J
O
E
E.**

BROWN in

"6-DAY BIKE RIDER"

With Maxine Doyle • Frank McHugh • Gordon Westcott
Directed by Lloyd Bacon • A First National Picture

LIVE NOWHERE!

... REVEL

The lilting music of Caravan will sing on
in your heart haunting you for
days to come!

THRILL TO THE GAYETY
OF THESE JOYOUS SONGS:

"HAPPY, I AM HAPPY"
"HA - CHA - CHA"
"WINE SONG"

AN ERIK CHARELL PRODUCTION

CARAVAN

Executive Producer:
Robert T. Kane

Directed by
Erik Charell

From a story by
Melchior Lengyel

Music by
Werner Richard Leymann



ANYWHERE!..LOVE EVERYWHERE!

His caressing melodies sang these tempting words to her . . . whose heart yearned for moonlit nights and joyous revelry, and warmed to the gay festival of the wine-filled grape!



CHARLES BOYER
LORETTA YOUNG
JEAN PARKER

PHILLIPS HOLMES • LOUISE FAZENDA
EUGENE PALLETTE • C. AUBREY SMITH
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • NOAH BEERY



Brickbats & Bouquets

..... THE AUDIENCE TALKS BACK

THE \$25 LETTER

I gave an ex-maid of mine money to buy butter for her children, and was disgusted to find she had spent my bounty at a movie.

Her defense was: "We talked it over with the children and they decided that they would rather go without butter on their bread than miss seeing the picture. And it's a bit of relaxation for my husband, too. We don't have much fun, and I'm thinking that this show will do more good than any amount of butter, or beefsteak for that matter."

And from that I have an idea. Why can't relief organizations provide free movies for their welfare lists? Why not dole out a little diversion along with the food? I feel that they would be well repaid for their trouble and expense by the improved attitudes of the now often bitter and discouraged dependents.

E. S. T., Kennebunkport, Maine

THE \$10 LETTER

In our school we subscribe to four motion picture magazines, filing their lists of reviews of current pictures. We teachers make it our business to see all pictures which have been given an A or B quality rating. We see them as "first runs," some time before they reach the school neighborhood, and classify them as "musts," "maybes," or "preferably for adults."

Every Monday a list of our recommended movies is taken home by each child. The boys and girls are delighted when a "must" is listed, because this means that a child may substitute this picture for his homework and that a review of the picture will be accepted by his English teacher in lieu of the customary book report.

We also keep a scrap-book in which the children file their own reviews, which are frank and enlightening. Children often refer to the scrap-book before attending a show "to see if the boys liked it," etc.

Parents like our lists because they, too, are steered to quality pictures in this way.

The neighborhood theater owners are glad to book our requests, thus improving the average.

M. COLLINS, Chicago, Ill.

THE \$5 LETTER

When it's singtime in the talkies

He is humming back of you.

And the way he keeps on singing,

Makes you mad clear through and through.

Off key he'll hum the music

While you wish that he were mute.

When it's singtime in the talkies,

He's the pest you'd like to shoot!

CORA MAY PREBLE, Compton, Calif.

WHEW! Every time we emerge to take a bouquet from a Shearer admirer, somebody throws a brickbat! And back under the desk we must go! The fight's because PHOTOPLAY called Norma "The Real First Lady of Films." If you are one who thinks another deserves the title—pitch your brickbat! We're good at dodging, and ideas are welcome.

FIRST LADY HONORS?

I fully agree with Basil Lee in his article in your July issue—Norma Shearer is First Lady of the screen. She has never been identified with anything shoddy. An orchid to Norma—a great actress, but a greater woman!

MARIE KINNE, Beacon, N. Y.

I cannot see how there can be any question of Ruth Chatterton's title. She is the First Lady of the Screen.

Miss Shearer is charming and clever. But it should not be forgotten that Ruth Chatterton put talkies on the map.

L. BLOCK, Hampstead, London, England

Surely every ambitious girl must agree that Joan Crawford is the First Lady of the American Screen. She got where she is by dint of hard work and self-education. And she graces the throne beautifully.

J. JANSEN, Des Moines, Iowa

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

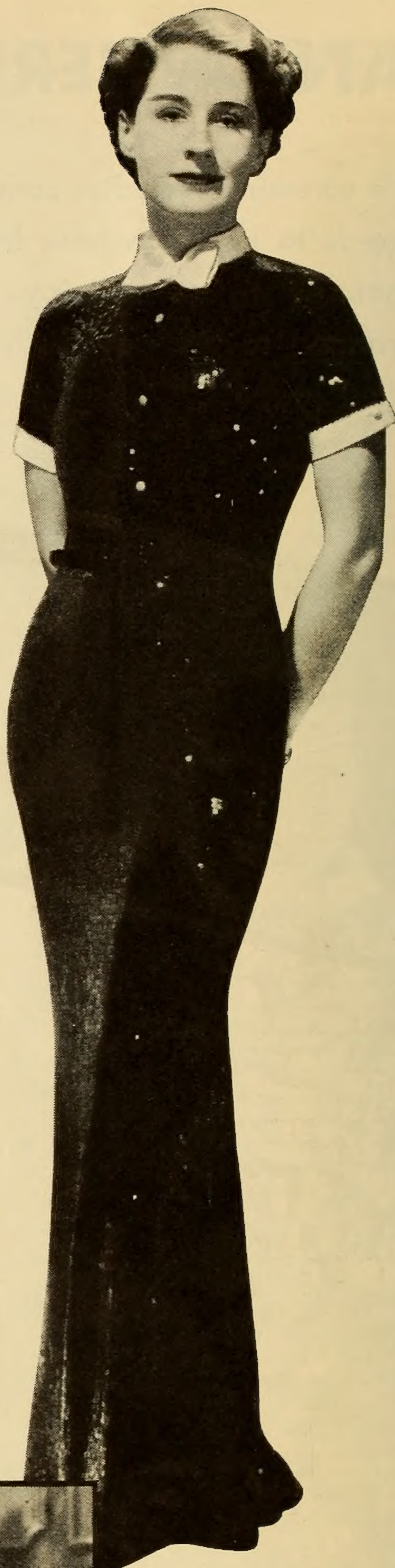


Many think Joan is the screen's First Lady, saying Miss Crawford won stardom by sheer pluck and hard work



When a PHOTOPLAY story titled Norma Shearer "The First Lady of the Screen," scores of her admirers wrote us letters, agreeing

Chatterton admirers say Ruth is literally the screen's First Lady because she was one of the first to star in talking pictures



I'M IN PICTURES NOW

At last I'm in the movies!

When my evening paper came tonight I turned to the amusement section, scanned its columns and there it was in big, black type—"Housewife!"

I stacked the supper dishes and rushed to the movie to see Ann Dvorak and George Brent as the married couple living in a little white cottage—even as my husband and I.

How I've hated that word! But now that the movies have glorified it, I think I can bear to sign myself,

HOUSEWIFE, Colorado Springs, Colo.

TIRED BUT TOLERANT

Never again will I criticize, no matter how mediocre, any picture.

I came to this conclusion a few weeks ago after watching a picture made.

Prominent stars waited patiently, hour upon hour, for the electricians, carpenters and prop men to get things ready. When finally everything seemed just right, there suddenly descended a California fog, completely obliterating the landscape, and work had to be called off.

The next day was bright and sunny, and work went on under the broiling sun, to which was added the hot glare of lights and reflectors.

It wore the spectators to a frazzle, while the players serenely went on with their scenes, piece by piece.

Let's be charitable!

E. M. REIS, Long Beach, Calif.

SCOTCH CHOICE

We on this side of the Atlantic would welcome more pictures like "Carolina" and "It Happened One Night," the type of production American studios do superlatively well and which add to the prestige of Hollywood abroad.

Such films are part of the American scene, past and present, and undoubtedly help other nations to a better understanding of American character and outlook.

DAVID D. JOLLY, Angus, Scotland

KIDS CLAPPED!

Last week I saw "I Give My Love," with Paul Lukas and Wynne Gibson.

Ninety per cent of the audience was children.

In the very touching scene wherein the boy (Eric Linden), having just been told by his foster father that the old woman he has painted is his mother, acknowledges his mother and puts his head in her lap, there was an outburst of applause from the audience such as I have never before witnessed in any theater.

They clapped, cheered, whistled, and cheered again, while the operator held the scene for a few minutes.

It proved two things to me:

1. Children of today can appreciate real sentiment and fine acting.
2. All movies need not be reduced to the "Alice in Wonderland" level, for the childish mind to absorb.

Pictures such as "I Give My Love" tend to build up character and romance as no fairy-tale ever could.

LILLIAN R. KRAEMER, Irvington, N. J.
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



Then your breath may be bad!

Make this test. Look in the mirror. "Coated tongue" is found in 75% of cases of bad breath. Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you a pure, sweet breath at one-third the usual cost.

NOW you no longer need dread whether you have bad breath. Often your own mirror will tell you. If your mirror reveals a gray, "coated tongue," the chances are that your breath is impure. For recent investigations have shown that in 75% of cases of bad breath, "coated tongue" condition was present.

The sensible way to guard against bad breath is to gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic. Pepsodent acts to remove tiny food particles from between the teeth. It helps to cleanse the mucous membrane lining of the mouth . . . to sweep away dead cells and particles from the tongue. It kills the germs it reaches . . . the germs often responsible for the odors which cause unpleasant breath. Soon your whole mouth feels more refreshed—you are confident that your breath cannot offend.

We do not claim that "coated tongue"

always means bad breath. But take no chances. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Pepsodent is more powerful . . .

Goes 3 times as far

But in fighting halitosis, never forget the vital difference between leading kinds of mouth antiseptics. So many mouth antiseptics, you see, have to be used full strength to be effective. Pepsodent is safe when used full strength—yet it is powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still *kill* germs in 10 seconds. Thus Pepsodent gives you 3 times as much for your money—offers added protection against unwholesome breath.

Look at your tongue TONIGHT. See what it tells about you. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are your best defenses against colds.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC



Brickbats & Bouquets

..... TELL IT TO HOLLYWOOD

the advertisements so the wrong crowds won't see the wrong movies?

Like this:

Class 1. *Purple Passion*. An entirely salacious picture, containing four situations in which the leading lady appears in panties. Morons and degenerates shouldn't miss it.

Class 2. *Among the Buttercups*. Chemically pure to a point where it can have no possible appeal as a story. Contains lovely wildflower vistas, a fine view of Grant's Tomb, and an interesting picture of Niagara Falls in Winter. Suitable for people who still call a leg a limb.

Class 3. *Life*. An intelligently written and produced picture, recommended for rational, normal, intelligent people who realize that though the world is part good, part bad, it is a pretty interesting place.

J. A. WALLACE, San Francisco, Calif.

WANTED: SCREEN TEAMS

We Gable fans would like to see Clark play with lovely Kay Francis. There's a romantic team for you!

D. P., Mobile, Alabama

Why can't we have Irene Dunne and John Boles together in a picture again?

E. H. S., Gardner, Mass.

Why doesn't some wise producer team up Joan Blondell and that fine actor, Adolphe Menjou, in a couple more films?

J. B., Peekskill, N. Y.

My idea of a "smash hit" would be a Robert Montgomery-Jean Harlow picture! What do you think?

K. S., La Crosse, Wis.

WHO CARES?

The great of the past could come back to earth—but if they made a single mistake in speech or action, how some people would criticize them.

It's the same with the movies. The carping ones now get their pleasure by pointing out how in some moving picture a guy didn't pay his fare when he dismounted from a taxi or how a lady threw her gloves into the butler's pantry in one scene yet had them on in the next.

Trivialeers is what I call them!

FRED B. MANN, Danville, Ill.

REMEDY FOR TIRED FEET

Tramp, tramp, tramp the whole day through!

Such is the life of a salesman.

Ah! here I am at last. At home in my easy chair. No, wifey, I don't want my slippers. Let's have a look at the paper. Whoopeeee! I'll pack up my troubles in an old kit bag and smile, smile, smile! I might even go so far as to laugh—for my favorite star is just around the corner. Jump into your clothes wifey. Because, my darling, we're going to the movies!

FRANKLIN OWENS, Nanticoke, Penna.

Demands that Irene Dunne and John Boles be teamed again were met with "The Age of Innocence." On this page are other requested teams

Do you agree with those movie-goers who want to see Clark Gable teamed with Kay Francis in a motion picture?



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

FRYING CENSORS

Why not a movie depicting the troubles of a committee of censors? It would doubtless combine pathos with pulchritude, mirth with mystery and the audience might burn incense to the directors, instead of the directors "burning up" at the incensed censors' censure!

CONNE COWELL, Montreal, Canada

FORGOTTEN GOLD MINES

Hollywood's film vaults are filled with millions of dollars worth of pictures, old pictures which have no further value to the studios. Jesse L. Lasky would turn them over to the schools. Certainly his idea and suggestion merits serious consideration.

Why can't we let a veteran film producer, Mr. Lasky, have his way? Let's resurrect these old films of educational value and put them to work.

H. B. STEPHENSON, Morrisonville, Ill.

PASSION OR BUTTERCUPS?

To satisfy everyone, why not make three distinct types of movies, classifying them in

Clark has been teamed with most of the prominent women stars, but never with Kay. Is she Gable's type of leading lady?

Ever since the delightful acting of Adolphe and Joan in "Convention City," admirers have asked to see Miss Blondell and Menjou screen-teamed again



MAKING 'EM READ

All during vacation I've been trying to get my daughter interested in the works of Robert Louis Stevenson—long my favorite—but it was impossible.

Today I found her buried in "Treasure Island."

She has just heard that two of her favorites, Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery, are appearing in this.

Moving pictures are advancing education!

MRS. J. L. SPENCER, Independence, Mo.

TEACHER TARZAN

I live with my daughter and her ten-year-old son, Gordon, in the Sandia Mountains of New Mexico, a sort of back-settlement twenty-seven miles from a town.

The boy had no one to play with. He became listless, disinterested. He spent his time sitting out under a pine-tree in the front yard, no interest in play.

One day I took him into town, to see "Tarzan."

When we returned, Gordon said to me, "Grandpa, will you help me build a house like *Tarzan's* in that big juniper tree up in the canyon?"

We began work the next day—covering the tree-house with a cowskin, and making it just like one of *Tarzan's* shelters.

Now Gordon is planning great things for himself—he wants to learn how to swim, he wants to learn to hunt fox and cougars with me this Winter so he can make clothes from their skins.

We are grateful to a motion picture for awakening interests that are wholesome and up-building in this boy.

B. F. CLARK, Sandia Park, New Mex.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



Henry B. Walthall is dressed as Duke Johann von Hatzfeldt for Fox's "Love Time," the life story of Franz Schubert, composer



"I don't know why I refused so long to believe that Midol might help me, unless it was because I had tried so many things that never did. But I'm thankful I *did* try it, about two years ago, and haven't had a severe time since I learned to rely on this form of relief."

Some such endorsement could truthfully be given by numbers of women who have found, sooner or later, that Midol does relieve periodic pain. In many cases, these tablets have spared women even any discomfort at this time; nearly all receive definite relief.

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.... WHAT YOU SAY IS IMPORTANT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

BAD LANGUAGE

Though the thermometer stands at 104 in the shade, and all of Shanghai is stewing in its own juice, I still have breath enough left to voice one faint plea to Movie Land!

If a story is set at a certain period, please let the dialogue match the costumes and setting.

I am thinking of the scene in "The Witching Hour" (as you see, pictures are slow reaching us out here) where the Bad Man talks to his enemy. The outburst sounded more like 1934 gangster talk than the villainous rantings of a gay nineties crook.

Why mar a splendid picture with such an incongruity?

GERTRUDE HEDDEN, Shanghai, China

ONE REEL CIRCUS

Why is it that the newsreels are abandoning the service of history and putting out a shingle as entertainers? They have become simply a collection of sideshows, foot races, and things which can better be viewed at a fair or vaudeville show.

Are other fans as tired as I am of being fed newsreels of parades and bathing girls?

KERRY KAVANAUGH, Seattle, Wash.



Readers tell us the directors should get more attention. So here you are—ten shots of Director John Cromwell, the man who handled the megaphone for "Of Human Bondage" and other successes

Kitty Carlisle was the surprise in "She Loves Me Not." Everybody liked Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins, who were starred. But some movie-goers contend that Kitty stole the picture from them

IS THE PUBLIC FICKLE?

After many years off the screen, Alice Brady is back, as popular as ever. Practically the same may be said of Billie Burke.

I don't think the public is as fickle as it is often painted. Do you?

W. T., Southport, N. C.

HONEYMOON MEMORIES

Thirty-four years ago I went to Las Palmas on my honeymoon.

In the years since I have never been able to return, nor have I met anyone from there.

But the other night I went to see "Grand Canary." For a fleeting second, through the porthole of Warner Baxter's yacht, I had a glimpse of Las Palmas.

It was worth more to me than you can imagine. And I want to thank M-G-M for the picture.

MRS. M. A. HOPE, Shelton, Penna.

In a class in American Literature this past Winter, one day a week we discussed movies. We discovered that there was much more to a movie than we ever before dreamed there could be.

The work of the director interested us particularly, and we wondered why we couldn't see a flash of the director at the beginning of each movie instead of just a momentary showing of his name.

EGBERT NIEMAN, Logan, Ohio

SWEET KITTY CARLISLE

I have just seen Bing Crosby's new picture, "She Loves Me Not." Bing and Miriam Hopkins were splendid. But I couldn't help sending in this word of praise for Kitty Carlisle in particular. She is the most arresting person I have seen on the screen for a long while.

J. W., Danville, Va.

PEACE

The week after my only son was killed this spring, I received his last letter. The last letter he ever wrote.

I trembled as I opened it.

"Mother," read part of the letter, "I've just been to town to see 'Death Takes a Holiday.' There's a picture that explains everything I feel about Death. Nothing to arouse terror or alarm. Just an experience, an adventure, a holiday, a part of everyone's life. Do see it when you can. . . ."

Tonight, alone, I followed my son's last request, and went to see "Death Takes a Holiday."

From that movie I found a peace I never expected again in this life.

MRS. HARRY R. STUART, Piedmont, Calif.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

DR. MONICA—Warners.—Kay Francis handles the title rôle with finesse. And Jean Muir, as the friend in love with Kay's husband (Warren William), is superb. (Sept.)

ELMER AND ELSIE—Paramount.—Light family fare, with Frances Fuller and George Bancroft who reveals hitherto concealed comedy talents. (Oct.)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the rôle of a practical joker, Chester Morris does an excellent acting job, and there's never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (Aug.)

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kazan, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "fence" in stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods. Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—British & Dominion.—Catalogue this one under "Mild and Slow-Moving." Wendy Barrie and Robert Donat play the leads. (Oct.)

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British.—An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. (Aug.)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warners.—Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles a scream as the rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak. (Aug.)

GAMBLING LADY—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gambles her way into the heart of Society, Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (May)

★ **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Fox.—A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

★ **GIRL FROM MISSOURI, THE**—M-G-M.—Fast and furious adult fare, presenting Jean Harlow as a "good girl" chorine, and Franchot Tone as her millionaire "catch." Fine cast includes Lionel Barrymore. (Oct.)

★ **GLAMOUR**—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorine who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (June)

GRAND CANARY—Fox.—Weak tale of a doctor (Warner Baxter) who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, recaptures past standing by wiping out a plague of yellow fever. Madge Evans is his romance. (Sept.)

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Paramount.—Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Adolphe Menjou) losing popularity with marriage, and his wife (Elissa Landi) becoming a star. (Aug.)

HALF A SINNER—Universal.—Film version of "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill again rating loud handclaps. Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. (July)

★ **HANDY ANDY**—Fox.—As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (July)

HAPPY LANDING—Monogram.—Plenty of thrills when Border Patroller Ray Walker goes after crooks who use the radio to get him in a jam, and threaten bombing an ocean liner. A-1 support. (Oct.)

HAROLD TEEN—Warners.—Screen translation of Carl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Hal LeRoy as *Harold*, and Rochelle Hudson as *Lillums* are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May)



—but she hadn't the courage to tell him he'd grown careless about 'B.O.'

WE don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (body odor). And even our nearest and dearest hate to tell us. Yet this unforgivable fault can rob us of success, popularity—love itself!

It's easy to offend unknowingly. For everyone perspires as much as a quart a day—whether or not he realizes it. In stuffy, overheated rooms, the merest hint of "B.O." is quickly noticed.

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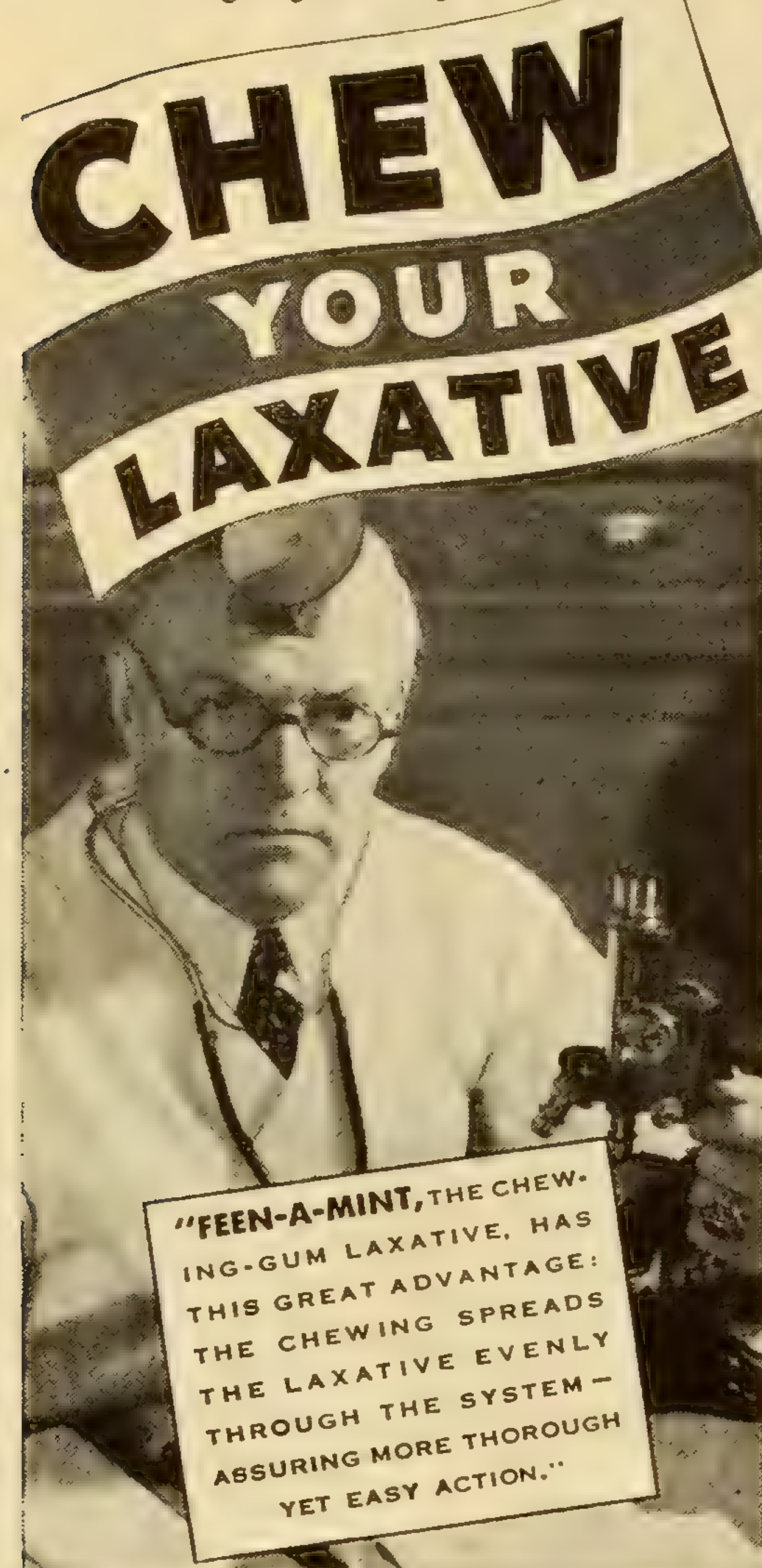
How they thrive on daily Lifebuoy cleansings! Grow clearer, fresher, more attractive. That's because Lifebuoy's luxurious lather searches out even grimed-in dirt—washes out pore poisons that dull the skin. Try Lifebuoy now!



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there is effective relief
if you just



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ING-GUM LAXATIVE, HAS
THIS GREAT ADVANTAGE:
THE CHEWING SPREADS
THE LAXATIVE EVENLY
THROUGH THE SYSTEM—
ASSURING MORE THOROUGH
YET EASY ACTION."

To get pleasant, thorough relief, it is not necessary to use violent, habit-forming laxatives. FEEN-A-MINT gives you more complete relief than other laxatives because you chew it as you would gum. The chewing spreads the laxative evenly throughout the sluggish system—gives you easier, more thorough relief. Over 15,000,000 men and women know this about FEEN-A-MINT from their own experience.

And it is easy and pleasant to take. Children don't struggle—they think it is just ordinary chewing gum. FEEN-A-MINT is gentle enough for their young systems—and effective for adults. Try it yourself the next time you need a laxative. 15¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores.

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A LAXATIVE DOES NOT
HAVE TO TASTE BAD
TO BE EFFECTIVE. CHEW-
ING FEEN-A-MINT IS
JUST LIKE CHEWING
MY FAVORITE GUM.



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The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE—RKO-Radio.—Fair adaptation of the stage play, in which lawyer Ricardo Cortez defends his wife's lover, accused of murder. Superb performances by every cast member. (Oct.)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HEAT LIGHTNING—Warners.—Comedy-drama—comedy supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly; drama by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. (May)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount.—So-so comedy featuring Jack Haley whom Patricia Ellis introduces to family as her crooner husband. But the real crooner turns up—and then! (Aug.)

★ **HERE COMES THE NAVY**—Warners.—One of the best Cagney pictures to date, and probably the most exciting navy picture you've seen. Jimmy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Frank McHugh all turn in ace performances. (Sept.)

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney in a gangster film with a brand-new angle. Joan Blondell, Victor Jory. Fair. (Aug.)

★ **HIDE-OUT**—M-G-M.—As a racketeer play-boy, escaped from police, and being "done over" by Maureen O'Sullivan, Robert Montgomery does a fine job. In fact, every one in the cast rates praise. (Oct.)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.—Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. (Aug.)

HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod.—Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Weldon Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (June)

★ **HIS GREATEST GAMBLE**—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix's struggle with his convention-loving wife for the molding of daughter Edith Fellows' character makes interesting screen fare. Dorothy Wilson and Bruce Cabot. (Sept.)

HOLD THAT GIRL—Fox.—Plenty of excitement in the lives of detective James Dunn and tabloid reporter Claire Trevor. Romance, humor, and a gangster chase provides thrilling climax. (June)

★ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY**—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante's super-special party for Jack Pearl brings about all the hilarity. Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (June)

HONOR OF THE WEST—Universal.—A novel Western, with Ken Maynard in a dual rôle, and thrilling us as he rides after Fred Kohler, on his horse Tarzan. Cecilia Parker. (May)

★ **HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become money powers of Europe. George Arliss at his best as leader. Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. (May)

HOUSEWIFE—Warners.—Encouraged by his wife (Ann Dvorak), George Brent starts his own business, acquiring wealth and a mistress (Bette Davis). Just so-so entertainment. (Oct.)

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Fox.—Rosemary Ames' film début in story of girl who learns what fakers artist friends Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are, through John Boles. (May)

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Onslow Stevens does a grand characterization of the ex-convict who goes straight when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (Aug.)

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal.—Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson, Eric Linden, John Darrow all deserve better than this familiar story of the mother who makes a great sacrifice for her son. (Aug.)

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.—Interesting newspaper story about Wallace Ford, confirmed woman-hater, falling for June Clyde. Good comedy by Fuzzy Knight. Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers and Alexander Carr also in cast. (July)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Universal.—Lots of action as reporters Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to beat each other to the big story of the hour. Gloria Stuart lovely. (June)

INTRUDER, THE—Allied.—Murder at sea, and suspects shipwrecked on desert island inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe. Monte Blue, Lila Lee, Arthur Housman try hard. (May)

IT'S A BOY—Gainsborough.—In this British farce, Edward Everett Horton is top-notch, but that isn't quite enough to carry the whole picture. (Sept.)

JANE EYRE—Monogram.—The old classic, handled with taste, but slow in the telling. Virginia Bruce is very beautiful, and Colin Clive does a good acting job. (Sept.)

JIMMY THE GENT—(Reviewed under title "Always a Gent")—Warners.—His followers will like Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharpshooter engaged in the "lost heir racket." Bette Davis, Allen Jenkins, Alice White. (May)

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—Warners.—A splendid psychological study of a woman who has killed her rival, Claire Dodd, in order to hold husband, Adolphe Menjou. Drama with strong feminine appeal. (May)

JUST SMITH—Gaumont-British.—Amusing comedy, from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back," boasting an all-English cast headed by Tom Walls. Monte Carlo locale. (July)

KEY, THE—Warners.—Melodrama about the Sinn Feiners warfare with English troops in Dublin in 1920. Colin Clive, William Powell, Edna Best. Plot weak in spots. (Aug.)

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs while Genevieve Tobin divorces Edward Everett Horton to marry beauty specialist Cary Grant who really loves Helen Mack. (Aug.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out
your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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★ **LADIES SHOULD LISTEN**—Paramount.—Delightfully adult society comedy, with Cary Grant revealing himself as a *farceur* of distinction in the rôle of a Parisian bachelor. Frances Drake, Edward Everett Horton and Nydia Westman all splendid. (Oct.)

★ **LAST GENTLEMAN, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—An interesting character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his heir. Real, refreshing and entertaining. Splendid support. (Aug.)

★ **LAUGHING BOY**—M-G-M.—Dull, slow-moving filmfare about Indian boy Ramon Novarro's love for Lupe Velez who knows evil ways of the white race. Effective photography. (Aug.)

★ **LAZY RIVER**—M-G-M.—Old-fashioned melodrama, but pleasing just the same. Robert Young plans to rob Jean Parker, but falls in love with her instead. Locale, Louisiana bayous. (May)

★ **LET'S BE RITZY**—Universal.—After a marital fuss, love conquers for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Robert McWade's characterization highlights the film. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell. Fair. (May)

★ **LET'S TALK IT OVER**—Universal.—Young and old will be amused by the transformation of sailor Mike McGann (Chester Morris). All for the love of a society damsel (Mae Clarke). (Aug.)

★ **LET'S TRY AGAIN**—RKO-Radio.—Slow-moving and much too talkie is this film in which Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook play a ten-years-married couple falling out of love. Helen Vinson. (Oct.)

★ **LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Louis Bromfield's story of a lingering, illicit love sacrificed to a political career is well acted by Ann Harding and John Boles. Supporting cast first-rate. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?**—Universal.—Touching and very real is this story of a young couple's struggle with life. Margaret Sullavan is superb, and Douglass Montgomery's rôle fits him like a glove. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MISS MARKER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple, left as security for an I. O. U., simply snatches this film from such competent hands as Adolphe Menjou, Charles Bickford, and Dorothy Dell. Don't miss it. (July)

★ **LONG LOST FATHER**—RKO-Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (May)

★ **LOST JUNGLE, THE**—Mascot.—Clyde Beatty gives an exciting performance with both lions and tigers in the big cage. And his South Sea Isle experiences add to thrills. (Sept.)

★ **LOUD SPEAKER, THE**—Monogram.—Familiar story of small-town boy (Ray Walker) who makes good on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing picture. (July)

★ **LOUISIANA**—Robert Mintz Prod.—Some of the scenes in this odd film about a group of Negroes torn between their pastor's teaching and Voodooism are really fascinating. Beautiful voices are heard in spirituals. (Sept.)

★ **LOVE CAPTIVE, THE**—Universal.—A confused issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story is weak. (Aug.)

★ **MADAME DU BARRY**—Warners.—An elaborate and diverting presentation of Madame DuBarry's (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court. King Louis XV is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. (Aug.)

★ **MANHATTAN LOVE SONG**—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (June)

★ **MANHATTAN MELODRAMA**—M-G-M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two men—district attorney William Powell and gambler Clark Gable—and the tragic climax of that friendship. Myrna Loy does fine work. (July)

★ **MAN FROM UTAH, THE**—Monogram.—Thrilling rodeo shots speed up this Western in which John Wayne exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young is the feminine interest. (Aug.)

★ **MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE**—First National.—Clear cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make this a decidedly good show. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

★ **MANY HAPPY RETURNS**—Paramount.—Just a bucket of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Marsh and supporting players causing a riot of fun. (July)

★ **MELODY IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Radio's well-known tenor makes his film debut in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothern, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (June)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

ARE YOU ONE OF THE UNLUCKY 13?



By *Lady Esther*

Think of the many times a day you powder your face. And all the time you may be only succeeding in making yourself look years older than you really are!

It's an actual fact, as you can readily demonstrate, that the wrong shade of face powder can add years to your looks. Just as the wrong color hat or dress can make you look dowdy and years older than your age, so can the wrong shade of face powder make you look worn and faded, and, apparently, years older.

It's a shame, the women who are innocent victims of the wrong choice of face powder shades! Otherwise pretty, young and fresh-looking, they actually, if unknowingly, make themselves look years older than is their age.

Are You Being Fooled?

Is the shade of face powder you are using making you look your youngest and freshest or is it making you look years older than you really are? It all depends on how you choose your shade. It's a "snare and delusion" to choose a face powder shade simply on the basis of type.

A brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a very dark one. Moreover, to try to match any tone of skin is practically impossible, for there are endless variations of white, ivory and olive skin.

A face powder shade should be chosen, *not* to match any particular type, but to *flatter* one. What would be the most flattering to one shade of brunette skin might be utterly devastating to another. Therefore, the thing to do, regardless of your coloring, is to try *all* the five fundamental shades which color experts agree meet the demands of all skins.

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Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to you! One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

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13 Out of 20 Women

Use the Wrong Shade of Face Powder and as a Result, Look Years Older Than They Really Are!

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours—Ends Shiny Nose

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note too how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write Today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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have found the way to whiter teeth



Listerine Tooth Paste has won popularity in every walk of life by doing a superlatively efficient job of cleansing the teeth—at the same time imparting high polish to the enamel. Teeth fairly gleam!

These vital qualities, together with its cool, refreshing taste and the pleasing assurance it leaves of a purer, sweeter breath, have made Listerine Tooth Paste the choice of thousands who never stop to think of price when they buy a dentifrice.

Try it—and if you don't agree that it is better, speak your mind by going back to the costlier brand you're using now.

But remember, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25¢ (Double Size 40¢); so if you do like it, you'll save money by continuing to use it. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.



Left—"I wanted the best tooth paste
at any price—and I found it for 25¢"

Miss Elizabeth Brown is stylist and designer of decorative pottery for one of the world's largest potteries. She is a graduate of West Virginia University and of New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. She also studied in London, Paris, and Italy.

"My pottery won't sell unless it is good looking and smart. If you want to 'sell yourself' in this world today, you want to be as good looking as possible. Nothing helps quite so much as nice white teeth."

Right—"I like the idea of a tooth paste by the makers of Listerine and tried it. I'm very well pleased."

Miss Marjorie Bushman is assistant in a doctor's office, a kind of work which requires intelligence, energy and plenty of tact. She likes her occupation because, as she says, "you're always learning something new."

Lower Right—"Listerine Tooth Paste gets my teeth beautifully clean. Also, your advertising never insults my intelligence."

Catherine McHenry was vice-president of the senior class at University of Michigan. "This dentifrice is very popular among students at the University," Miss McHenry says. "Others like myself prefer it to costlier brands."



REGULAR SIZE
25¢
NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢



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PERMA-GRIP
(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)



Clarence Sinclair Bull

WINSOME Helen Hayes is an ideal Barrie heroine, and her appearance in M-G-M's version of "What Every Woman Knows" is an important event. She scored one of her stage triumphs in this play, and it was Barrie's "Dear Brutus" that made her a bright light of the theater at the age of sixteen



William A. Fraker

THE movies borrowed Grace Moore from grand opera, and now they don't want to let her go back! It's rumored that Miss Moore may combine the two arts, making a film version of Bizet's opera, "Carmen." The beautiful young actress with the golden voice recently scored a hit in Columbia's "One Night of Love"



Ernest A. Bachrach

BACK to Hollywood and pictures, after an Eastern vacation and a Mexican divorce, Katharine Hepburn found plans afoot for about half a dozen productions. Her first will be RKO-Radio's screen adaptation of James M. Barrie's famous love story, "The Little Minister." John Beal will play the title rôle



"MUSIC in the Air," acclaimed as a Broadway stage success a couple of seasons ago, is being embellished by charming Gloria Swanson as a Fox musical film. And Gloria, who gave handsome John Boles his first boost toward prominence in silent pictures, will sing of love with him in this production

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
Kathryn Dougherty



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is reported as being quite displeased with the pertinacious curiosity of the American press with relation to his private affairs. I can sympathize with Mr. Fairbanks, for it is often a difficult matter to answer the intimate questions of reporters. On the other hand, the inevitable penalty for fame is wide publicizing of one's every action.

Perhaps distinguished motion picture players do not always realize how much they owe to the printed word. The press is a quick booster of professional reputations, and the recipients of these favors should not be too much perturbed if public curiosity at times seems to become plain, intruding inquisitiveness.

A FEW years ago, the band was playing, the crowd cheering, at the homecoming ceremonies of a very distinguished feminine star in Los Angeles. The press photographers were clamoring eagerly to take photographs of her. She attempted to sneak off the rear of the train, unseen. "I'm tired. I don't want to be bothered with all this," she protested.

"Listen, my dear," said a man, long in the motion picture business, "I've seen them come and I've seen them go. Perhaps five years from now you'll be wishing there were crowds and reporters to annoy you."

She thought twice, and made a smiling, gracious descent to the station platform.

The old-timer's words were prophetic. I think she would give much to stir that same eager curiosity today.

THE hand of death has passed over Hollywood again and again within the past few months. Russ Columbo's sudden demise came as a particular shock. It was like a bolt from the clear sky. He was so young, so enthusiastic, with an unquestionably great career before him. His "Wake-Up and Dream" had just been completed. Russ had crowded much into the brief twenty-six years that he lived.

First it was intrepid Lilyan Tashman, then Lew Cody and Dorothy Dell; next beloved Marie Dressler, Director George Hill, followed by those distinguished veterans, Alec B. Francis and Snub Pollard. May Russ Columbo's name be the last on this sad roster for a long time.

Nor have the non-professionals, indirectly connected with motion pictures through blood relationship or marriage, escaped. All Hollywood was stunned by the death in an automobile accident of Mrs. Arthur Stebbins—niece of Joseph and Nicholas Schenck—together with her two children and Mrs. Ned Marin, wife of a producer at M-G-M and sister to Billy Seeman and Mrs. Rube Goldberg.

HUGH WALPOLE, distinguished English novelist, brings to Hollywood a most refreshing viewpoint. It has long been the cry of successful novelists and playwrights summoned to the West Coast to give an artistic uplift to pictures, that the producers don't know their own business.

Perhaps the best-known case of this kind was that of Theodore Dreiser, who objected strenuously to the manner in which his novel, "An American Tragedy," had been revamped for the screen. In the book, the murderous protagonist was represented as a victim of social forces. On the screen, his act was shown to be the consequence of his own character—or lack of character. It was an honest difference of opinion.

ON the other hand, Hugh Walpole has a somewhat revolutionary viewpoint. It is his conviction that motion picture writing is a special technique that requires close study. He accepted unflinchingly the blunt but sincere studio criticisms. On another page of this issue of PHOTOPLAY, I call your attention to an interview with Hugh Walpole on this subject. One cannot help but admire and respect the modesty and good sense revealed here by this international literary figure.

WHEN Charlie MacArthur made a flying visit to Hollywood, he brought with him a present for his wife, Helen Hayes.

"You couldn't have brought me anything I wanted more," she said, and sat down and wept.

It was several reels of film showing Helen's little daughter, Mary, as she played about the garden of their home at Nyack, New York.

Every noon now finds Helen in a stuffy projection room with her present.

PICTURES recently released have unusual vitality and *élan*, a richer spirit of romance and breadth. Indeed, latest offerings would indicate a renaissance of the studios. This new birth, however, is not the work of a moment. Schedules for pictures are usually laid down many months ahead.

At the beginning of the year, Will Hays, President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, in a national radio hook-up, promised an advance in the quality of this year's productions. Apparently Mr. Hays knew whereof he spoke, for as one who has been watching the changes, vicissitudes and growth of motion pictures for twenty years, I heartily endorse many of the late summer and early autumn offerings. If you will turn to the Shadow Stage in this and recent issues of PHOTOPLAY, you will find reviewed there, with their appropriate ratings, some of the films I have in mind.

THE grandest trouper on the Warners lot—Joe E. Brown's little daughter, Kathryn. In his latest picture, "Six Day Bicycle Rider," the script required a child wearing huge goggles and suspended in a basket between Joe's bicycle and Maxine Doyle's. As the scene was a "process shot" the basket was shaken to give it motion. The day was spent trying one howling two-year-old after another.

Joe went home and brought back fourteen months' old Kathryn. "You're going to play with daddy," he said. "And don't take off the glasses. And don't be afraid when the basket shakes. You're helping daddy make a picture now."

Kathryn just smiled with confidence at her daddy when the basket began to shake. The scene was shot with a perfect performance from little Kathryn. But when the glasses were removed it was discovered the heavy rims had brought forth a tiny trickle of blood from her little nose. Joe grabbed her in his arms. "You little trouser, you," he whispered.



Hurrell

DO you recognize this exotic creature? It's the new and even more fascinating Joan Crawford, as she is in her latest M-G-M picture, "Chained," with Clark Gable. She is still the pulsating Joan as of old, but with a certain fetching aloofness, vital and gripping. It adds great luster to Joan's stardom

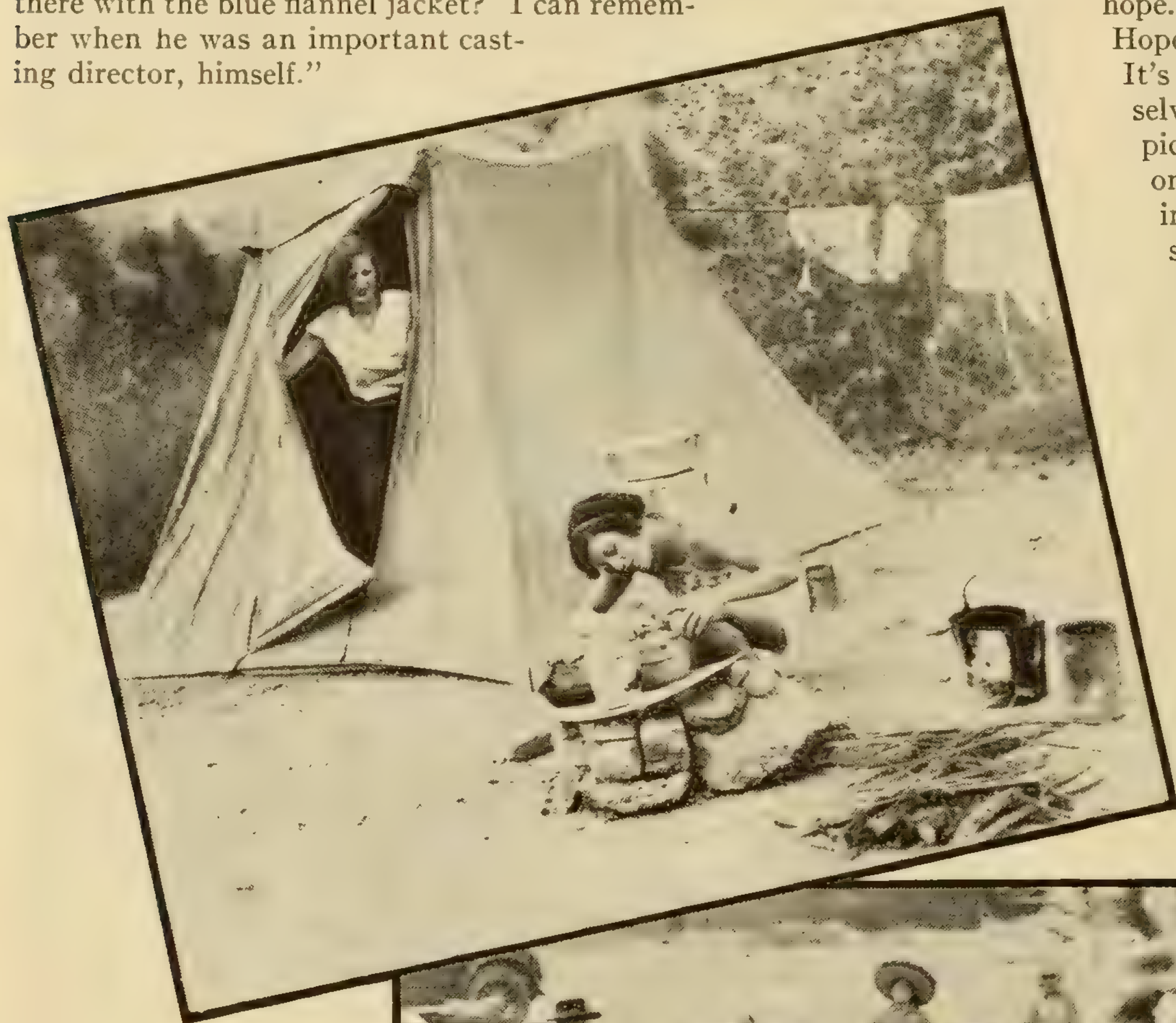
OUTSIDE the gates of the studio stand a large group of people, waiting. From all walks of life they come.

The ex-vaudeville actor, the ex-jockey, former businessmen, Chinese girls, one-time millionaires, hobos, young men, old men, girls, old women—and still more heart-rending, former stars and featured players discarded by the changing movies.

All hoping against hope that some miracle will happen and they will find themselves inside the gates, headed for the casting office.

"Had any luck lately?" I asked a slim, young girl.

She smiled. "One day's work in seven months. I'm used to having a tough time, though. But see that guy up there with the blue flannel jacket? I can remember when he was an important casting director, himself."



These two girls came to Hollywood and found jobs in the studios as extras. But now, after months of unemployment, they are living in a tent, clinging desperately to the hope that by some stroke of magic the studio gates will open to them again

Weary after a day of shooting, the extras on location wait to be paid off. These were working in M-G-M's "The Tide of Empire." Since the spectacle picture has given way to the simpler drama, scenes like the above are becoming very rare

The Tragedy

Hollywood we know as a bright and tinselled land of romance. But now beneath its surface boils and bubbles a mass of trouble which threatens to burst through the glamour-coated crust of Moviedom and cover Hollywood with a lava of grief.

For, fifteen thousand people in Hollywood's motion picture industry will soon find themselves completely cut off from any chance of earning a living there. Their earnings were always meager enough! Mostly they lived on hope. And now that is being taken from them, too. Hope. Hope . . . Hope . . .

It's the watchword of thousands who call themselves extras in this business of making motion pictures. It's the thing that keeps them going on day after day, hungry, anxious, tired, waiting in the hot sun or standing in the rain outside the studio gates, wearing a fixed, false smile because a director, an assistant director, a producer, anyone, someone, might notice the smile and beckon them into the magic portals of the motion picture studio.

And now, for fifteen thousand, that hope is being taken away.

For, there are 17,541 people registered at the Central Casting Office as extras.

And the list now is being cut down to approximately fifteen hundred names.

A mere pencil mark, and fifteen thousand would-be actors and actresses will be flung out of the world of motion pictures forever, into the streets of Hollywood.



of 15,000 Extras

Struggling to win a place in the cinema sun, hungry, dispirited, they must put behind them forever their dreams of screen success

By Sara Hamilton

What will Hollywood do with this mass of hungry, hopeless people?

And who is to blame for the tragedy?

Strangely enough, the extras themselves are greatly to blame for their own pitiful plight.

Tossed out of other work by the recent depression, attracted by the false stories of Hollywood's squanderings and extravagances, excited by the thrill of living and working in the same town and the same industry with world famous personalities, they drifted to Hollywood and attached themselves to the motion picture industry. They registered

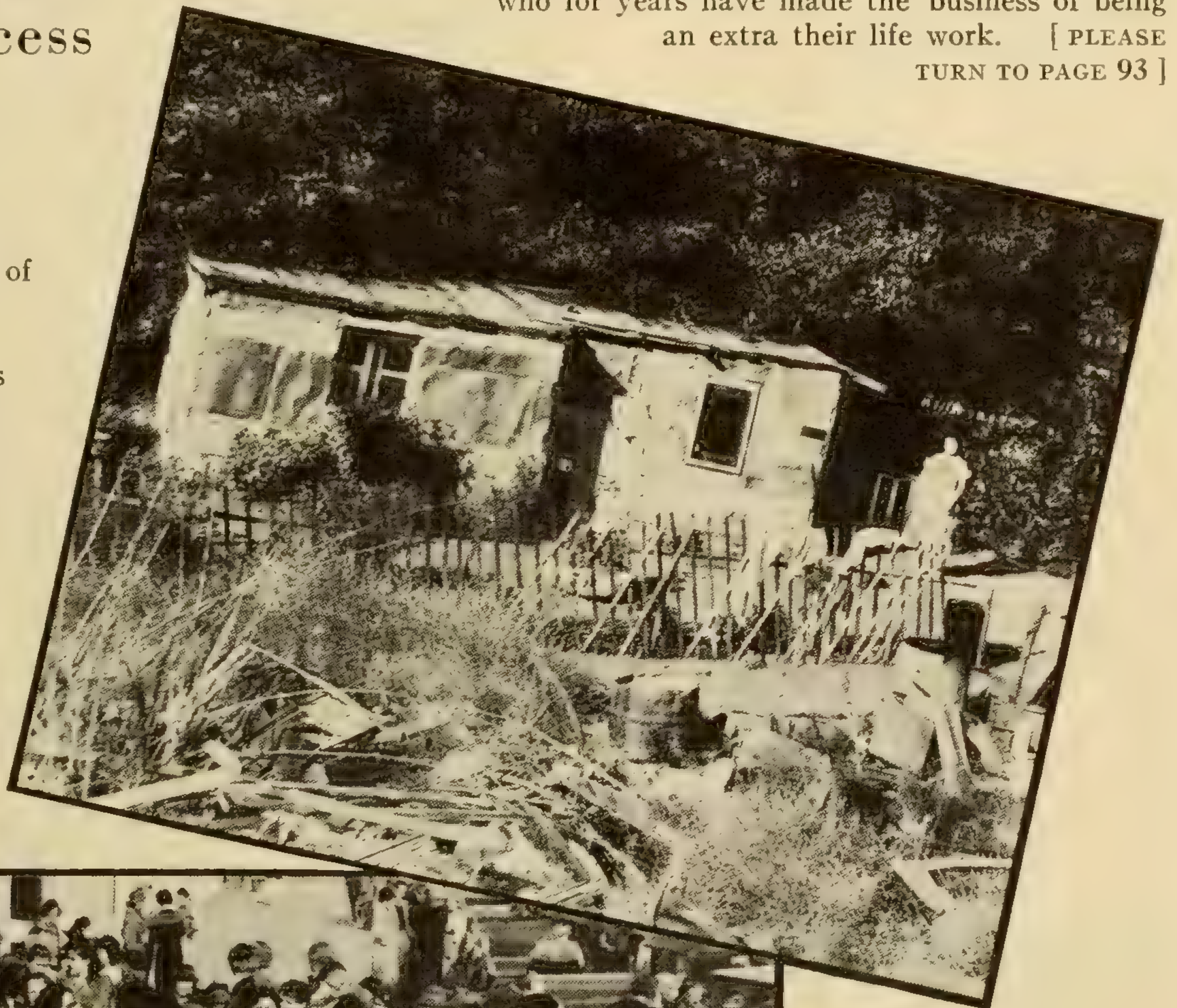
with the Central Casting Bureau, and joined the great army of extras.

The Central Casting Bureau, bewildered and harassed by the ever-increasing demands for work, overburdened with the growing army of ambitious, inexperienced extras, looked about for some solution.

It was the extras themselves who offered the solution.

Not the drifted-in extras. But the men and women who for years have made the business of being an extra their life work. [PLEASE

TURN TO PAGE 93]



Dreams of stardom and living in a palace have vanished for the little group of extras who have begun to build themselves a shantytown near Universal City out of junked lumber and tin. In the film colony there is now no way for them to earn a living

When a studio asks for extras, here's the answer. Thousands wait day after day, hungry but ever hopeful that a casting director will call for them. Before long, 15,000 extras will be cut off the lists of the Central Casting Bureau. Then *all* hope will be gone

Hollywood Teaches Hugh

A GREAT writer has come to Hollywood.

At the age of fifty-two, he is already a figure of tradition in English letters. He has achieved the stature of an immortal while he is still very much alive to enjoy it.

The arrival of Hugh Walpole is an epic event in the history of pictures. He is the first classicist to be actively engaged in the formation of a motion picture from its most important and fundamental point, the story. The greatest living authority on Dickens, and vice-president of the Dickens Fellowship, he is engaged in the adaptation of "David Copperfield." And he will be technical supervisor of the picture.

The works of other great classic novelists have been visualized on the screen. John Galsworthy's "One More River," Joseph Conrad's "Lord Jim," Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," H. G. Wells' "Invisible Man" and "Island of Lost Souls," Tolstoi's "Resurrection," to name the few that come to mind from the pens of novelists contemporary with Walpole.

The writers, those who are living, simply sold the film rights to their work. That seemed to be that. No one of them has ever taken an active part in the actual translation from word to screen. None has ever seen fit to lend

"Writing for the screen is a highly specialized art and a most difficult one. A few days after my arrival, I sat down all by myself and wrote what I considered to be a very choice bit of sentiment—a scene described just as I would do it in a novel.

"A few days later, I saw my tender but verbose little treatment with a large blue 'Lousy' inscribed across its face! No one has written anything like that on my copy for thirty years."—Hugh Walpole



Fritz Lang (left) and Dave Selznick, two of the men who went abroad for data on "David Copperfield" and brought back Walpole

the dignity of his presence and his talent to the actual application of screen technique to either his own or another's work.

Hugh Walpole has blazed the trail. He who is the author of those words among the most quoted in the English language—"It isn't life that matters—it's the courage you bring to it." (From "Fortitude," his first successful novel.)

Since 1909, when he was a busy schoolmaster who miraculously created the time to write "The Wooden Horse," he has authored twenty-five novels. The ones most familiar to American readers include "The

Walpole How To Write



Hugh Walpole (left), with Howard Estabrook and George Cukor of M-G-M, arriving from England to begin his work in Hollywood

Young Enchanted," "The Cathedral," "The Old Ladies," the "Jeremy" trilogy, "Portrait of a Man With Red Hair," "Vanessa," and the "Rogue Herries" series.

Walpole is the son of the Rt. Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, Bishop of Edinburgh. He has a rich scholarly background.

It has been generally agreed that the most vulnerable weakness in pictures lies in the writing. . . . That there are too many skimpy literary cats trying to look

Walpole is working on the screen adaptation of "David Copperfield"

For the screen, of course! The famous British novelist is shattering all studio precedents

By Ruth Rankin

like tigers. The advent of a man of authentic letters should strike terror among them. And a trend, if and when started by him, should send them scattering. For if Walpole comes, can Wells be far behind?

Mr. Walpole was discovered in his office adjoining that of Irving Thalberg on the M-G-M lot. He was coatless, his shirt sleeves were rolled up, and he said he had been working harder than ever before in his life. He is a powerfully constructed man, sunburned, and radiates a sense of restrained but hearty well-being, not typically British nor typically anything. You find it in all healthy, profound men of achievement who are not bored with what they are doing. He is a dynamic person of vast controlled [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



The Way Good Stories

THE Hollywood scramble is on. And I don't mean with eggs. Or even with yeggs. I mean this eternal and infernal struggle for sexless, harmless, armless and even legless pictures. And in lots of cases it has turned out to be headless and even torsoless epics, which makes it hard on the Bus Berkeley girls. But the mandate has been handed down and it's no use arguing. We gotta be good. We gotta be sweet. And we gotta be respectable.

So the mad search for sunshine and light in the movies goes on with everyone out hunting for stories about Goldilocks and the three Max Baers, as if one weren't almost too much.

Now it occurred to me it would be a nice idea (nice, nothing—it would be colossal, that's what it would be) if, in all this dearth of proper material, I would write and produce a super-gigantic story (clean but snappy) and give all these actors and actresses who have had long suppressed desires to play certain rôles, a chance to play those rôles. Now how's that for a stunner? Of course, a lot of people are perfectly satisfied to be exactly what they are in movies (and as Grandma always insisted, it takes all kinds to make a world), so that's okay, too. We'll let them go right on doing what they're doing. If they can stand it, we can. Or can we?

Now first, there's Chaplin and his Napoleon complex. For years Charlie has wanted to play Napoleon. And because Charlie has yearned so long and faithfully, I thought it only fair to build our story about Charlie as the Little Emperor. And can't you just see him with his little hat on sideways and his hand tucked away in his little bosom? Bless his little heart. Charlie will never forget me for this.

Right here we can introduce a snappy little musical number to pep it up. After Charlie enters as Napoleon, followed by Mae West, as the Lady Who's Known as Lou, the Eddie Cantor chorus girls could rush on singing, "Wotta Lou, Wotta Lou. Wait till snappy little Nappy meets his Wotta Lou."

NEAT, eh? Nothing like combining history and Chaplin with a peppy chorus routine and Mae West. Unbeatable.

For drama and suspense and a lot of confusion, right here he could have the French Revolution with guns booming. The booming guns could be played by Wheeler and Woolsey, who have always wanted to be big shots, and here's their chance and no more sass out of them.

For pomp and ceremony, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., could now enter as the King of England, the Duke de Brussy, the three Mdivani boys and all their polo ponies. Lord Epsom from Saltz, Baron Von-two-three-go, and the entire Royal Guards changing the watch. People, in fact, would be so impressed, they would immediately fall prostrate. The sound of the prostrate fallers could be dubbed in by Will Rogers cracking his gum. Crack, crack, crack and down goes another. Then the prostraters could be picked up and thrown out of the window into the cactus bed.

Now in this next scene, I'm a little at sea and hanging over the rail, as it were. You see, we have to get away from too much French atmosphere, as Warner Brothers needed all the French props for "DuBarry" and wouldn't let us have any more French props. So, for economy's sake, we must take Chaplin, still as Napoleon, mind you (for nothing would ever induce him to

take off that hat once he got in on, I'm sure), into a few slight DeMille episodes, as I feel certain Cecil DeMille will let us have all the props we need.

I want to bring in Salome right here, as both Mae West and Dietrich have had a constant yearning to be Salome, but I can't decide which one should have the rôle. Dietrich, no doubt, would give it more of a salame Salome touch and might even scream for Joey Von Sternberg's head—which is what a lot of unkind people are hoping.

We might even let Cecil, as a babe, be found among the pussy-willows along the banks of the Los Angeles river in a little basket shaped like a bath-tub. The pussy-willows could be played with complete understanding by Lupe and Johnny, especially when a storm comes up and the pussies end in a



Go Wrong

A super-colossal spectacle
may scream for the censors
despite cleanly intentions

By Sara Hamilton

Illustrated by Frank Dobias



cat fight. And wouldn't Cecil be stunned by it all, alone there in his little bath-tub basket? However, this scene is optional, as well as epileptic, and we'll see about it later.

I might add, a lot of people are in favor of just having Cecil stay undiscovered in his little basket for years and years, but personally I think it seems unnecessary—especially when we hope to get all our props from him. So we'll just let him be found and grow up to be a prophet. And prophet or no prophet, he can still wear his puttees and carry his megaphone, the sweet, old lamb pie.

In preparing this mammoth, awe-inspiring epic, I naturally went about asking the stars just what rôle they had really craved all their lives to play, and it amazed me to find that nearly everyone wanted to be Shirley Temple. Especially those from whom Shirley had stolen scenes. Naturally it would have been simply unbearable to have had dozens of Shirley Temples rushing in and about, so finally I hit on a grand idea. I would introduce a Shirley Temple chorus and have everyone who has suffered from Shirley's picture stealing, dressed as Shirley and do a little song and dance routine.

I had just gotten this far in the tragedy (and both M-G-M and Paramount are bidding for it, mind you) when up stepped Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford at the same time. Each, it turned out, wanted to be a great stage actress and each wanted to be Ethel Barrymore. Now here was a pretty how-de-do. I explained there simply couldn't be two Ethel Barrymores. In fact, a lot of people, especially in Philadelphia, could hardly bear up under one Ethel Barrymore, let alone two. "Well, how about an Ethel Barrymore sister act?" someone suggested. And somebody else, I think it was Carole Lombard, said, "No, someone might think they were the Crosby twins."

Too, there was the problem of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who has always wanted to be *Hamlet*. All his life, at the slightest provocation, Doug would grab up a pair of tights and go into his act. I've often thought, forsooth, *he was Hamlet* and the other fellow, the one in Shakespeare, was only Doug, Jr., playing *Hamlet*.

And then there was Jack Oakie, who time after time has wept huge, salty tears because he wasn't a successful screen lover like Gable. He wanted a part in the play as a heavy lover. It was all terribly perturbing. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



All's noise on the Western front!
The Eddie Cantor chorus sings to
Chaplin in a Napoleon hat: "Wotta
Lou, Wotta Lou. Wait till snappy
little Nappy meets his Wotta Lou"

"LITTLE WOMEN"



"LITTLE WOMEN," the motion picture that created the greatest and most widespread furor of comment, written and spoken, in several years, has been awarded by public ballot the coveted Nobel prize of the screen — PHOTOPLAY Magazine's Gold Medal for the best picture of the year 1933.

Of course, when "Little Women" was released it obviously was a great cinematic work. But it remained for the readers of PHOTOPLAY—the motion picture audience of the world—to put the full and final seal of "the best" on it.

PHOTOPLAY'S review of the picture (in the January number) reads: "... The story could not have been lived out in real life more realistically than we see it portrayed on the screen." And, further along, "... Whatever your taste in pictures, you will feel its charm, ... because this picture is a genuine masterpiece ..."

PHOTOPLAY listed the picture the best of the month, and gave Katharine Hepburn and Paul Lukas top positions for the best performances



M. H. Aylesworth, the president of RKO-Radio, whose insight into the worth of Louisa M. Alcott's book gave us "Little Women"

The little women themselves and their mother, easily recognized: Katharine Hepburn as *Jo*, Spring Byington as *Marmee*, Jean Parker as *Beth*, Joan Bennett as *Amy*, Frances Dee as *Meg*

out of six leading pictures for the month. Incidentally, Miss Hepburn was chosen by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences as the best actress for 1933.

But, there was something else to "Little Women" besides acting.

It was the story. The story was of simpler days, when people smiled. It brought memories—happy ones. It portrayed four girls, their overburdened mother, a father in the army, poverty in a post-war world, cheerfulness and the comicalities in trying to make both ends meet, with a smile, and kindly neighbors. People saw themselves as they wished they were.

Another factor, "Little Women" came out when this country was prostrated by a shortage of work and money, even more so than now, and with nowhere to turn for relief.

Leads All The Rest

PHOTOPLAY'S readers, by an overwhelming vote, award the Gold Medal to "the best picture of 1933"

"Little Women" (quoting PHOTOPLAY'S review again), whose story "forces repeated tears, then deftly brushes each away with a smile," provided that relief.

It soothed people, and entertained them. Its emotional release eased Everyman's and Everywoman's burdens. It was good medicine, needed and timely.

The reaction to the picture was so great, newspapers filled columns with comment about it. Long editorials were composed anent the reason or reasons for this widespread public reaction to such an old, old story of post-Civil War days. In fact, the editor of a New York newspaper, watching the reaction, felt at long last his readers were fed up with sex and crime, and that the pendulum had swung to the other extreme. He bought the



PHOTOPLAY Magazine's Gold Medal. It is a masterpiece of Tiffany, two-and-one-half inches in diameter, and is the most coveted annual award of Filmdom



Merian C. Cooper, producer, who welded the details of the 1933 PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal winner into finished beauty



George Cukor, director of "Little Women," whose skill brought out the forceful naturalness of the story with such power that the characters lived on the screen

Katharine Hepburn not only was the leading woman of the leading picture of 1933, but was the year's leading actress, too. You also remember Paul Lukas as *Fritz Bher*



serial rights. His directors said his circulation would fall off, the paper would lose money. It was just the reverse—the circulation went up and the paper made money.

All this was due to the power of the motion picture, "Little Women."

Naturally, without the capabilities of the scenarists, director, cast, and cameraman, the full power that is in "Little Women" could not have been felt. Nor would the worth while purpose it served have been possible if RKO-Radio, the producing company,

had not had the timely insight into what the public needed. It is an enduring monument to M. H. Aylesworth, president of the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation and chairman of the board of RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc. And the production reflects great credit upon Merian C. Cooper, the producer, and Kenneth MacGowan, associate producer.

The balloting which has given "Little Women" the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal has emphasized the great and universal delight the movie-going public has found in the picture. And, it may be added, "Little Women" took and

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Robbing *the* Cradle *for* STARS



Captivating Shirley Temple, the most popular actress in Hollywood today, was the first little life-saver for jaded Moviedom and moviegoers. But she earned her success by hard early training

NINE times out of ten Hollywood gets what it asks for. And this time it asked, begged, even sat up and howled for youth, youth and more youth. And lo, youth was there!

But what youth! Not even Hollywood expected such an answer to its plea. For, marching along to fame, little feet stepping high, eyes shining brightly, little faces beaming, comes the "New Youth" to Hollywood.

Mere babes they are, but what babes!

Yes, Hollywood asked for youth and got it in Shirley Temple, David Holt, Baby LeRoy, Cora Sue Collins, Baby Jane Quigley, Jane Preston, Mickey Rooney, Scotty Beckett, Richard Ralston Arlen, Virginia Weidler, Carmencita Johnson, Ronnie Cosby, Spanky MacFarland, Buster Phelps, Edith Fellows, Billy Lee, Dickie Moore. And more, with the parade not over by any means. Others, perhaps just as talented, are

Cora Sue Collins faced many hardships before that "break" finally showed up



Mickey Rooney is eleven, and thereby practically the grandpappy of "cradle stars." He is the clown of the lot, and steals pictures from adults

storming the gates. The way things are going it looks as if Hollywood will soon be a Gulliver in the hands of the Lilliputians.

What's more, they came at the psychological moment, these little life-savers. People were fed up with the old bill of fare. Nothing gave them a kick. Then out stepped Shirley Temple and the tired old public sat up with a gasp and begged for more.

And Hollywood, quick to take a hint after

With assurance and an amazing ability, babes in the Hollywoods are carrying the brunt of box-office business on their little shoulders

By Jane Hampton

a brick or two had been dropped on its badly dented head, is giving them more and more and more. And even allowing these mere babes, as it were, to carry the tremendous load of a motion picture success on their own baby shoulders.

And are they carrying through? Well, where would "Baby Take A Bow" be without Shirley Temple? And where would "Little Miss Marker" be without Shirley Temple? And where would "You Belong to Me" be without David Holt? And where would we all be without Baby LeRoy?

I shudder to think.

It's ancient history, of course, how little Shirley Temple, unknown to the vast majority of film fans, suddenly stepped out before an amazed audience in "Stand Up and Cheer," sang her little song, and did her little dance.

Things have never been the same. I doubt if they ever will.

But mind you, not without serving her apprenticeship did this little five-year-old lamb pie win her laurels.

Baby LeRoy, about the youngest of the babes, has made all his rôles, like that leg he's gnawing on, talk big turkey



Baby Jane Quigley, a three-year-old, spoke right out to Claudette Colbert and told the adult star just how and where she muffed her lines

Helen Mack, in the center (no, she's *not* a baby star) is holding that promising youngster, David Holt, the masculine Shirley Temple when it comes to emoting. His sister, Betty (right) also wants to act



A new discovery in the starlet heavens, Billy Lee, at the grand age of three. Billy is making his bow in the Paramount film, "Wagon Wheels"

For two years Shirley worked long and hard in those short kid pictures over at Educational Studios. It was there she laid the foundation for her success.

They rather knew it was coming, however, for in the palm of her little right hand is a peculiar marking. It was the first thing the nurses noticed the day Shirley was escorted into the world.

"What does it mean, I wonder?" they asked. And then someone said in a rather awed [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Here's *the* Key to Hollywood

DEAR JOAN: Loved your letter, pet, but I never saw a gal with such an appetite for news! You'll have me permanently paralyzed, you will, if I answer all your questions! However, pay attention. I may let a trickle or two out, before I'm through. You know me—just a Sucker for Friendship's Sake!

Lemme see. Van Dyke's party, first. You know, the director . . . made "Trader Horn," and "Eskimo" and "The Prizefighter and the Lady" . . . gives scintillating parties. Otto Kruger was there, and the swell new heavy, Edward Arnold, who told us about being at the preview of "Hide-Out" with his wife. When he made his first appearance, walking up a flight of stairs, a woman behind them breathed, "O-oh! What a man!" Eddie's chest swelled—but the next moment he was a collapsed balloon, for palsie-walsie wifie muttered, "Oh, yeah? You should live with him!" We all had a good laugh—and then his missus confided that she said it only to keep herself head-man.

Then Van waxed hoity-toity, account of he helped snag Dillinger. Sure, Joan—it was his picture, "Manhattan Melodrama," that drew the super-gangster into the theater, so no wonder he grew spiffy. But it was his turn to get deflated when someone piped up with: "Yes, the picture was so rotten he preferred coming out in the open and getting shot!" Just a bunch of boosters!

LAMB, it's strange how, every time I pass the new building occupied by Louis B. Mayer at M-G-M, it seems a sort of monument to our beloved Marie Dressler. It was on that spot, before the building was up, Joan, that I stopped to speak to her one day. She had just returned from a grand trip, during which she was a guest of the President at the White House. I said, "Well, Miss Dressler, how does it seem to be back with us ordinary folk?"

Bert Wheeler (left) and Bob Woolsey with Mitzi on the RKO-Radio lot. Yes, suh, the boys are in "Kentucky Kernels"

She took both my hands in hers, and looked deep into my eyes. "Mitzi," she said softly, "these are my people—and this is my home."

I almost wept—and that's why the building seems a sort of shrine to her . . . for it was Mr. Mayer who brought her back to fame. And only yesterday I was talking to Iris Lee, her "stand-in" for years. Iris' eyes filled with tears when I asked if Miss Dressler had given her any keepsake. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Mitzi Cummings unlocks all the doors for you!

Mitzi's monthly letters in PHOTOPLAY are exciting and amusing motion picture followers everywhere. This Hollywood girl can introduce you to Filmdom's famous folk because she knows them intimately!



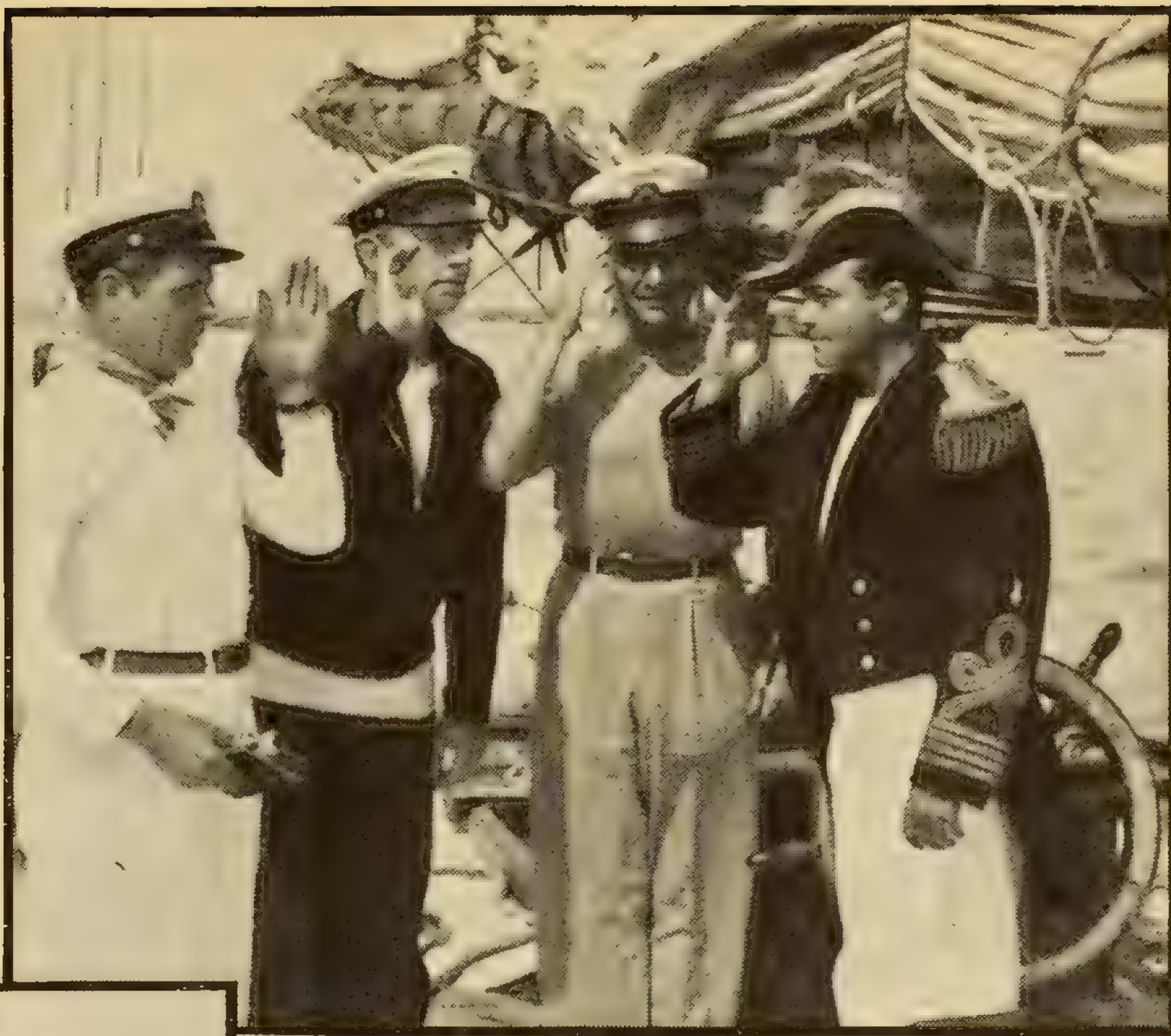
Mutiny of the Talayha

An authentic account of Captain Ronald Colman's cruise, the vengeance of Seaman Warner Baxter, Admiral Richard Barthelmess' defection, and the bold mutiny of First Mate William Powell, as deciphered from the log by

Jack Smalley

HAVING come into possession of the log of the sloop Talayha, recording its cruise to the South Pacific in this year of Grace, 1934, and reading therein the strange misadventures of Captain Ronald Colman and his crew, it becometh me that divers rumors concerning this bold voyage should be set aright.

Mr. Richard Barthelmess (referred to confusingly in the log as "Admiral" and again as "supercargo") deserted the bark in Mexico and after incredible



Admiral Dick Barthelmess (in the fancy hat) comes aboard the ship Talayha and is saluted by the crew (left to right), Seaman Warner Baxter, First Mate Bill Powell, and the Captain Ronald Colman

hardships in the cockpit of an airplane, made his way back to Hollywood. But he did not jump ship in tropical waters because there were no fish. The log states clearly that the cook served nothing but (deleted) fish every (twice deleted) day.

Likewise, First Mate William Powell did lead a mutiny, escaping the consequences of same when a friendly whale caused all to unite in fear of common foe. And I am beholden to one W. Baxter, signed on the ship's articles as an Able-Bodied Seaman, for a true version of the events leading up to threats of making him walk the plank, as revealed to this board of inquiry.

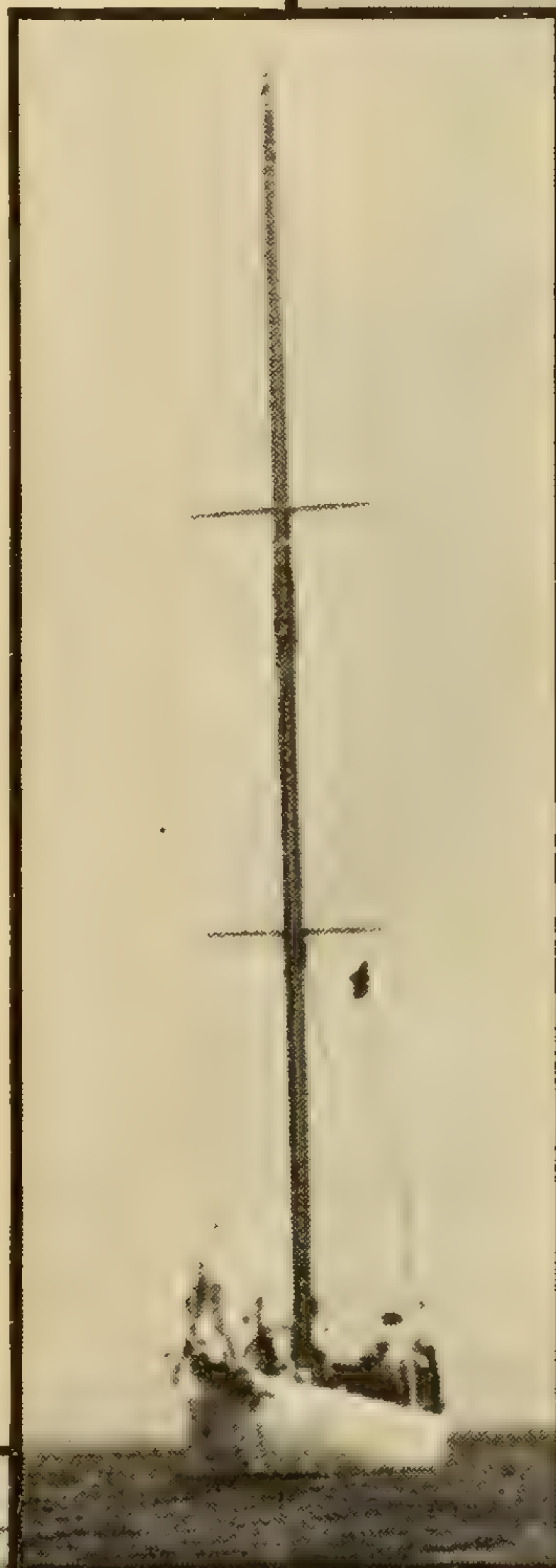
On a bright, sunny morning the sloop-rigged ship left San Pedro Harbor

It was on a bright and sunny morning that the sloop-rigged ship Talayha made ready to leave the dock at San Pedro. After weeks of preparation, Captain Colman had all in readiness for a voyage down the coast and an expedition into the interior of Mexico at Mazatlan. Little did any of them reckon of the dangers and mishaps to come.

"Take charge of the decks, Mr. Powell," Captain Colman sang out briskly.

The First Mate obeyed, bringing up two decks and a bag of poker chips. The scientific equipment being stowed away, attention

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First Mate Powell, left, and Captain Colman show a catch which proves that the Admiral did not desert because there were no fish

As soon as the ship headed on its first tack, Captain Colman realized they faced a problem. Once he thought he sighted Hawaii



The Woman With Sapphire Hair

Janet Beecher's blue locks are the result of a coiffeur's error. But what a fortunate accident!



Miss Beecher's "light-proof," sapphire-blue hair is the joy of cameramen. Here she is, fingering a cocktail glass in her first talkie, "Gallant Lady." Ann Harding is a very blonde blonde, and comparison of their hair is interesting

WHEN she was twenty-three years old, Janet Beecher's hair turned white. Not gray, but pure white, without a dark strand of the former color remaining.

There is no dramatic circumstance connected with this phenomenon. She was not startled, shocked, or sorrowed into it. Her innate honesty forbids her to say she was, or to exploit the fact as anything mysterious or theatrical.

The Beecher women simply turned gray early in life, and Janet Beecher inherited the tendency. That's all.

But since a London coiffeur used a blue rinse which didn't come out, the hair has become a dramatic asset—in spite of her. It is, peculiarly enough, quite breathlessly beautiful, and, viewed suddenly without warning, it gives the observer almost an electrical shock. On a less superlatively groomed, conservative, and cultured woman it would be sensational.

Janet Beecher is not a sensational woman, which makes the contrast more effective. She is a lineal descendant of Henry Ward Beecher, and of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote "Uncle

Tom's Cabin." Clare Kummer, well-known playwright, is a cousin. William Gillette is another cousin. Olive Wyndham is her sister. It is a family of substantial intellectuals and artists whose antecedents, literally, came over on the Mayflower. So you can judge for yourself, with this convincing evidence, that Janet Beecher is no sensationalist.

The "accident" to her hair—which Miss Beecher first regarded as an overwhelming disaster—has turned into one of the most fortunate events in her life. It could not have been deliberately planned and executed by a high-pressure publicity artist with more outstanding success. (If she could have foreseen this at the time, it would have saved her some sleepless nights.)

Her years on the New York stage as one of the leading and most accomplished actresses, her background of great culture, have not stirred half so much interest in Hollywood as her "sapphire blonde" hair. She is a little amused and more than a little gratified by it.

Curiosity is engaged, imaginations are aroused, producers intrigued. Photographers are positively lyrical. They revel in the opportunity to aim a camera at this "light-proof" hair, which does them such enormous credit. If the cameramen could only have their way, every actress in pictures would wear blue hair!

The spectacular effect has served its perfectly legitimate purpose in making her something new and different in a profession where new and different [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

By Grace Merton



Hurrell

NO exaggeration! The blue tint of Janet Beecher's locks in this photograph is the actual shade of her hair! It turned white when she was a girl. Later a London coiffeur used a blue rinse on it, which didn't come out. But instead of being disastrous, Miss Beecher's sapphire hair has been a valuable dramatic asset



Jack Shalitt

EVEN a theaterful of critics "oh-ed" and "ah-ed" when Margo came on the screen in "Crime Without Passion." It was the little Spanish dancer's first movie. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur saw Margo dancing in a night club and cast her in their picture. So far she has no professional last name because her two discoverers couldn't agree on one



Elmer Fryer

IT was altogether fitting and proper that Ann Dvorak should be cast in a picture called "Housewife." For Ann is probably the most enthusiastic home-maker in all Hollywood. In private life, you know, she is Mrs. Leslie Fenton, and she won't permit movies to interfere with her career as a wife. Ann recently finished "Gentlemen Are Born"



Milton Brown

DR. HERBERT MARSHALL discovers his neglected wife, Greta Garbo, trifling on him in "The Painted Veil." But his heroism in the fight against cholera in the Chinese interior inspires a deep love; she risks her life for him. The M-G-M picture is from Somerset Maugham's novel of the same name

What It's Like To Work With Garbo

Herbert Marshall's intimate revelations about Greta will surprise you

By Otis Wiles

HERBERT MARSHALL was working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio in some added scenes for "Outcast Lady," with Constance Bennett. Greta Garbo had begun work on the adjoining stage, in "The Painted Veil." Marshall had known for many weeks that he was to play opposite Garbo in her new picture, but no one had yet introduced them to each other. And the English actor had discreetly retreated from one opportunity to introduce himself.

Then, on the "Outcast Lady" set, Marshall was asked to take a make-up test with Greta.

"It was thought," he said, "that my make-up for 'Outcast Lady' was a trifle too dark for scenes with Miss Garbo. So I went over to her set."

Here was an artistic set, the quaint beam-ceilinged boudoir in the Austrian home of *Professor Koerber*. The room with its entrance-way was built upon stilts four feet high, for Director Richard Boleslavsky had so

planned it for new camera angles—shooting upwards from the floor to catch the symmetrical angles of the ceiling and its rugged beams.

The time was between set-ups. The assistants of Cameraman William Daniels, who has photographed all of Garbo's pictures in Hollywood, were reloading the camera. Jean Hersholt, the film story's *Professor Koerber* and "father" of Garbo, was chatting on

the sidelines with Beulah Bondi, Garbo's "mother" in the picture, and Cecilia Parker, Garbo's "sister," when the uniformed policeman—who always guards the Garbo stage—opened the heavy door to Marshall.

"Miss Garbo was in her portable bungalow," said Marshall. "She was told that I was on the set to do a test with her and she fairly flew out of the bungalow. I wasn't kept waiting for a second.

"She came toward me smiling and with a very friendly hand extended toward me. She said:

"I understand, Mr.

[PLEASE TURN
TO PAGE
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Marshall, who is Greta's new leading man, takes us on the set to meet a fair and friendly worker; not at all the icicle of the Garbo legend

CAL YOR*K* Announcing *The Monthly Broadcast of*



MARLENE DIETRICH, a picture devotee both on and off the screen, goes to the movies with Brian Aherne—and leaves a spare ticket at the window—for hubby Rudolph Sieber.

HARDLY had Connie Bennett reached his bedside than her ailing husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, leaped into clothes and the two vanished into seclusion in the south of France. Henri, it was reported, was on the verge of death from an illness contracted on his filming expedition to Indo-China. As Connie raced to him, impending divorce rumors were replaced by an impending full and complete reconciliation. And, 'tis said, the Marquis was well pleased, with his recovery immediate. Of course, minds have been changed after the black shadow of Death has been dispelled.

MARIE DRESSLER lies in an unmarked grave. "Queen Marie's" popularity, persisting even after death, has caused crowds of people to gather daily in the Forest Lawn Memorial Cemetery, where she is buried. All beseech the attendant to show them Marie's crypt—but the guard's defense is that he

PEACEFUL, slumbering Toluca Lake, around whose shores cluster the homes of many famous stars, is in the throes of a major excitement.

It seems that a mystery woman has been seen arriving frequently at the house of George Brent.

The unknown lady is heavily veiled, wears dark glasses and low heeled shoes. She moves silently and swiftly, without looking to right or left. And, apparently, she parks her automobile, or has her chauffeur let her out, some distance from the castle Brent. Mr. Brent has been working in "The Painted Veil."

WILLIAM POWELL has a clause in his screen contract stipulating that he never will be put in a picture directed by Josef Von Sternberg.

THE big and beautiful Fox Movietone studio lot is becoming the trysting place of the stars. Every day, almost, is visitors' day at Fox.

Joan Crawford started it off when Franchot Tone was making "The World Moves On" with Madeleine Carroll. Joan kept a watchful eye on Franchot. Now every day finds Herbert Marshall peeking in on Gloria Swanson at work with John Boles in "Music in the Air." Connie Bennett, too, between scenes of "Outcast Lady," smiled almost every day at the gateman as he waved her past to see Gilbert Roland, pursuing his career in "Elinor Norton."

IF you believe in the power of mass concentration, concentrate on the expected Clara Bow-Rex Bell heir being a boy.

He was worth all the trouble! Eddie Lowe lived with his two aunts when he was a kid. And Eddie was a little terror! But now he's making up for the trouble he caused them by bringing them to Hollywood on visits and giving parties for them. Here are Aunt Kate Murphy, Aunt Mary Rennie, and Nephew Eddie

Even in Dublin, cameramen seek out a movie star! Maureen O'Sullivan was "shot" in Ireland, while visiting her family and making preparations for her long-postponed marriage to John Farrow. The youngster with Miss O'Sullivan is her baby sister, who is feeling very shy about having her picture taken



That's what they're hoping for—but, of course, they will probably be just as tickled if the new arrival requires pink ribbons.

The long-propheesied event will take place sometime before the new year.

doesn't know which one it is. Six or seven months or even maybe a year from now, when time has done its work in hazing memories, Marie's friends will place her name where she rests. Now they're still protecting her.

Hollywood Goings-On!

THE next time Mae West announces the start of a picture they're going to have to rope off the Paramount lot to handle the crowds. Reason—Mae split a little fifteen thousand dollar bonus melon when she finished "Belle of the Nineties"—leaving not one single soul out of the money. Everyone in the cast and everyone in the crew came in for a nice share, in accordance with Mae's big-hearted custom. One lucky person was on the receiving end of a thousand dollar diamond from Mae's private collection of "ice."

THERE'S the one about the youngster who stopped William Powell and said, "I've been an admirer of yours for a long time. How'd you like my autograph?"

WHEN you become as plurally paternal as Bing Crosby, and youngsters are all of the same gender, something has to be done about it just to keep matters straight. So, to avoid confusion and possible mixed identities at birth existing forever and ever, Bing has affixed tags to the twins—numbered "One" and "Two." Later on they'll get nice shiny wristbands of gold—and perhaps their pictures



Adolphe and Verree posed for photographers with Judge Pope shortly after he tied the knot which made them Mr. and Mrs. Menjou. What a well-dressed family! The former Miss Teasdale is one of the best-groomed (no pun intended) women in Hollywood, and Adolphe's sartorial reputation is about tops for men

This picture should finally quash those ugly rumors that Mae West and her manager, Jim Timony, aren't on speaking terms any longer. Because here she is, Jim at her side, watching the prize-fights — and people don't go to prize fights just *not* to talk to each other! Mae and Jim got a kick out of the bouts

THE main point that was stressed in Russ Columbo's tragic death was the fact that he was on the verge of a comeback. Reading that, it gives the impression Columbo was fairly old, that he had long been at the peak, that he had sloughed off, and by several more years of painstaking, nerve-racking endeavor had managed to climb arduously back to the peak. The real tragedy is that he was but twenty-six.

In less than nine brief years, starting at the age of fourteen, Russ had risen to a drawing capacity which brought him in nearly seven thousand dollars a week.

That was his peak, and it lasted just about a year and a half. Then came his slump, of a little more than a year.

At the time of his death, he was back on top again, with his latest picture, "Wake Up and Dream," a singularly significant title. His comeback had begun with "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," released eight months before. Between these two pictures, he did another, "Moulin Rouge." Also, as he died, he was scheduled for another radio contract, and Universal had given him a new contract.

Columbo's real ambition was grand opera, and he felt he had just begun to work toward that end. His life was just starting.

Of the feminine interests in Columbo's life, three stand out. The late Dorothy Dell, to whom he was once engaged. Then Sallie Blane, at his bedside when he died, torn by weeping. And last, but believed far from least, Carole Lombard. It was Russ who taught Carole the tricks of crooning, and Carole who taught Russ the tricks of screen acting. She hurried back from vacation when the tragedy occurred. Some thought they would wed some day.



taken just to cinch matters. Of course they have names, Dennis Michael and Philip Lang, but at this stage in the game, that doesn't mean a thing—they're just a couple of infant Crosbys—or is it "Crosbies"?

LATEST evidence of the aesthetic trend in Hollywood is the presence of delicately tinted scripts. Paramount is using a pale orchid paper for its dialogue, while at Universal the "sides" are turned out on baby-pink stock.

THE work Sheridan Gibbs, scenarist, did in reducing that grand book, "Anthony Adverse," to a working script for Warners' forthcoming screen version got him a new contract. Gibbs put the book's one thousand, two hundred and twenty-four pages into one hundred and fifty-three.

But—one of PHOTOPLAY Magazine's staff writers did the trick in six typewritten sheets!

SO much grief has come to "The Captain Hates The Sea" company, with players becoming ill or meeting with accidents, Columbia has a full-grown headache.

With costs mounting, Harry Cohn, of Columbia, was told of another delay.

"Wait a minute," Harry said. "I've got a new name for this picture. We're going to call it 'Harry Cohn and the Captain Hate the Sea.'"

POSSIBLY the eccentricity of dress which Marlene Dietrich affects is catching. Anyway, since she and Josef Von Sternberg have been seen about together again around the Paramount lot, Von has taken to lurid and eye-dazzling shirts—the loudest of which is a salmon-pink number, calculated to require dark glasses on a bright day.

Marlene rather seems to fancy the natty attire, because she has been observed smoothing the collar, rolling up the sleeves and then standing back to admire Josef's new splendor.



Virginia Pine and her daughter, Joan, had a rollicking good time at Malibu Beach. Joan's father is E. J. Lehmann, whom Virginia divorced last March. Rumors persist that Miss Pine will marry George Raft before long



Director Edmund Goulding had an ambulance specially equipped so his ill wife could be comfortably moved to the mountains or seashore. She was Marjorie Moss, the famous dancer, and has been ill for nearly a year

Eddie Cantor was supposed to look like a mummy in this scene in "Kid Millions." But he just couldn't keep his eyes closed. Reason: Twenty of Hollywood's most gorgeous dancers were practicing a routine





Michael is the son of a famous director and a movie star, but he's camera shy! When his mother, Karen Morley, bounced him up in the air, he conceded a bashful smile, however. His father is Director Charles Vidor



Reunion in Hollywood! After a separation of eighteen years, Ann Dvorak located her father, Edward McKim, of Philadelphia. Her mother divorced him when Ann was four. This was their first meeting since then



Myrna Loy and her companion aren't mad at each other. It was the photographer's flash that disgruntled them. Myrna and Arthur Hornblow, associate producer at Paramount, were attending Eddie Lowe's party

THE romance of Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young is over. And for two people in the most romantic industry in the world, it took place in the most unromantic way possible.

That farewell meeting occurred in the garden of a Los Angeles hospital. Loretta, just recovering from an operation, sat in a wheel chair. Pale and beautiful. On a nearby bench sat Spencer, his foot still bandaged from a recent accident.

After a long, long talk, Spencer rose and, pressing Loretta's hand in farewell, limped away. A nurse then came and wheeled Loretta back to her room. Tears dimmed her big eyes. And in less than half an hour the whole hospital knew that it was all over between the two. And spoke of it in soft whispers.

PICTURE, if you can, the ultra Norma Shearer tearing along the Santa Monica Speedway—after the monkey man. Seems he went right by, and young Master Thalberg, hearing the strains of the hand-organ, called plaintively, "Monkey, monkey!"

So Norma went on the chase and brought back the monk.

EDWARD McKIM, Ann Dvorak's father, whom she located after a long search, was a director in the earliest days of motion pictures. And before that, he was a Shakespearean actor.

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Beauty and Personality



Over Frisco" and I wondered why you would let the studios give you such an unsympathetic rôle. While I was still wondering, you stepped out in "Of Human Bondage" in another terrifically unsympathetic part but one in which you did such magnificent acting that I stood up and cheered. And you're winning a reputation as a real actress in these new rôles. So you must be on the right track.

Now maybe you think I'm stepping out of *my* rôle as beauty doctor when I tell you that in this letter I want to talk to you about your personality. Really, I'm not, for beauty and personality are inseparable. The mental and the physical are as close together as a rose and its perfume.

The cords in Bette's neck are accentuated by incorrect head posture, Sylvia says. But she has lots of charm, as hubby Harmon Nelson is aware

Bette Davis has a lovely figure. But Sylvia tells us the trim little star has some faults that should be remedied. For one thing, her eyes are too staring. Such mannerisms can be corrected with a bit of persistence

DEAR BETTE: For the last few years I've watched your career. And I've seen an amazing thing happen to you. I've seen you go from ingénue to extremist, and then to a wonderful character actress. In "The Working Man" you were grand. Then I saw you in "Fog



are Inseparable

Sylvia tells Bette Davis

Faulty mannerisms are fatal to charm. If you have any, write to Sylvia. Read her personal advice on Page 76

Your mental attitude shows on your face, Bette Davis. The mental attitude of every woman shows on her face and makes her beautiful or homely, appealing or hard. If you're going to continue to play unsympathetic rôles (and I must say I admire your courage in taking the rôle of *Mildred* and making it sit up and beg), you've got to show me—and the rest of the world—that you're not like that in real life. That you're not actually hard and bitter and cynical. And you must pepper your career with a few sympathetic parts.

I know what you've been through, Bette. I know how you came to Hollywood and got shoved from one stupid rôle to another. So you stuck out your chin and said, "I'll show 'em." You showed 'em by changing your type. But don't make a mistake, baby. Don't let that hardness of the parts you play show on your face. Don't let it keep you from being as lovely as you can be.

I want you to heed my advice. And I want every girl in the world who has, in the struggle for existence, grown cynical, to learn how to turn that bitterness into lovely, feminine appeal.

Look at yourself in the mirror, Bette. Your figure is lovely, isn't it? You're a cute, slim little thing. But, darling, your neck has its faults. Your eyes are too staring. Your jaw line is too prominent. And you can, if you will, do wonders with the shape of your nose. You have an ample mouth. I like that, but often you make it up to look too extreme.

Now that we know where we stand I'm going to tell you—and all the rest of my readers—how that face and neck can be remodeled.

One night, Bette, I heard you over the radio. It was one of the most intelligent talks that has ever come out of Hollywood. That intelligence manifested itself in "Of Human Bondage." You've shown in that picture what a wonderful actress you are. You are right among



Sylvia



Bette can play a harsh rôle superbly, but Sylvia urges her to forego the appearance of cynicism off the screen. And a different mouth make-up is suggested, too



Miss Davis' intelligence shows in her forehead, and her determination in her jaw. But Sylvia advises her to affect a somewhat "softer" appearance

the big shots of Hollywood. Now you can fight for a few sympathetic rôles.

God gave you your intelligence. I can see that in your expressive forehead. But it isn't always wise, in Hollywood (or anywhere else in the business world), to show it too pronouncedly. So make that intelligent forehead look softer by bringing your hair forward, over it. In the October PHOTOPLAY, you were pictured with half-a-dozen highly becoming coiffures. You should stick to them, or something similar.

Hollywood has made you determined, Bette. That's why you stick your chin out and, thereby, give your jaw a line that it shouldn't have. It's a mannerism — a bad habit you've got to break, because when you carry your head in that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 76]

HOLLYWOOD LOVE SONG



HE taxi driver was pale. His foot was still on the brake he had just pressed down with all his weight to avoid a tragedy, but the girl, heedless of her narrow escape from death, continued to push her way through the crowds that flowed from Forty-second Street into the subway and theaters.

"God, oh God, what *shall* I do?"

Prayers like that are a weary repetition in the heavens above New York. But to Blondy this note of tragedy was new. She was wondering where one could go for fifteen cents at ten o'clock at night.

"Joan Blondell, you're in a spot," she whispered. "The worst spot you've ever been in!"

* * *

It was warm in the writing room of the Park Central Hotel. And quiet. She put her head on her arms and cried silently, desperately. After a while she drew pen and ink toward her and began a letter to her family. There would be no check to enclose this time. She was failing them, after she'd sent them, with such bravado, to California so the kid sister could lose that sickly cough.

In a blind, bitter mood she went into the main lobby to get a stamp for her letter. How could you play the game with the cards stacked against you? At the newsstand a man was glancing over the headlines. He looked up—and smiled. Not the sleazy smile of the masher. It wasn't ordinary in any single way. He saw the despair in her face, read in that instant the despondent droop of her lips. Because he put into that smile something she'd never felt before—confidence and warm encouragement and—something else. Joan could not define it. But as her heart stood still, her blue eyes flashed. The numb feeling was gone! She was alive again! *Someone, she knew, had faith in her . . .*

She walked briskly out into the after-theater crowds, unafraid now. She couldn't remember what he looked like, what he had said to the clerk. Only his smile was like a living thing, real and infinitely comforting.

It did not seem surprising that a block away she should bump into Mitzi, fresh from giving the Capitol Theater customers a treat.

"Hard up, eh? Baby, do I know *that* feeling!" Mitzi grinned. "But it's okay now, Blondy. You stay with me until you get a break, see?"

And the break came. Others followed. Joan got a job in a stock company. In a road show. Then, inevitably, Joan was on Broadway!

FIVE years after that mad, singularly eventful night—the night she received a breath of life from a strange man at a hotel newsstand—Joan Blondell sat on a lavish Hollywood set, speculating on what time the next train left for New York.



It was a queer thought for a girl who had just been selected as one of the three blondes for "The Greeks Had A Word For Them." But the truth was, Blondy, who had fought every inch of her way through life, was frightened. She could cope with poverty and cruel knocks, but this was different. Success, with a capital S, looming just around the corner, was a frightening matter.

"If I'm a fizzle in this . . ."

Her hands were icy as she watched the great Chanel from Paris drape delicate silks that assumed tantalizing folds on the captivating Ina Claire, on the beautiful Madge Evans.

"I can't wear clothes like that," said Joan to Joan miserably. "I can't . . ."

And at that moment, as if drawn through some hidden

A stranger's smile dried the tears in "Blondy" Blondell's eyes, gave her new courage in the darkest hour of her life

By Jerry Lane

Illustrated by Frank Dobias

and with matchless sparkle went into the scene. Even the great Chanel applauded. "*Eh bien*, and the verve you give that dress, my dear!" But Joan was looking at the dark young man standing in the shadows.

"Who is the cameraman on this picture?" she asked the wardrobe woman later.

"Why, honey, he's George Barnes. As fine as they come, if you ask me. Don't you go gettin' ideas, though. He's married!"

Married . . . Joan suddenly felt tired and unaccountably depressed.

For a week she made no attempt to speak to him. Nothing more than a casual "Good morning." But with that cameraman's dark eyes following her from beyond the sharp edge of light, Blondy was giving the performance of her life. Goldwyn patted her on the shoulder ecstatically after viewing the accumulated rushes. Her home studio, Warner Brothers, took up her option at an increase in salary. They planned to star her. "Swell," said Blondy, dimly—and wondered in a vague way why the bottom didn't drop out of the earth.

IT was a mistake to have come. His home—it had an atmosphere of quiet sophisticated comfort she'd never seen before except in the movies. There were royal tapestries, antique Kermanshahs on the floor, Filipino boys hovering at your service.

"And here I thought he was just a cameraman!"

Joan said to Roy Jones, his assistant.

"He is," laughed Roy, understanding her puzzled frown. "The fifteen hundred dollars a week kind!"

The party milled about them to the tinkle of glasses, soft music.

Finally she found courage to ask, "Where—where is Mrs. Barnes?"

"Where is *who*?"

Oh . . . Why, good grief, don't you know? They're separated. George hasn't seen his wife in nearly four years."

Blondy sighed deeply. A rosy glow filled the room, filled the world. What a party! The best, she told herself, she'd ever attended.

She awoke the next morning [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

The smile of that chap behind the camera—that George Barnes—stirred some thrilling memory in Joan Blondell's blonde head. It inspired her to give a fine performance

magnetism, her glance fell on the chap behind the camera. He was smiling directly at her . . .

"Some faint, thrilling memory stirred her. And with it a fresh wave of assurance swept over Blondy. She lifted her chin. Her career hinged on this part. She knew it. She rose

"It had to be you," said Joan. "Because you're the only man in my life"



Joan soon found that Central America isn't all a land of turquoise jewelry and hand-woven Indian blankets! Filming the movie, "Adventure Girl," wasn't as simple as trading for a native bracelet

You Can't Call A Lady A Liar

JOAN LOWELL set sail in a forty-eight foot schooner with a motion picture camera, fifty dollars worth of ten cent store jewelry, and a crate of rubber toys.

She was headed for Central America.

According to reports, Joan—a real sailor who prided herself on being the only lady on the high seas who could spit a curve in the wind—stood firmly on deck as the schooner sailed, and shouted loudly at those who were seeing her off, "If there are any landlubber critics there, you can all go plumb to —!"

Joan shouted so because she was bitter. And Joan was bitter (as any good story teller would have been!) because the "landlubber critics" hadn't believed her yarns.

First, they hadn't believed what she told them in her book, "Cradle of the Deep," a best-seller in 1929. Then, when her second book came

When "landlubber critics" just wouldn't believe Joan Lowell's tales of adventure, she sailed back to the jungle with a camera—and brought them proof!

By Mildred Mastin



When she bossed her crew around and the men obeyed, natives of Guatemala were amazed! There the tribesmen give the orders

out, "Adventure Girl," they had pooh-poohed again, and asked embarrassing questions.

But Joan had heard that "seeing is believing." If only she had had a camera along! So she was going back now, to Central America, where she would actually film the "incredible" experiences she had written about in "Adventure Girl."

She took the ten cent store jewelry and the rubber toys because she wished to bring back a load of the exquisite silver and turquoise jewelry, the hand-woven serapis and fine pottery the natives made down there. And Joan knew any Indian lady would gladly trade a priceless bracelet for a dime store diamond, and that any stalwart Indian tribesman would be happy to give her a fine serapi for a dog that would float.

However, Central America isn't all a land of bracelets and
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

First Aid To Actors

Druggist Sam Kress was always ready to help a needy actor. His loans saved many careers

By Ruth Rankin

YOU'VE heard of the great who guided the destinies of the stars in the early days: D. W. Griffith, Cecil B. De Mille, Jesse Lasky, and all the rest of them. So now you can listen to the saga of Sam Kress, who did more for many of the stars than all the star-makers put together.

Sam is just a kindly little fellow who used to keep a drug-store on the Boulevard at Cahuenga, and it was to him that actors used to go for first aid. First aid when they needed two-bits to buy a meal, or a few dollars to pay the room rent. But for that first aid, many now scintillating careers would not have been possible.

Sam's was the hand, those days, that held the



Sam Kress runs a little restaurant now, but memories of his kindly advice and financial aid in the old days are cherished by many movie folk



Pola Negri had a passion for strong perfumes. And they fascinated Wally Reid. He would buy gallons from Sam and give them away



Lew Cody once was a soda jerker and never got over it. He loved to go behind the counter at Kress' and mix drinks



Lon Chaney was passionately interested in make-up. As soon as he learned a new stock was in, he'd hurry to Sam's to try it out



Hollywood's civic and social center in the early days. Pictures were cast and scenarios were written in Sam's back room

heart of Hollywood. Also the stomach of Hollywood, which might be even more to the point.

Anyway, in those days when Hollywood was still a little village with growing pains—it still has the growing pains, too—Sam's corner was the crossroads of town. The tallest building was then but two stories high and there weren't many buildings. Hollywood both began and ended in a few straggly blocks, and between the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ CARAVAN—Fox

FOR sheer spirited and joyous abandon, for a riotous carnival of song, dance, costume, authentic background-feeling and operetta plot in the best tradition, we recommend this as the best picture of its type to date. Locale, Hungary; time, grape-festival in the Tokay country.

A darkly dangerous violinist is *Lazi* (Charles Boyer) who leads the gypsy orchestra.

Should nightfall find *Countess Wilma* (Loretta Young) unmarried, she will lose her inheritance. So she elects *Lazi* in spite of his jealous sweetheart (Jean Parker). Enter dashing *Lieutenant von Tokay* (Phillips Holmes)!

Director Erik Charell is to be highly complimented on his deft direction of the large company of extras who so admirably capture the gay spirit of the film.



★ CRIME WITHOUT PASSION—Paramount

BEN HECHT and Charles MacArthur have produced a picture that is truly remarkable. Its theme, the workings of an unscrupulous mind, might have been crudely melodramatic in the hands of less skilled craftsmen. Suspense is maintained throughout every foot of the film.

Lee Gentry (Claude Rains), a criminal attorney, permits his subtle brain to gain the mastery of his better nature. He is invincible until he plays with the hearts of women. Endeavoring to break an affair with *Carmen Brown* (Margo) he tries to trap her with false evidence. The attempt results in a murder charge.

Margo, new to the screen, gives a splendid performance and Claude Rains is superb. Lee Garmes rates a medal for his photography. A picture you can never forget.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO—United Artists

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' melodramatic classic has been made into a thrilling film, which never once lets down—in fact, builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax.

As *Edmond Dantes*, later *Count of Monte Cristo*, Robert Donat is completely the character.

The celebrated plot concerns a young sailor, *Dantes*, falsely imprisoned for twenty years in a vile dungeon in the dismal Chateau d'If. He and a gentle scholar, the *Abbe Faria*, tunnel their way nearly out when the *Abbe* dies, leaving a map to fabulous treasure. *Dantes* makes his miraculous escape and finds the treasure.

Reappearing as the *Count of Monte Cristo*, *Dantes* avenges himself with diabolical ingenuity on his three enemies, one of whom has married the girl he, *Dantes*, loved.

With a background of national upheaval in the time of Napoleon, this great story contains every element of fine drama and personal conflict. It progresses with master strokes and the height of contrast—from the foul dungeon to the unparalleled magnificence of Monte Cristo.

Every player is brilliantly cast. Elissa Landi is a perfect *Mercedes*; Louis Calhern as *de Villefort, Jr.*, Sidney Blackmer as *Mondego*, and Raymond Walburn as *Danglars* are three of the most nefarious villains ever witnessed.

No member of the family can afford to miss this picture. Direction is superb.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

CARAVAN

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION

BELLE OF THE NINETIES

THE MERRY WIDOW

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

YOU BELONG TO ME

THE HUMAN SIDE

BIG HEARTED HERBERT

PECK'S BAD BOY

THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

The Best Performances of the Month

Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo"

Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows"

Claude Rains in "Crime Without Passion"

Mae West in "Belle of the Nineties"

Maurice Chevalier in "The Merry Widow"

Irene Dunne in "The Age of Innocence"

John Boles in "The Age of Innocence"

David Jack Holt in "You Belong to Me"

Guy Kibbee in "Big Hearted Herbert"

O. P. Heggie in "Peck's Bad Boy"

Miriam Hopkins in "The Richest Girl in the World"

Pauline Lord in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 123



★ WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—M-G-M

RARELY is a picture blessed with such perfection of production, such flawless performances, and such inspired direction. The combination of a sensitive cast, an expert adaptation of the James M. Barrie play, and Gregory LaCava's excitingly effective direction, makes this one of the most important films of the year.

It towers mightily as a superb example of what is cinematically possible!

Helen Hayes has her biggest opportunity so far in the rôle of little Scotch *Maggie*, whose big, burly brothers and father assure her marriage in a legal document to *John Shand* (Brian Aherne), fearing that without drastic measures she will never catch—let alone hold—the eye of any swain.

John, being a man of honor and no sense of humor, sticks to the bargain even after he makes a big splash in politics and *Maggie* offers to release him. In his grave, all-important, overbearing way, he never realizes that *Maggie* writes his speeches for him and puts him in Parliament until he falls briefly in love with *Lady Sybil* (Madge Evans) and tries to get along without *Maggie*.

The picture is a sly, human fantasy, made delightfully real by brilliant acting and directing.

Dudley Digges and Donald Crisp play *Maggie's* brothers; David Torrence is her father, and Lucille Watson makes the *Comtesse* an intriguing figure.



★ BELLE OF THE NINETIES—Paramount

YOU who thought Mae West couldn't do it again—go, and lose your bet. Also your dignity.

As *Ruby Carter*, burlesque queen of the beef-trust days, Mae is still the consummate artist of timing and delivery—and she has some knockout lines to deliver. Her costumes are *something*; her songs are good, too.

Ruby glides through, taking diamonds from *Brooks Claybourne* (John Mack Brown); love from *Tiger Kid* (Roger Pryor); *Ace Lamont* (John Miljan) from *Molly* (Katherine DeMille)—and no back-talk from anybody.

Duke Ellington's orchestra accompanies Mae's provocatively swaying hips and feathers. And the lines are so-oooo funny, without being offensive, that the outcome is a major triumph of Mae over matter!



★ THE MERRY WIDOW—M-G-M

JEANETTE MACDONALD sings her part with ecstatic melody, and looks it in costumes that knock your eye out. And Maurice Chevalier is *Danilo*, the lad the ladies love.

Given a production which sets a new high for lavish magnificence, the costumes of the eighties, and ensembles of dancers in the waltz—thousands of them, it seems—it is a spectacle in elegance and exquisite taste.

The story, as you must know, is the problem of getting the richest widow in a small kingdom married to a local light, *Count Danilo*, to keep the taxes at home.

Edward Everett Horton is an ideal ambassador, Una Merkel a precious queen, and Minna Gombell is stunning as the lady at Maxim's. There is a satin finish to the film, an opulence seldom achieved.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



**THE AGE
OF
INNOCENCE**
—RKO-Radio



THE story of a man who sacrifices great love and marries his properly ordained fiancée rather than wound the convention-steeped souls of their respective families. Again you see that fascinating combination, John Boles and Irene Dunne, giving an exquisite, moving performance. For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of a great theme, this is their picture. You are sure not to be disappointed.



**YOU BELONG
TO ME—**
Paramount



GIVING an intelligent characterization as the child of vaudeville actress Helen Mack, David Jack Holt outshines every adult cast member. Even the performances of troupers Lee Tracy and Helen Morgan, who befriend the boy when stepfather Arthur Pierson puts him in a school which he loathes and indirectly causes his wife's death, are overshadowed. Direction maintains high level throughout.



**THE HUMAN
SIDE—**
Universal



ACCURATELY titled, with rich dialogue, enjoyable from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou is a wandering father with a love for his adorable kids and divorced wife Doris Kenyon—but a weakness for wealthy women as well. Doris decides to marry stuffed-shirt Reginald Owen, but Adolphe gets together with the kids—Charlotte Henry, Dickie Moore, Dick Winslow, George Ernest—and things happen.



**BIG
HEARTED
HERBERT—**
Warners



GUY KIBBEE has a difficult rôle as the grouchy father who continually reminds his family of how he struggled to get where he is. Finally, wife Aline MacMahon and children Patricia Ellis, Trent Durkin, Jay Ward stage a hilarious show before wealthy clients, which makes him see how ridiculous is his stubborn pride in being a "plain, self-made man." Just one long, heartfelt laugh.



**PECK'S
BAD BOY—**
Fox



THIS heart-breaking, but amusing, tale of a boy (Jackie Cooper) who suffers tortuous humiliation and sees his world crumble about him, is reborn beautifully in its talkie incarnation. Thomas Meighan plays *Mr. Peck* with fine understanding; Jackie Searl as mean little *Horace* is very effective. Dorothy Peterson is *Aunt Lily*. Surprise delights are performances of O. P. Heggie, Gertrude Howard.



**THE
RICHEST
GIRL IN THE
WORLD—**
RKO-Radio



WHEN wealthy Miriam Hopkins becomes interested in Joel McCrea, Henry Stephenson (her guardian), Fay Wray (her best friend), and Reginald Denny (Fay's husband) all conspire to make the new suitor believe that Fay is the heiress, and play her against Miriam to prove his sincerity. Though sophisticated, this comedy offers splendid entertainment for everybody. Hopkins and McCrea are a grand team.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**OUTCAST
LADY—
M-G-M**



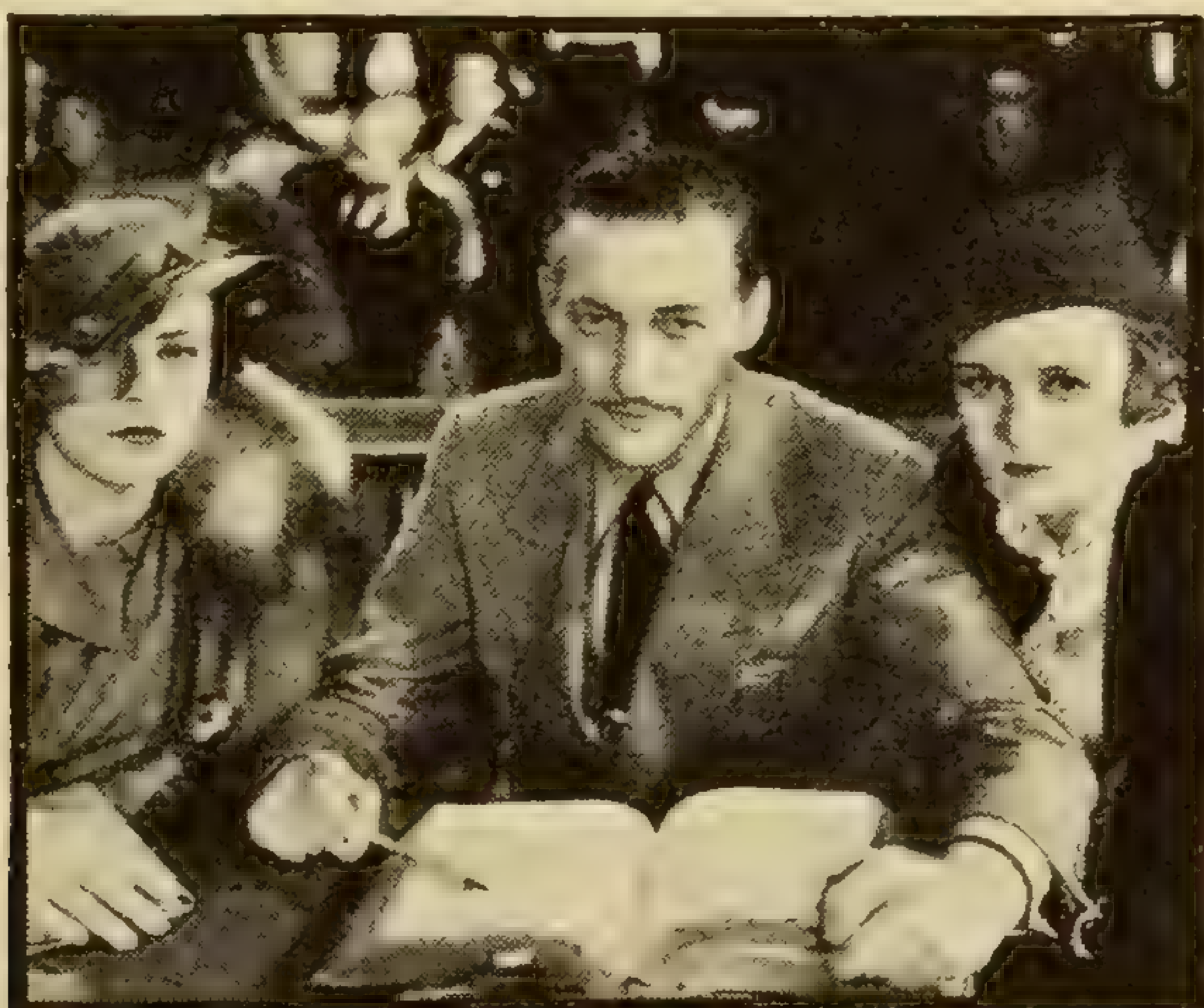
THE "gentlemanly" gallantry of *Iris March* (Constance Bennett) seems to belong to the era of the single standard flapper. *Napier* is not worthy of a Herbert Marshall to play him. Ralph Forbes is *Boy Fenwick*, who kills himself on the night of his marriage to *Iris*, leaving her to face the accusations of her brother *Gerald* (Hugh Williams) who idolized *Boy*. Elizabeth Allan is wasted as *Venice*.

**MRS. WIGGS
OF THE
CABBAGE
PATCH—
Paramount**



IT'S not the *Mrs. Wiggs* we wept and laughed over in the story, with her vim, vigor and grim determination, but it is a magnificent character Pauline Lord brings to the screen. ZaSu Pitts, as *Miss Hazy*, in search of a husband, is nigh perfect. While W. C. Fields, the answer to ZaSu's prayer, brings no end of excitement to the Cabbage Patch. Kent Taylor and Evelyn Venable supply romance.

**THE CASE
OF THE
HOWLING
DOG—
Warners**



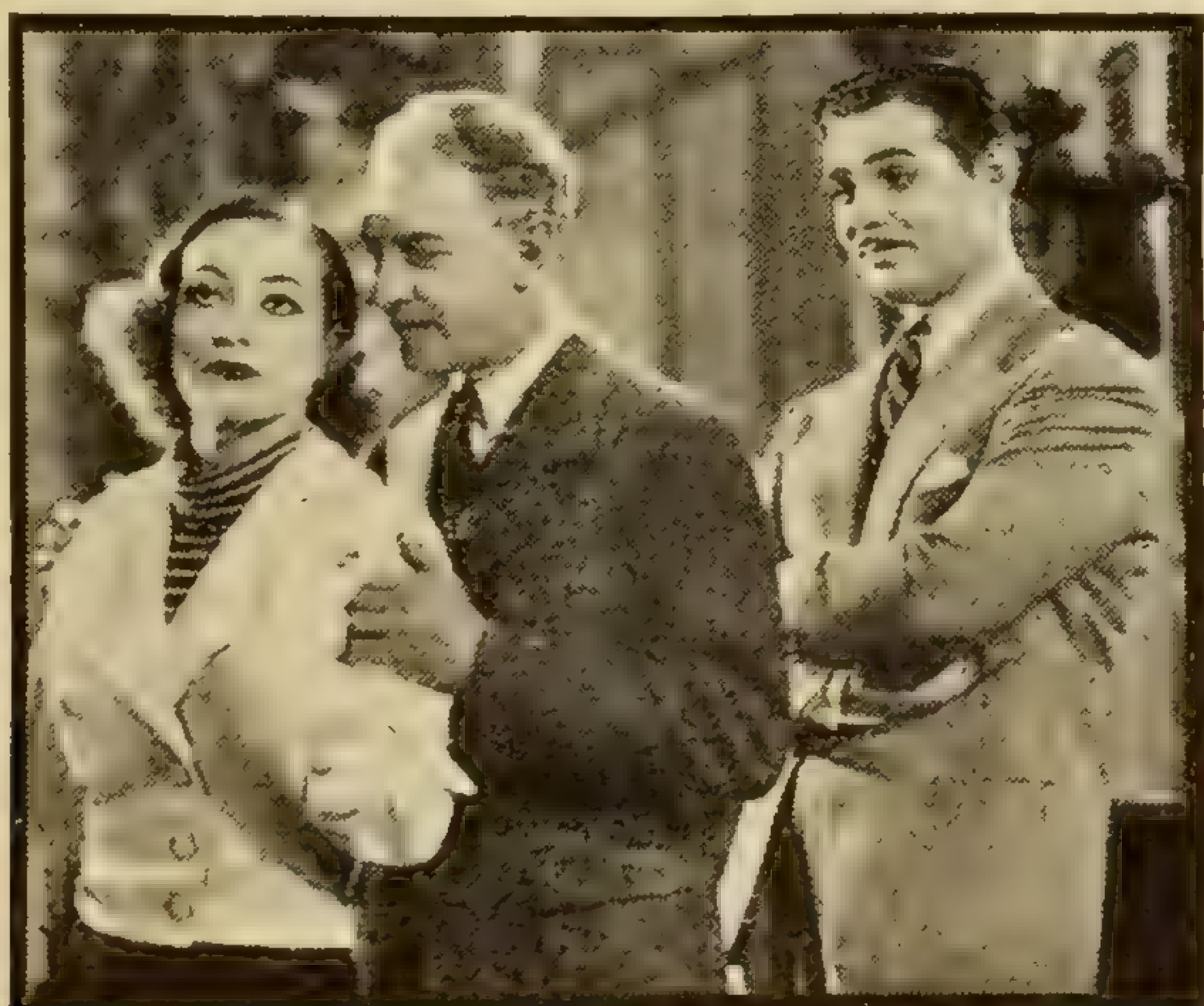
SMOOTH and clever, different and diverting, this novel murder mystery has plenty of talk, but enough action to balance. Attorney Warren William unravels all the complications of the mysterious tangle of a howling police dog, a nervous wreck (Gordon Westcott) and a beautiful lady (Mary Astor)—and then he pulls his surprise in the courtroom. Allen Jenkins hides behind a mustache.

**THE
FOUNTAIN—
RKO-Radio**



A BEAUTIFUL contemplative novel is made into a film exquisite to look at, but moving with measured tread. Ann Harding is the English girl married to a German officer (Paul Lukas), and interned in Holland. Brian Aherne, prisoner of war, arrives—and propinquity does the rest. Then the husband returned, shattered. Fine restrained acting by Harding, Lukas, and Hersholt as the old Dutch Baron.

**CHAINED—
M-G-M**



SPLENDIDLY written, acted, directed and photographed. Joan Crawford's employer, Otto Kruger, divorces his wife and gives up his children in order to marry her. But in the meantime, Joan has fallen madly in love with Clark Gable. Unable to tell Kruger, after his sacrifice, she marries him, only to have Gable come forward later and demand her release. Stuart Erwin turns in a grand comedy job.

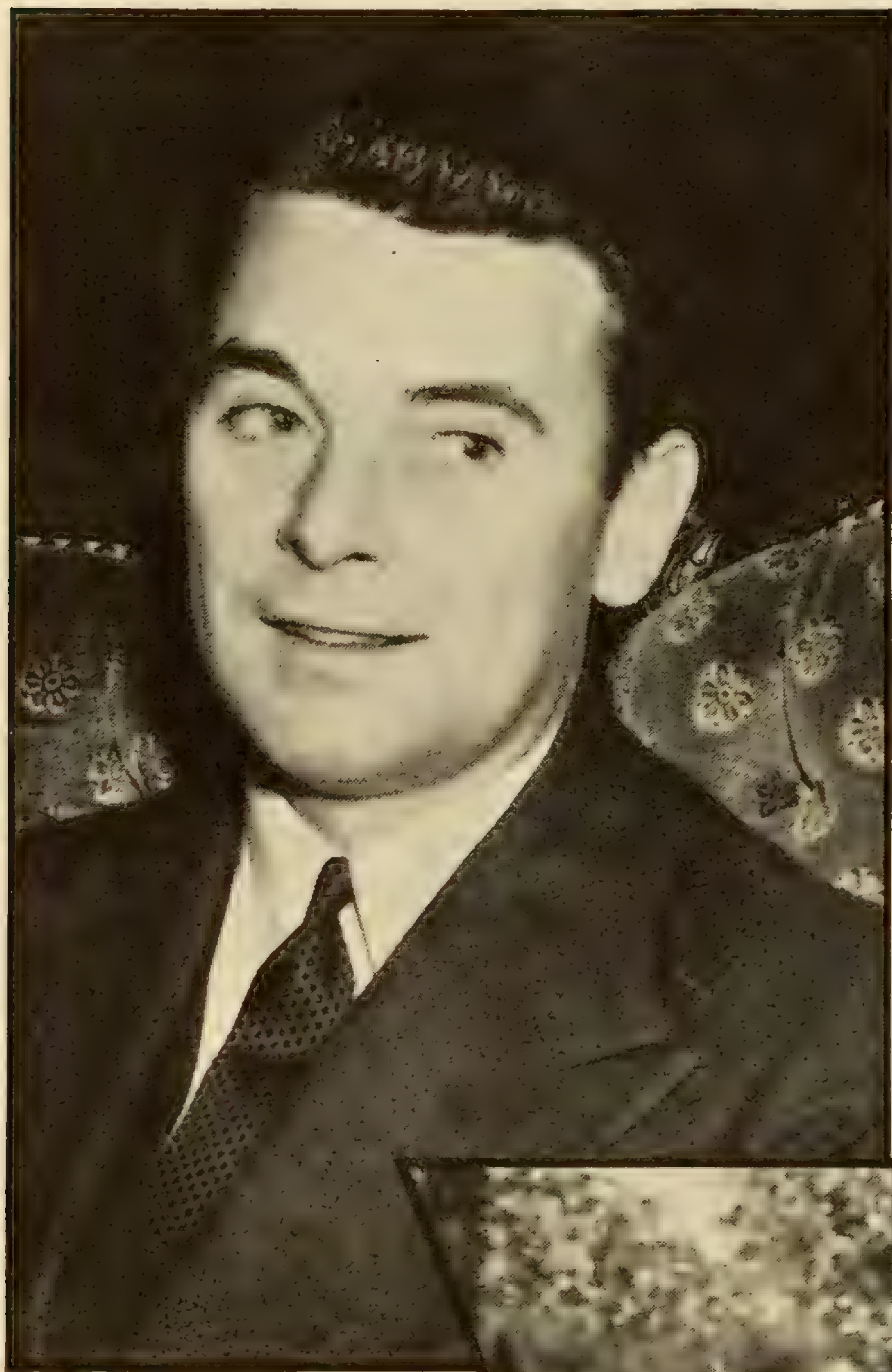
**THERE'S
ALWAYS
TOMORROW
—Universal**



AS the taken-for-granted father, who turns for small comforts denied him at home to Binnie Barnes, Frank Morgan is first-rate. But Binnie makes a gallant sacrifice to his wife (Lois Wilson) and children upon realization that they are merely unthinking in their absorption in their own affairs. English Binnie Barnes looks like a good bet.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 112]

He's Jinx-Proof Now



George Brent, who has had so much tough luck, comes back believing that he is immune to any more of it

By Jerry Lane

wood, to really care." He sprawled on the grass in front of the oven once more. "I swallowed enough pride back there to float the Mauretania. Maybe it'll agree with me." He stabbed a potato, hard. It burst open and the mealy contents sprayed the air . . .

Monday morning on the "Housewife" set. The gateman looked at him out of the corner of his eye, saluted. The assistant director coughed and extended his hand. Even the prop boy stopped chewing gum. Brent was back. Now the fireworks would start—But they didn't.

In the middle of the picture someone whispered, "Funny about George. The prodigal's returned with his own fatted calf!" For George was putting into his work the certain something it takes to pull the money in at the box-office. A flair, humor, sparkle. The something he'd given promise of in his first pictures. And by that remarkable grapevine route

which is Hollywood's own, the whole town knew it.

M-G-M knew it.

They sent for him.

That evening as we sat guzzling coffee in Pto-maine Tommy's he told me quietly, "I'm going to do 'Stamboul Quest.' Opposite Myrna Loy. A swell part—" There was a suspicion of a brogue to his words. He wasn't as unexcited as he seemed.

"What a break!"

"Break!" he whirled around to face me. "Break! I don't believe I have ever had a break. I waited forever for a chance in the movies. You work for what you get out here." He smiled suddenly. It was like a lift in the storm. And I was remembering the young fellow whom Von Stroheim had promised a job—and forgotten. Who came West a second time to do a star part—and Charlie Farrell played it. Who went back East—*blind*. Nerve tension and strain, the doctor called it. Breaks? Perhaps he was right, after all.

Even his "discovery" in a stuffy projection room three years ago had a queer Hollywood slant. It gave him position, more money than he knew existed—and nearly ruined him professionally. You can't, it seems, marry a beautiful [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

If George goes up in the air again, it'll be in a plane—not over a woman. He's taking a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude now

GEORGE BRENT ran a hand through his mop of black hair, poked a potato in the outdoor fireplace, turned and grinned widely. "I'm going in to telephone. You watch the spuds."

Pretty soon his voice floated down from the English cottage he has taken—the cottage Charlie Farrell built at Toluca Lake.

"Hello. This is Brent. I understand you have a job for me Monday morning."

He said it lightly. You could hear the laughter behind the words. You never would have guessed it cost him more effort than anything else in his life.

That's the way his seven months of idleness ended.

That's the way Warner Brothers' bad boy promised to be good.

"From now on I take a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude about everything, Jerry," he explained to me. "It doesn't pay to let yourself *feel* too deeply in Holly-



Not even the Garbo jinx can frighten Brent any more. He's Greta's lover in "The Painted Veil," but he doesn't think that will send him into obscurity

Useful Gadgets With A Smart Twist



BARBARA Robbins, now appearing in "Hat, Coat and Glove," follows the vogue for low heels and open toes even into her lounging slippers. She has several pairs of these soft kid ones to match pajamas



ADRIENNE Ames introduces a new idea in monograms for her trim leather handbag — her own initials in leather to match her bag! You will see Adrienne next in "Gigolette"

THE note of elegance revived in millinery this season is echoed in this velvet hat which Tala Birell wears in "The Captain Hates the Sea." Precious aigrettes as trimming



TO the casual eye Billie Seward's bag looks like a nice tailored envelope affair, but pull down one corner and out pops a cigarette! Container is inside. "Among the Missing" is Billie's next

IT'S flat as a pancake and weighs only sixty ounces, but it will hold three to six dresses and hangers. Hollywood finds it a perfect additional piece of luggage for flying trips cross-country and back



VELVET ELEGANCE



A VELVET and metallic combination is Royer's choice for another gown worn by Drue Leyton in "Charlie Chan in London." Here the tunic theme is used cleverly for the velvet body of the gown, the metallic making the underskirt and the unusual neckline. Notice how the metal cloth is draped through the rhinestone buckle at front, forming streamers at the back décolletage. Drue's only jewelry is two bracelets

THE use of rich fabrics and dramatic details such as in this gown worn by Drue Leyton, gives a new elegance to Winter evening fashions. Royer has placed a black feathered bird at the cowl neckline of this white uncut velvet dress. The bias skirt ties at the back over a train

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants

— Seymour —



SO adroitly has Plunkett cut the bodice of this vivid red velvet gown that no ornamentation of any kind is needed to stress its elegance. These two charming views of Fay Wray show you the front with its draped cowl and open shoulder treatment as well as the daring back décolletage formed by strips of the velvet fastened to a ring just below the shoulders. Elbow-length matching gauntlets are worn loosely wrinkled at the wrist. Fay wears this in a scene from "The Richest Girl in the World"



FROG braid trimming is an old-fashioned idea being revived for smart day-time costumes this Winter. Above, you see a simple black crêpe dress worn by Frances Drake which uses a series of frogs as fastening on both blouse and belt. The frogs are white, as are the collar and cuffs. It's a grand business dress. You can choose it in a bright shade, too, if you wish



AGAIN the frog detail, this time on a steel-blue rabbit wool dress dotted in white. Royer has used frogs for ornamentation only on the bodice, as the dress buttons down the back. They are blue silk in a shade to match the dress. The drop shoulder-line and full sleeve gathered into elbow cuffs are repeatedly stressed Winter fashions. Drue Leyton wears this practical costume in her latest release, "Charlie Chan in London"

Screen Designers Use Frog and Nailhead Details

— Seymour



A RUSSIAN influence is one of several seen in Winter costumes. Kalloch has created this interesting dress for Helen Vinson to wear in "Broadway Bill." It features a Russian blouse of silk crêpe with collar, wide belt and elbow-high cuffs studded with nailheads in a sequin effect. The skirt has a side slash, the sleeves blouse fully over tight cuffs. The back view shows you the fabric buttons used as fastening on both blouse and belt

When Hollywood Dresses For Dinner

— Seymour —



LAMÉ is the choice of Claudette Colbert for this charming dinner gown which she wears in "Imitation of Life." The utter simplicity of the gown is offset by the rich formality of the metal fabric. The high neckline and cap sleeves, together with the tailored detailing, make it one of those perfect dinner costumes. Claudette wears her own jeweled pin at the neckline

SUNBURST embroidery done in mulberry colored silk thread on a rippled white satin makes a stunning contrast for this dinner gown of Fay Wray's. Walter Plunkett designed it for her new rôle in "The Richest Girl in the World." The bodice is draped at back and slashed in front at the sides to show a mulberry lining. The princess silhouette is stressed



PRETTY, and a good actress. But it was Jane Wyatt's stage voice that won her a place in films. With fifteen British players cast in "One More River," Director James Whale decided the remaining rôle must be filled by an American girl with a light and lovely voice which would contrast with the heavy, throatier tones of the Englishmen. So Jane got the job. Her next picture is Universal's "Great Expectations"

Freulich



PEOPLE are always talking about Marlene Dietrich! First it was pants. And now it's her lunch! She carries it to the studio in a shoe box, you know. Apparently she and Josef Von Sternberg have patched the differences between them, for lately Marlene has been sharing her lunch with him. He may direct her in "Caprice Espanole," John Dos Passos' story which Paramount is planning to produce

William Walling, Jr.

"I love the flavor of Camels"
says Miss Evelyn Cameron Watts

AMONG THE MANY
DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO
PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle
PHILADELPHIA

Miss Mary Byrd
RICHMOND

Mrs. Powell Cabot
BOSTON

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.
NEW YORK

Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd
BOSTON

Mrs. Henry Field
CHICAGO

Miss Anne Gould
NEW YORK

Mrs. James Russell Lowell
NEW YORK

Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer
CHICAGO



MISS WATTS' FEATHER CAPE IS MADE OF THE PLUMAGE OF THE TROPICAL "LOPHOPHORE" BIRD



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R.J. Reynolds Tobacco
Company

"I never get tired of the smooth Camel flavor—the last one I smoke at night tastes just as good as the first in the morning," says the charming debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dorsey Watts of New York and Baltimore. "And Camels are very mild, too—even when I've smoked a lot, Camels never upset my nerves. And if I'm tired I find

that smoking a Camel seems to refresh me—gives me a 'lift' that makes me ready to start all over again."

It is true that your energy is increased by smoking a Camel. It releases your latent energy in a safe and natural way. When tired, a Camel will drive fatigue and irritability away, and never affect your nerves.

Camels are Milder!

Camels are made from finer, *More Expensive Tobaccos* ... Turkish and Domestic ... than any other popular brand



"I feel fine, now . . .

"Oh, sure, I feel like going now! But that was the worst headache I ever had. I never took Bromo-Seltzer before, I don't know why. But thanks a lot, darling, that was just about the quickest relief I've ever experienced."

"Bromo-Seltzer's never failed me yet! And it tastes so good, doesn't it? Well, powder your nose and let's get going!"

T H E R E A R E F I V E R E A S O N S W H Y

In the past 40 years, many millions of headaches have been relieved by Bromo-Seltzer. There's no particle of doubt about the quick, thorough relief this effervescing and refreshing remedy brings you.

So often, to relieve a headache, a single-action formula that merely kills pain is not enough. At times like this, Bromo-Seltzer is dependable. It is not a mere pain-killer but a skillfully balanced preparation containing 5 different medicinal ingredients.

You get many benefits when you take a Bromo-Seltzer. Not only pain, but other

discomforts of headaches, are promptly relieved. For example, your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is increased by Bromo-Seltzer's citric salts. Bromo-Seltzer also relieves nausea or gas on the stomach. And all the while, you are gently steadied and relaxed.

Most important of all, Bromo-Seltzer contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. It is made under the strictest laboratory control. Be sure to keep Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet.



Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:

- Overwork or fatigue headache.*
- Morning-after headache following over-indulgence.*
- Headache due to lowered blood alkali.*
- Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.*
- Headache of the common cold.*
- Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.*
- Headache at trying time of month.*
- Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.*

BROMO-SELTZER

Time to Serve

Hot Foods

ATTIRED in a lovely afternoon frock of brown taffeta and apricot wool crepe, Miriam Jordan entertains at an informal luncheon.

Carefully considering every detail, she sets amethyst tumblers on a linen cloth bordered by yellow and purple blooms. To complete her lovely color effect, purplish zinnias hold forth as center piece.

We use plain china, also of a purple hue, a very regal looking silver coffee service, silver muffin tray and cake plate. Flatware is in the handsome Burgundy pattern.

Of course, you will want to have home-made cake. And, though it can easily be managed during the morning, the layers may be baked a day before, leaving only the icing for a "last hour" task.

Our main dish is a tempter for sharpened cool-weather appetites—*Macaroni and Beef Encasserole*:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 cup macaroni, small pieces | 2 cups canned tomatoes |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pound beef, ground | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| 2 small onions, sliced | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup real mayonnaise |
| 3 slices bacon, chopped | Buttered breadcrumbs |

Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with cold water. Brown beef, onions, and bacon in frying pan. Add tomatoes and salt and heat. Slowly add mayonnaise, stirring constantly. Mix with macaroni and place in buttered casserole with breadcrumbs on top. Bake in slow oven until browned. Serves six.

Miriam does the vegetable job right, with a "*Medley*"

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups onions, sliced | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup green pepper |
| 2 cups celery | 4 tablespoons butter |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups carrots | 2 cups canned tomatoes |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups mushrooms, sliced | $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt |
| 3 tablespoons tapioca | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper |

Cut vegetables in strips. Melt butter in kettle. Add onions, celery, carrots, string beans. Cover closely and cook 15 minutes. Then add remaining vegetables, salt, pepper, tapioca.

Casserole dishes supplant our summer salad plates



Miriam Jordan serves the sort of hot, simple lunch that seems a part of every brisk day. She prefers the small party that makes for a chummier, chattier, gayer time

Again cover and cook slowly 30-45 minutes, stirring occasionally. Place the mixture in a *warm, buttered* casserole and bake for 5 minutes. Serves six.

A nice change from sherbets, etc., is *Imperial White Cake*:

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups cake flour | $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups sugar |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter | 3 egg whites, beaten |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add flour, alternately with milk. Beat after each addition. Add vanilla, fold in egg whites. Bake in moderate oven 25-30 minutes.

A grand color combination is this dough and *Coffee Icing*:

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 4 tablespoons butter | 2 tablespoons strong coffee |
| Dash of salt | 2 cups sifted confectioners sugar |

Cream butter, add part of sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Add remaining sugar, alternately with coffee until of right consistency to spread. Add salt. Enough frosting to cover tops and sides of the two 9-inch layers.

FIRST GLANCE

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



THE screen presents plenty of good make-up lessons. And the chapter on first glances is important at this time because so many girls are embarking on new episodes. College will open the portals to a new world for some; others will begin their first work in the careers they have chosen and every day, for that matter, is a new page. No girl can afford to neglect the importance of that first impression. It is remembered by too many. And a happy face, regardless of your lack or plenitude of other charms, leaves an indelible memory. That first glance makes the impression.

Hollywood likes to give that make-up touch or encourage the facial expression that has a lifting effect. Just as the whole trend in human development is upward, so even beauty reaches toward the heights. Witness the upward climb of this season's coiffures. The eyebrow, of course, has been up for a long time, but the skyscraper line has been modified to a decided arch. Wally Westmore, head of the make-up department at Paramount Studios, has a word to say on the subject:

"Don't shave your eyebrows. Of course they should not be allowed to grow bushy or unkempt, but I have advised all of the young players to leave as much of the natural line as possible, no matter what expression they must maintain for a rôle in a picture. Make your brows as thin as you like, but don't lose your character for the sake of an unnatural effect."

And so, granted that you have eyebrows to work on, consider for a moment the face-lifting tricks you can work on those brows. The whole secret is the outer brow end, which on almost every face benefits from the touch of an eyebrow pencil for lengthening purposes. Usually, this line is very tiny, and subtly drawn to emulate the tiny hairs. But slightly lift this line or keep it straight. Never let it droop. For that fraction of an inch can

Outward signs of personality are expressed through coiffure, mouth and eyes. Barbara Stanwyck, in four new poses, is a fascinating study. Oriental mode



The changes that Barbara achieves through hair arrangement are amazing. In spite of fashion dictates, the long bob is dramatic



The gay insouciance of the teens is accented by Barbara's bang and loose curls. The natural accompaniment is a happy smile



Braids in the coronet manner are still in high favor for Fall and Winter. Barbara well illustrates the note of grandeur braids contribute

incline your facial expression downward. We want it upward. Prove this theory by sitting down right now with an eyebrow pencil and elongating the brows on straight lines, upward and downward.

Which do you like? I know already.

There's another eye line for evening make-up that can work magic with your smile. If your eyes improve with a tiny pencil line at the outer corners of the eyes themselves, try slanting this line upward. It does something nice for eyes when they smile. You need a practiced hand for this line. If it is obvious, it ruins the effect. Its purpose is to make your eyes appear larger and longer. First, draw a very light line, then smudge it upward so that all you can see is a faint shadow. It will give you the Cleopatra eye effect.

Your mouth is your other feature that is inclined to droop your face. Perc Westmore, Wally's younger brother and make-up expert at Warner Brothers Studios, showed a group of beauty editors how to avoid this sad mouth. It's all done by a slight upward fleck of the lipstick at the outer corners of the upper lip. Then, if you will concentrate rouge at the center of the lower lip and carry it lightly to the corners, you will have a pleasant, smiley mouth. It may take a little practice to achieve this screen mouth, but you will like the results.

The rest of the story on the happy face is a matter of self-discipline. Let Miriam Hopkins tell it in her own words:

"If you will take the trouble to learn how to relax, you will be repaid in full. Haggard lines will never form around the eyes and mouth at the end of the day, nor will headaches and irritability conquer you. Make it your business to relax four times daily, whether you are at home or at work. Appetite will improve along with your nerves."

Anne Shirley, the sixteen-year-old "Anne of Green Gables," is showing the hair-dressing details of the new "Prom Bob," created especially by Mel Berns

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck



Back hair is as important as the front, though most of us forget that. Anne's is all anticipations realized. Add a gay bow for dress-up



The hand-finished art. That Fall hat rests saucily on these curls, and not too much bangs to conceal Anne's nice forehead and brows



The back diagram shows the dozen and one hair pins and bob pins in place to give Anne her beautiful halo. Ideal for many occasions



NEW AND SMART ARE FAY WRAY'S LATEST BEAUTY OFFERINGS

Fay Wray's new evening bag is a marvel of beauty and convenience. Fitted with its own accessories, including ivory and black lipstick and double compact, perfume flaconette, key and change purse and mirror attached by chain. Bag is black and gold



Colorful nail enamel to match her evening gowns is one of Fay's pet ideas. Here she is using a sapphire blue for wear with a white or blue frock



Fay's lovely hands benefit from the use of this modern bleaching pencil. It is a perfect bleach, and one end is rubber for shaping cuticle, other a metal cleaner. Very inexpensive

A solution for your hostess gift. Guest-room powder box. Six individual shades of powder surround a box of pastel puffs. Fay likes these bonbons of beauty, and so will the lucky recipient



I SHALL always think of Fay Wray as very much of an individual. Just why, I am not sure. Her dark auburn hair, her deep blue eyes and warm skin make her exceptionally lovely to look at, but Hollywood is full of lovely girls. Perhaps it is her fine sense of discrimination and taste that makes her register as a person slightly apart. This is something, however, that you sense rather than see. If offers a constructive idea for girls who are interested in developing themselves and going just a little beyond the average.

Fay's taste in clothes, for example, is perfect but conservative. I do not believe her clothes alone would ever make you turn and look at her on the street. Her loveliness might, but not clothes alone or her make-up. A color note seems perfectly carried out; accessories seem chosen with regard to each other. Make-up is perfectly attuned to her coloring and type. And all weld into a picture that is pleasing and as it should be.

The modern girl has good taste in clothes, as a rule. Europeans comment on that universally. But on make-up we do not achieve the perfect job. And I think the reason is that we do not become adjusted to our types. If our passion is blonde hair, some of us run right out and have it bleached, without a thought for the skin and eyes that must accompany it. Or eyebrows will be shaped regardless of the eyes they frame.

Color tones in make-up are our most general errors, though. The vogue is still for the skin-toned powder, and that should not be hard for us to decide. A mere touch of rouge and plenty of matching lipstick are the accent styles. Roughly, we may divide skins into two color classes, of which there are many tone gradations—the cool skin which often contains a slightly bluish cast and the warm skin with a yellowish cast.

Most saleswomen can advise you well on make-up tones; or study your freshly cleansed skin in a good light. If your skin falls in the cool class, you will find rouge and lipstick on the rose shade your right colors. This is because rose contains a tiny bit of blue. If your skin is warm, then the vivid, bright tones with a tiny bit of yellow add the right touch.

Manufacturers have tried to help you out of your make-up predicaments by devising many kinds of tone testing displays in the stores selling their brands.

[ADDITIONAL BEAUTY SECRETS ON PAGE 84]

"My pet peeve," says Bette Davis - "is having anything but LUX used for my personal things"



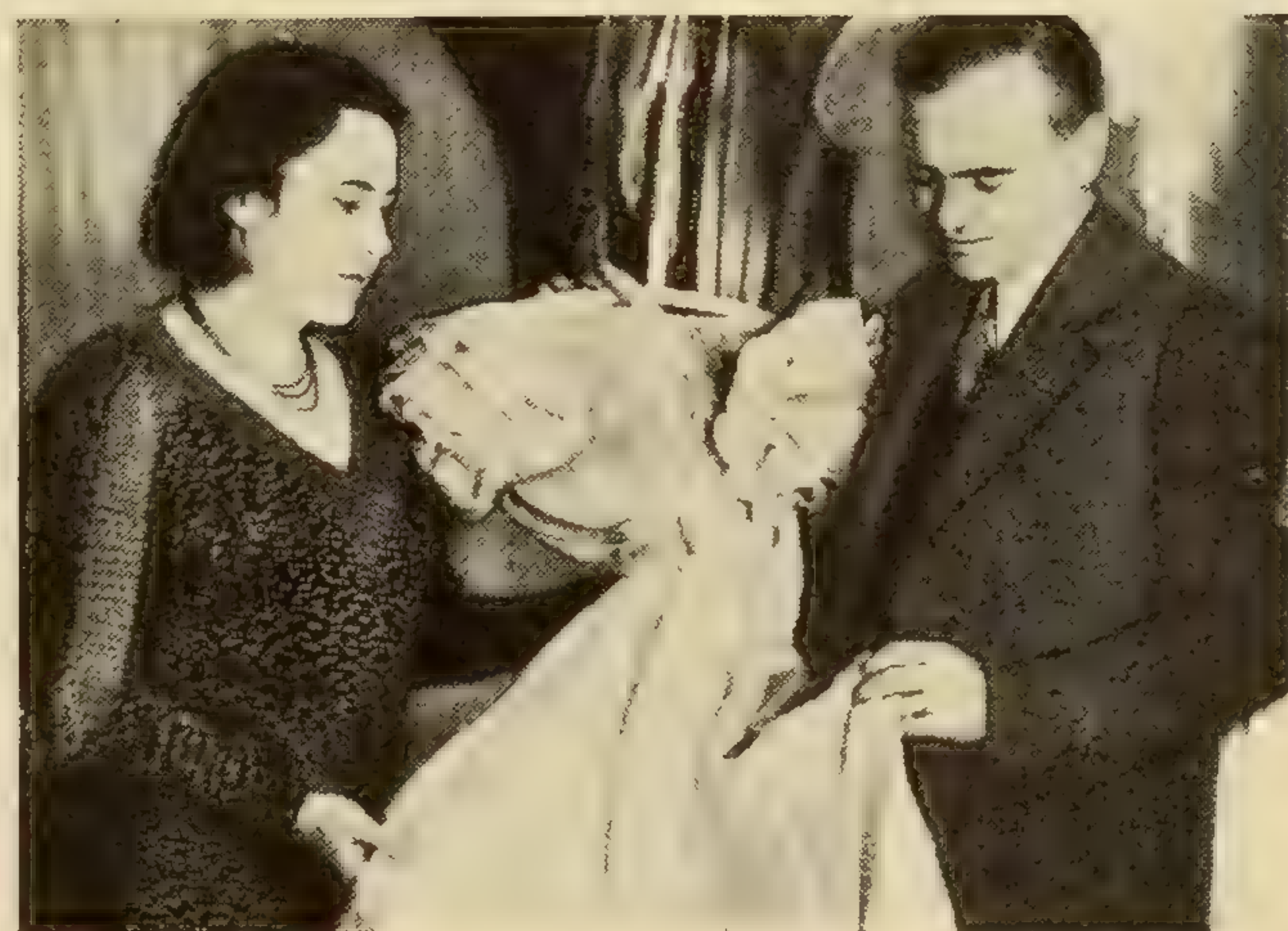
BETTE DAVIS, that talented young star, is now appearing in Warner Brothers-First National production, "Housewife."

"I WONDER if there's anybody who doesn't use Lux for nice things," says Bette Davis. "It's so marvelously kind to colors—I'd trust it with anything safe in water alone. And lingerie stays grand looking for ages when it's Luxed after every wearing."

"I just hate to have my things get faded and dowdy looking, so I'm awfully particular about having them Luxed. I've often known cake-soap rubbing and ordinary soaps—the kind that have harmful alkali—to fade colors and weaken the silk fibres. Knowing that Lux has no harmful alkali, I just *insist* on it for *all* my washable things."

Are YOU caring for *your* nice things the Hollywood way? Then you know how Lux keeps them dainty—free from the least hint of perspiration odor... makes them last longer, too.

Hollywood Says - Don't trust to Luck



Specified in all the big Hollywood studios

"Lux is a real dollars and cents matter here," says N'Was McKenzie (left) wardrobe director of Warner Brothers-First National. "It keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. We're washing almost every fabric that comes in here in Lux—even flannels and draperies. They look swell! It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost \$1.00 a box."



Trust to LUX



Ask The Answer Man

Whisked from the chorus into leads, Alice Faye is making rapid strides toward stardom

Alice's rôle with Lew Ayres in "She Learned About Sailors" won her many new admirers



PRAISES and queries have poured in about Alice Faye, since movie-goers have seen her with Lew Ayres in "She Learned About Sailors." Her naturalness is what they admired. They say she doesn't seem to be the least bit "high-hat." That's true—she isn't. She likes everyone and wants everyone to like her because she wants to stay in pictures for a long time.

Alice was born in New York City on May 5, 1912. She left high school to join the Chester Hale dance unit. While appearing on the stage in the "Scandals," a friend had her sing a song on one of those home-made records. The record was played for Rudy Vallee who sent for Alice and signed her as a featured singer with his band.

Her first break in pictures came when Fox was casting for the "George White's Scandals." Alice went West with Rudy and his Connecticut Yankees to appear in the picture. She was to sing one song and do one dance number. Lilian Harvey was scheduled to be the leading lady. Lilian became ill and Alice was given the lead. Her work in that led to a long term contract with Fox. Her latest picture is titled "365 Nights in Hollywood" in which she appears with Jimmy Dunn.

Alice lives in Hollywood with her mother and brother. She is a natural blonde with blue eyes. Is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 111 pounds and is of Irish-German descent. She is fond of walking, horseback riding and motor-ing. She gets plenty of these on the bridge paths and motor parkways of California.

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

BERTHA BRANDT, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Cheer up, Bertha, you will soon be seeing your friend Johnny Mack Brown again. He is in the new Mae West picture "Belle of the Nineties." Johnny was born in Dothan, Ala., September 4, 1904. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 and has black hair and brown eyes. Is married and has one son and one daughter. You can write

to him in care of the Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

H. M., TERRE HAUTE, IND.—If you will look back through your file of old PHOTOPLAYS you will find a grand photograph of the late Marie Dressler, in color, in the September, 1931 issue.

JUANITA DENNEY, FORT WORTH, TEX.— Sylvia Sidney was born in New York City, August 8, 1910. You can write to Cary Grant and Sylvia in care of the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Addresses of other stars appear elsewhere in this issue.

ELINOR HELLIESEN, YAKIMA, WASH.— Anita Louise and Tom Brown aren't married yet, but they are keeping steady company. Joan Crawford played the name rôle in the old silent picture "Rose Marie."

DOLLY HAGEN, CINCINNATI, O.—Dolly, the man you are trying to identify is John Davidson. "Murder in Trinidad" is his latest picture.

BETTY HELM, WILMINGTON, CAL.—I enjoyed reading your letter very much, Betty. You will see Joan Bennett soon in "Pursuit of Happiness." Evelyn Venable is a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, born there October 18, 1913. Her latest picture is "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



NEVER a day when one's feet feel the need of a rest cure ... never a night when tired, aching feet take the lustre from a romantic hour ... if you're a Styl-Eez wearer. These lovely shoes conceal within their flattering lines a smooth combination of smartness and comfort that wins the heart of every active young woman ... becoming even more intriguing because of their light touch on the budget. Deftly hidden in each slim arch, which emphasizes the daintiness of feminine feet, are the scientific Styl-Eez features, your secret protection from tired feet and any possible awkward inward rotation of the ankles. For complete shoe satisfaction choose Styl-Eez shoes!

"See Your Chiropodist Regularly"

The "WINSTON"

Trim of smooth calf and closely spaced multiple stitching are important fashion points of this soft, velvety suede afternoon oxford



The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio
Please send me your Styl-Eez Booklet and name of nearest Styl-Eez dealer.

Name

Address

Send this coupon for the Styl-Eez Booklet of features and new models



Beauty and Personality are Inseparable

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

wrong way it pulls the cords in the neck exaggerates them and also shows up your Adam's apple. So many girls have written asking me what to do about correcting such a neck that I'm glad I have a chance this month to tell you about it, Bette.

IT all comes from faulty head posture. To keep your head in a correct line you have to strengthen the vertebrae which control the neck and head. So, every day I want you to sit in a relaxed position and, with three fingers of each hand, jab deep under the first three vertebrae of your spine. Work on these vertebrae, giving a deep massage to the muscles around them until you can feel your chin drawing down.

Now practice correct head posture. Let your chin relax naturally. Don't roll your eyes up. Keep them straight ahead. Concentrate every minute so that you will remember to pull your chin and jaw in.

Habits are hard to break. You need all your intelligence and courage and, perhaps, a little help from your friends. Let your pals know that you won't be sore at them if they yell at you every time they see you with that jaw stuck out, "Hi, Bette, pull your chin in!"

For, when you stick your jaw out, it hardens your face, brings out ugly muscles and cords in your neck. Also, remember that you'll have a much softer appearance if you refrain from pushing your hair back in such a hard line. Keep it fluffed about your face. And for heaven's sake, Bette, lay off making your mouth up in that extreme fashion. Remember when Joan Crawford did it? Remember how all her admirers got up on their hind feet and told her they didn't like it? She changed it at once.

She used her head, realized she had made a mistake and set about to rectify it.

And now about your nose. I changed Ruth Chatterton's nose, but you can change yours,

yourself, by covering your fingers with cold cream and gently, gently pinching it, as if your nose were soft clay. Slowly and gently shape your nose into a beautiful mould with your own two hands and squeeze off a bit of the end of it. You must be very careful not to bruise the nose. So don't press too hard. It will take a little time but it will be so worth while when results are accomplished.

SOFTEEN the lines of your face, Bette, first by the practical physical methods I've given you and then by training yourself actually to feel an inner warmth for people. Give a lot of yourself. Don't draw inside yourself. Get out of the physical habit of wrong head posture and beware of the mental habit of cynicism off-screen. Play up to your own charming type. Begin today. I tell you this in all sincerity and

Love,

SYLVIA

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I notice that in many of your diets you include raw red or white cabbage. I wonder if the whole leaf should be eaten or if it should be chopped up. What is the best way to prepare it?
M. H., Eau Claire, Wis.

You can eat it any way you like as long as it isn't cooked, but I think the most appetizing way to prepare it is to shred it or chop it up fine and then squeeze a generous supply of lemon juice over it. It makes a delicious salad, contains many valuable minerals and should be included in your regular diet once a day.

My dear Sylvia:

I have very large wrists and, although I've read all of your articles (I think), I don't remember that you have ever given an exercise for reducing the wrists. Would you be good enough to tell me how to reduce my wrists?
Mrs. M. R. L., Olympia, Wash.

You can shave off your wrists in the same way that I've told you how to take down other parts of the body that are lumpy—by my squeezing and slapping method. With the fingers and the palm of one hand, work on the opposite wrist, digging into the excess muscles. If you've read my articles you know how this is done. Then put a Turkish towel over the wrists and slap them good and hard. In this way you can reduce the muscles and squeeze off the fat cells. I want every woman and girl to remember that her body is like sculptor's clay and she can model it exactly as she wants it modeled.

Dear Sylvia:

Is it okay if I substitute an extra glass of orange juice for the mid-morning tomato juice you give in your wonderful diet? I like orange juice and don't like tomato juice.
M. H. D., Boston, Mass.

Orange juice and tomato juice do *almost* the same thing, but not quite. The tomato juice

DON'T deny yourselves the joy of good health, girls, when Aunt Sylvia offers you the chance to get it by asking her a few questions!

Health means happiness, and you must have both of these in order to look your best. I have helped many of the stars of Hollywood, and countless girls who, like yourselves, read about the stars and envy their charms. Seeking my advice puts you under no obligation, of course. Just write to Sylvia, care PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SYLVIA

is so swell for your complexion that if I were you I wouldn't give it up entirely unless I had a skin like rose-leaves. I believe you can learn to like it. Drink it ice-cold and squeeze a few drops of lemon juice in it. Why, baby, it's delicious. Come on, now, try it just one more week and remember how much it will improve your complexion.

Dear Sylvia:

Kindly give me an exercise for reducing the ankles.

Mrs. R. D., Washington, D. C.

Well, I'll certainly say you're brief and to the point. Okay, I'll try to be as much to the point. This is the way to make your ankles small. Lie on the floor on your back with your toes pointed straight in front and your arms above your head, as if you were a straight line from the tips of your fingers to the tips of your toes. Now, without moving the position of the toes, spring to a sitting position and try—with your hands—to touch the tips of your toes. Of course, this is impossible since the toes are still pointed, but *never* move the position of the toes all the time you're trying to touch them with your hands. You'll feel a sharp pain in

your ankles as you do this exercise. Then you'll know you're doing it right. Do that five times in the morning and five times at night. You'll notice a big improvement in a very short time.

Dear Sylvia:

To settle an argument please answer this question. Which do you consider most important, a beautiful face or a beautiful figure?
T. S. B., Jeffersonville, Ind.

A beautiful figure—and I'll tell you why. If you have worked hard for a beautiful figure—if you're thin and lithe, you'll have radiant good health. That will show in your face, make your eyes bright and sparkling and give you the illusion of beauty of face, no matter what the bone formation of the features is. You can't camouflage your figure. You can look beautiful—even if you aren't—by being sparkling and vivacious and animated. I've seen some great, big, fat women with faces that were actually beautiful. I've seen these women sitting in a room when a girl with a grand figure—and a face not so pretty—entered. What happened? The girl with the neat figure got the attention of all the men at once, and the fat girls were left out in the cold.

Dear Sylvia:

My shoulders are so broad that I'm all out of proportion. I'm really quite skinny. I wish you would tell me something to do.

D. W., Lynchburg, Va.

Telling people what to do is my easiest job. What you need is to put on weight, to build up until the rest of your body is in proportion to your shoulders. Wide shoulders are fine and very fashionable. But if you're skinny the answer is—don't stay that way. Send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I'll send you my general building-up diet and exercises. It's a very long diet so I haven't space enough to give it here.

LIFT THE STOPPER and lo! it is Evening in Paris!



The spirit of an Evening in Paris has been caught in a rare and glorious perfume! A stirring fragrance that brings to life, for your own delight—and the delight of others in you—the throbbing romance of the

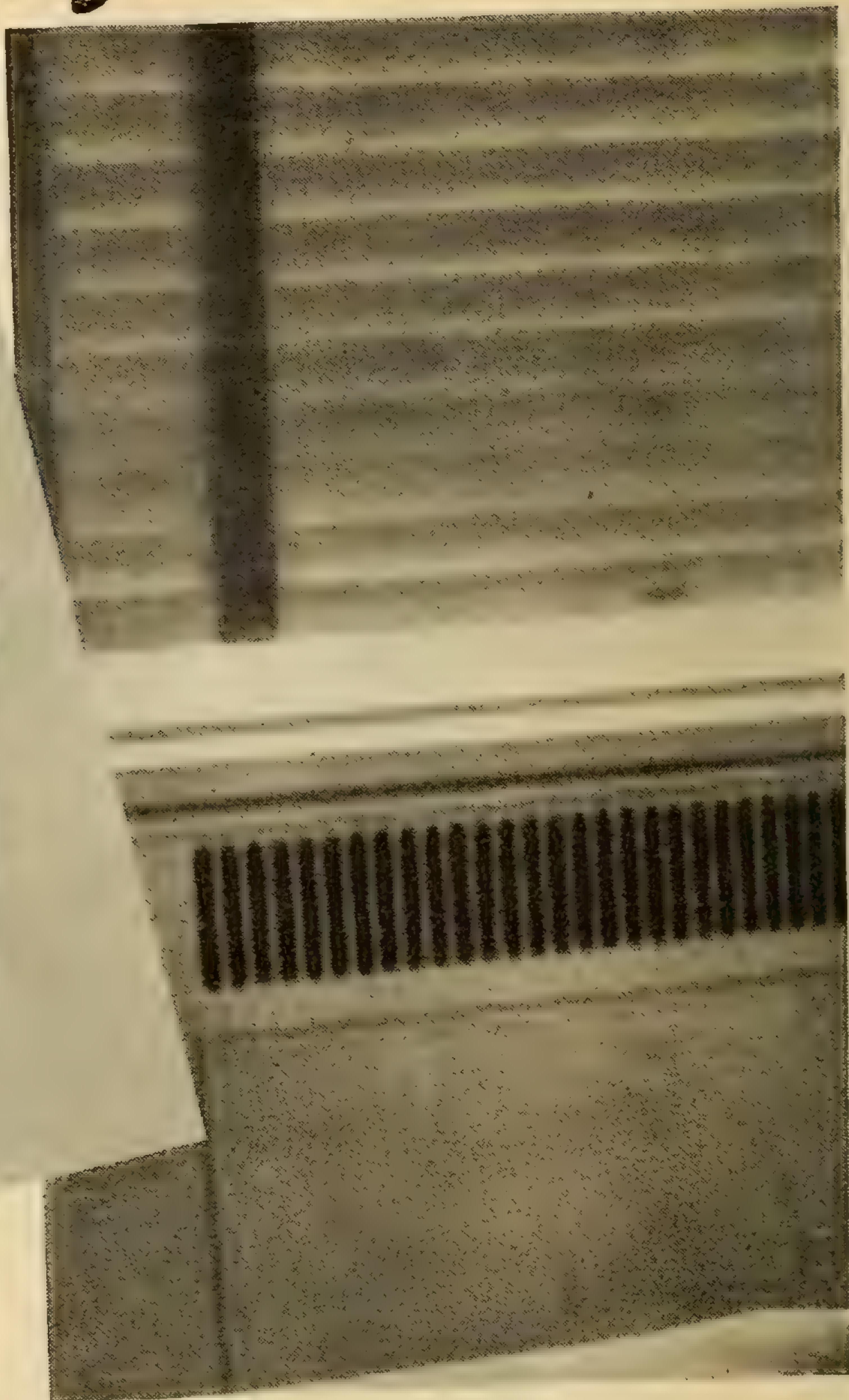


enchanted city at night! Perfume, \$5.50. Other sizes, \$1.10 and \$2.75. De luxe package, \$10.00. Toilet Water, \$1.25. Face Powder, \$1.10. Vanities, \$1.10 to \$2.75 . . . at the better drug and department stores.

Evening in Paris **BY BOURJOIS**

Betty's ready for 8 hours

**What
about her
SKIN?**



Let's hope Betty removes daytime make-up the Hollywood way.

Cosmetics left clogging the pores cause unattractive Cosmetic Skin

BEAUTY sleep's *important*—for you and for your *skin*, too. So don't go to bed with daytime make-up clogging your pores—spoiling your beauty.

Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly may all unconsciously be leaving bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. It is this *choking* of the pores that causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin to develop.

Look closely in your mirror now. Do you see enlarged pores, tiny blemishes — blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble? Then it's time to start using

gentle Lux Toilet Soap—Hollywood's famous beauty care!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away every *vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you put on fresh make-up — ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap—the gentle care that for years has guarded Hollywood's priceless complexions.

In this way you can *protect* your skin—keep it clear and lovely!

Beauty sleep....



Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed!
But I always use **Lux Toilet Soap** to guard
against Cosmetic Skin



Claudette Colbert

STAR OF
PARAMOUNT'S
"CLEOPATRA"



What It's Like to Work With Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

Marshall, there seems to be some nonsense about make-up.'

"I told her something like that was being discussed, and she said:

"If your make-up is wrong, I will change mine.'

"Of course, I wouldn't permit her to go to all that trouble, but the incident gives a clear insight into the kindly, cooperative character of the woman.

"Well, we stood side by side during this self-conscious thing that was to be the test—for such things always do make you feel self-conscious, no matter how many times you have done them before. But she made the brief procedure more comfortable than usual."

THE following day was Saturday, and Marshall began his work opposite Garbo.

"I ended a very intensive scene with Miss Bennett in 'Outcast Lady' at one o'clock that day," said Marshall, "and at two-thirty o'clock I was rehearsing a major scene with Miss Garbo in 'The Painted Veil.'

"Ordinarily, to any artist, this is a nerve-racking thing to do, but because of Miss Garbo's attitude of friendliness that she extends toward a fellow artist, I seemed to fall into my first scene of this new picture without any sense of strangeness."

Other scenes followed with Marshall and Garbo—romantic scenes in the kitchen of *Professor Koerber's* Austrian home, semi-humorous scenes in the drenching rain of a street in Graz, tense scenes in a Hongkong bungalow and dramatic scenes in riot-torn, plague-wracked Kam Po Shan, in the interior of China.

And ever since those scenes, Marshall has been assailed by the question:

"What's it like to work with Garbo?"

"When people ask me that question, it bores me, makes me feel uncomfortable. Briefly, I feel that she is completely all right. I know she is Garbo. Long before I ever knew that I was to work with her, I knew she was Garbo. I understand the veil of glamour that has been wrapped around her. I was, and still am, aware that she is a great actress and an extraordinary personality.

"Personally, I find her a very companionable and friendly artist with whom to work, and I feel that one should be grateful to be working with her, to work with anybody as fair as she is to her fellow artists . . .

"But I know no fear of the lady—and I really believe that Miss Garbo will appreciate my boldness in saying so."

It was not fear that prompted Marshall to forfeit the one opportunity he had to meet Greta Garbo, before the make-up test.

Not fear—rather, as I said before, a nice discretion.

THIS was after Marshall had leased Director Edmund Goulding's lovely house nestled amid the verdant slopes of Beverly Hills, and shortly before "The Painted Veil" went before the camera.

One sunny afternoon, Marshall returned to the estate to find two women in possession of the tennis court—uninvited by him. And one was Greta Garbo! He stood for a few minutes, watching her graceful, skilful play—both women all the while unaware of his presence. Whatever temptation he might have had to

speak to them, whatever right he had to, he resisted and went his way into the house.

Later he learned that Goulding had given Garbo a standing invitation to use the court when she pleased, and had forgotten to inform him about it.

An explanation of Marshall's frankness in speaking of Garbo may possibly be found in the similarity of the two personalities. Both possess an unusual quality of calmness.

"I am in sympathy with the solitude and the seclusion that Miss Garbo seems to prefer in living her own life," he says. "Quite often, I enjoy similar seclusion on the sound stage at such times when it is necessary to ponder over the lines and the problems of the scene that is to follow.

"In Miss Garbo, I detect that same quality of pondering over a scene, a quality which I venture to share with her. Also, there is a freedom from hysteria in Miss Garbo's company—which does not mean that we have not been able to laugh."

One thing has been evident during the filming of Garbo's latest picture, "The Painted Veil." That is her increased cheerfulness while at work.

In former pictures—and it was conspicuously noticeable during the filming of "Queen Christina"—Garbo seemed to emerge from a shell of reserve only long enough for the actual scenes. Immediately thereafter she retired to her dressing-room, to chat or discuss production problems with no one but her director.

"Anthony Adverse"

*Cast Contest winners
will be announced in
the December issue of*

PHOTOPLAY

*\$10,000.00 in prizes
will be awarded for
the best cast selections
for the filming
of this great novel by
Warner Brothers!*

Through "The Painted Veil" all this has changed. Frequently, Garbo has remained on the set, to converse with Marshall, or to share a hearty laugh with George Brent, or to exchange opinions on Oriental problems with young Keye Luke, a Chinese member of the cast, or some other Oriental actor in the company.

ASKED about it one day, Director Boleslavsky attempted to explain:

"I believe she is happier, for one reason, because she recognizes in Mr. Marshall that she has one of the finest artists that either stage or screen could produce to play opposite her."

Too, another observation of Garbo made by Marshall is her extreme consideration for others less great than herself. There was the time when five hundred extra players stood in a drenching downpour for two days during the shooting of a wedding procession.

"I noticed during these drenching rain scenes," said Marshall, "that Miss Garbo displayed keen concern for several elderly ladies in the mob, actresses who had been more important people at an earlier time.

"Of one in particular, Miss Garbo was a little annoyed at herself because she could not recall the lady's name. She called to an assistant to get the name, and then requested the assistant to place a comfortable chair in a dry spot for the elderly actress."

Often, Marshall has been described as the "suave gentleman" of the stage and screen. He disagrees with these opinions.

"They keep on saying that I am always the suave gentleman," he complained. "They say I am aloof, choosing seclusion with a small circle of two or three friends. This is untrue. I have a host of friends and I enjoy their companionship. They say I always hide away in some remote corner of the stage, my face behind an English newspaper. This is an exaggeration. Sometimes I do enjoy seclusion, as I have said before, but only to think over the problems of a scene that is to follow."

However, there does seem to be a similarity in the characters of these two important people—Garbo and Marshall. Both have had bitter struggles to reach success. Garbo began as a model in a department store, Marshall as an accountant's clerk who could not keep an office job.

Both remember the heartaches and hardships encountered on the upward climb.

AND now I have found myself, most gratefully, cast in a very good picture with a thoroughly understandable character for me to portray," he said. "Although I cannot predict the final result, I believe that Miss Garbo and I have managed to play our scenes together instinctively, and that we have played them well.

"I have never met a more natural woman than Greta Garbo. I would say, as an outsider, that much of the coldness that is ascribed to her is because she does not extend herself.

"Naturally, she is anxious and straightforward. When occasions arise—such as scenes, dialogue problems or wardrobe—she does not condemn or disapprove. She will only tell you that she is anxious about it.

"And, I may say, Miss Garbo has a grand sense of humor. Even though I don't believe she knows she played on my tennis court."

"M-M-M!
OLD-FASHIONED
MINCE PIE!"

"IT'S SO SPICY!"

"... LUSCIOUS!"

"... FRAGRANT!"

"AND NOW SO EASY
TO MAKE!"



HERE'S ONE thing most everyone agrees on—that no pie's so good as *mince* pie during the fall . . . and that no *mince* pie's so downright delicious as a mince pie made with None Such Mince Meat.

And here's something new you'll be glad to know! . . . None Such Mince Meat—rich in old-fashioned spicy flavor and winey fragrance—is now prepared for the crust in only 5 minutes.

Get a package of None Such Mince Meat from your grocer *today*. Serve a None Such Mince Pie *tonight* . . . and wait for the applause! Complete recipes for a *beauty* (pie crust and all!) are on the package. And *inside* the package

you'll find recipes for some grand new cookies, fruit cake and pudding! Try *them* too!

And here's a radio treat!

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

Thursday Nights at 10:00 (E. S. T.)

Over Columbia Network

Hollywood gossip! . . . Previews of new movies! . . . Personal interviews with screen stars! . . . Music from new movie musicals!

Tune in *this* Thursday night! "45 Minutes in Hollywood" is sponsored by Borden's, distributors of None Such Mince Meat.



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

GARBO will sign a new Metro contract—that was my positive information at press time. After "The Painted Veil" she will spend a vacation in this country, then probably do two more pictures. The first is expected to be "Mary, Queen of Scots."

Many had thought that since Garbo's last picture, "Queen Christina," was not a box-office sensation, she would be allowed to sail for Sweden and hide out in her castle as long as she wanted. Last year, she was said to have received around \$250,000 per opus, with the present picture, "The Painted Veil," netting her a raise of \$20,000 due, no doubt, to the fact that Garbo has again entrusted her business affairs to the ace of all Hollywood business managers, Harry Edington.

Further whisperings relate that the M-G-M big-wigs decided to keep Garbo on the payroll another year at more money, not because she was such a tremendous money-maker, but because it was worth it to the studio in "prestige" alone. Also, it is said she no longer will be permitted to choose her stories, only approve them. She ordered "Christina."

THE millennium has surely arrived. Mae West announces that her next picture will be called "Now I'm a Lady."

Mae is writing it herself, just to be sure that she will be a lady.

CAN you imagine any actor having to be coaxed into a Garbo film? The studio did just that to Warner Oland. Warner gets flighty, now and then, and the persuasion corps has to be called in. When I was a kid, the broad palm of a paternal hand was an effective persuader.

When you are supposed to be grownup, it's different. Maybe a baseball bat—

"NIGHT Life of the Gods" calls for a lot of statues to run around loose. The actors and actresses assigned to these parts were made to look like statues. A heavy coating of make-up did it. And it's so thick they can neither sit nor lie down.

NATACHA RAMBOVA, Rudolph Valentino's widow, now the wife of a Spanish Don, Alvaro de Urzaiz, is known as the "Queen of Mallorca," where she has made a fortune in real estate, renting or selling homes to visiting Americans.

LITTLE Cora Sue Collins, just six, received a fan letter from another little girl, also six. And Cora Sue is worried. She can't make head or tail of it.

The letter said:

"Dear Cora Sue—

"I read in the paper that you are a freelance player and would like very much if you would send me a free lance to keep as a souvenir. Thank you very much."

THE calm evening of one autograph-seeking dancer at a Hollywood twilight rendezvous was ruffled by a mad caprice of Lupe Velez.

Stopping in the middle of a dance, the young man went to her table and asked her to autograph something for him. Discovering no paper, in desperation he pulled out a dollar greenback.

"Too cheap," said Lupe disdainfully. The perspiring admirer dug deeper and fished up a twenty-dollar bill. This Lupe eyed, took it and the dollar, and thrust them both down her dress with a "Thank you."

Of course, she finally returned the currency—but not until the young man had feverish



The cameraman gave Nils Asther that long leg! Pat Paterson and Nils were talking between scenes, on the set of "Love Time" (Fox)

visions of a glowering waiter who would soon be presenting a check. And Lupe didn't autograph the money—against the law to deface currency.

LOOKS as though Joan Crawford's playing around with stage plays in her own private little theater some time ago wasn't just fooling. The reports are around again that Joan is headed for the legitimate stage, having had an offer from a New York producer.

WITH Shirley Temple turning into the most successful "meal-ticket" of the year for producer and exhibitor alike, the current phrase you hear around Hollywood is "A little child shall feed them."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has a new game—and it's a good one, from Shirley's standpoint.

I ran across this little bunch of loveliness at Paramount the other day. She had a playful glitter in her eyes that almost matched her goldilocks.

"Betchoo a nickel," she offered, holding aloft a screen magazine, "that my picture's in here."

"Oh, but you've looked," I protested.

"No," said Shirley, "you pick the magazine."

I said we weren't nearly as rich as she, but I'd risk a penny, and picked a magazine.

Shirley ran through a few pages, looked up and grinned. There was her picture, so I paid the penny.

And when she lifted out the wealth in her tiny pocket to add the penny to it, I noticed that there were about twenty other copper pieces in her palm.

I wasn't the only fall guy.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]



Altitude records may fall when Monogram's "Stratosphere" is released. Bill Cagney and Edward Nugent are the balloonists. Director Melville Brown (right) has gone as high as he can on a stepladder

"Here's the Stay Slim Secret I Taught Hollywood"



June in MME. Sylvia's RADIO PROGRAM

Hear Mme. Sylvia herself telling intimate stories of her own experiences in Hollywood. Hear how she can help *you* as she helps the movie stars to have and keep a perfect figure!

NBC Blue Network
Every Wednesday
Coast to Coast

10:15 E.S.T. 9:15 C.S.T.
8:15 M.T. 7:15 P.C.T.

Beginning October 3rd

"THE next time you find yourself envying some star her slender, graceful figure—don't sit down and feel sorry for yourself," says Mme. Sylvia. "Say to yourself, 'I'M going to take the advice Sylvia gave the loveliest stars on the screen today. I'm going to begin right now to exercise properly and eat Ry-Krisp with every meal.'"

"You won't believe, when you first taste Ry-Krisp, that anything so good can be good for you. But *I know*, because I've proved it in my work with the movie stars—that these crisp, delicious wafers really help you to stay slim—because they help to keep you fit.

Filling but Not Fattening

"Ry-Krisp wafers are simply flaked whole rye, salt and water—double-baked. They *can't* do your figure any harm. Instead they do it good—because they're easily digested and mildly 'regulating'. They satisfy hunger *safely*—keep you from wanting fattening, starchy foods.

"You'll enjoy their unique whole rye flavor with any food at breakfast, lunch or dinner. And—for your figure's sake—get the habit of nibbling at a Ry-Krisp wafer when you're hungry between meals, too. It's the safest kind of tidbit!"

Exact Duplicates of Gowns Worn by Famous Stars in Hollywood Productions—FREE.

Think of having—for your very own—a gown exactly like one worn by your favorite star. Listen to Mme. Sylvia's radio program for full details.

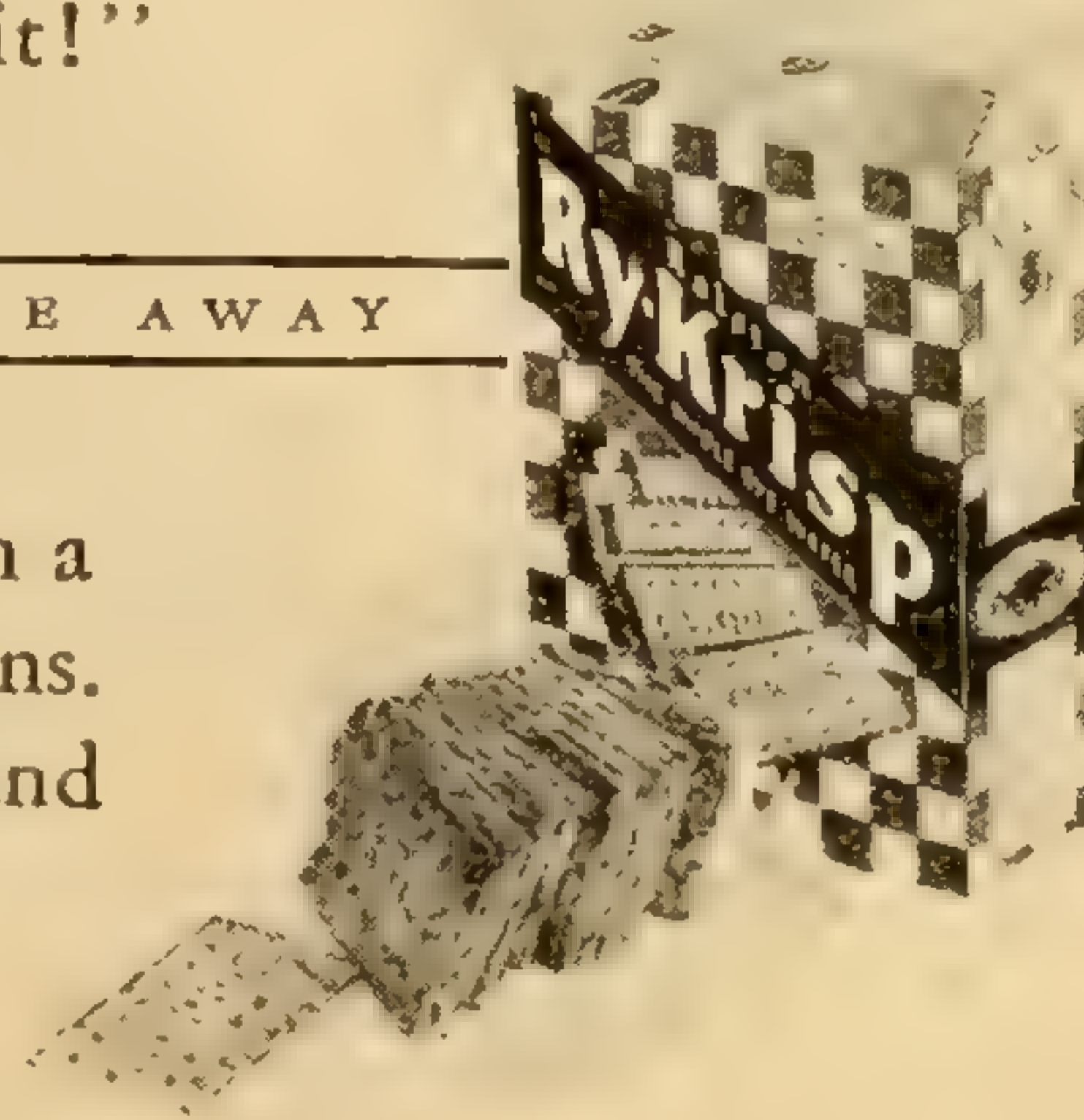
Send for MME. SYLVIA'S Personal Consultation Chart

...and 32-page booklet of diets and exercises illustrated by personally posed photographs of Mme. Sylvia

—information you need to help solve your own beauty problem. It's yours in exchange for only one top from a package of Ry-Krisp Whole Rye Wafers. Send to Mme. Sylvia, 44 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

EAT RY-KRISP AND WATCH YOUR WAISTLINE WASTE AWAY

For a real treat—try Ry-Krisp lightly buttered, heated in a moderate oven (350° F.) and then cooled until crispness returns. It's marvelous that way. Your grocer has Ry-Krisp in red and white checkerboard packages.





If you're in doubt as to just where to use your face rouge, you may safely follow Irene Dunne's example and lightly touch the cheek-bone line, using just enough for radiance, and not deep color

GREEN-EYED SCREEN BEAUTIES ARE NOW THE VOGUE

By Carolyn
Van Wyck

frock or even a room can add or detract from the eye color.

The dark, flashing eye must depend almost entirely on expression rather than the subtle change in tone for its reactions.

EYE make-up is more important than ever before, and because the light eye usually needs it more than the dark, here are beauty tricks for blue, hazel, green and gray eyes. Your first refuge is shadow, and there are now loud whisperings of gold and silver shadow for evening, with brilliant, shiny lip lacquer as a foil to the metal eye effect. We all know the usual shadows flecked with gold or silver, than which nothing is lovelier for evening, because that bit of metallic sheen adds youthful lustre to the lids. Certainly, every eye benefits from shadow for evening make-up, whether you wish a real color contrast or only a velvety dampness. Since shadow is an approved vogue of the moment, you need not be self-conscious about its use, though you must do a neat, subtle job. Ordinarily, shadow should cover the entire upper lid with color concentrated near the lashline and fading away. Sometimes a grand effect may be had from touching a tiny bit to the outer corner of the eyes and brushing it upward toward the end of the brow. If you can use blue effectively, it is particularly good for this little stunt because it gives the impression of delicate veins, which you will often find just there on the fair-skinned person. Violet and green often add an ethereal effect when used in this manner, but I do not suggest it for brown. If, however, the use of any shadow does not appeal to your taste, you will still get an

CHEER up, you green-eyed girls! If it has ever occurred to you that you'd like to change those jade eyes for violet or a lush brown, take a look over the Fox lot. Let the green-eyed beauties there console you with the thought that you possess a distinctive mark of beauty, after all. Look at lovely Rosemary Ames, clear-skinned, golden-haired and green-eyed.

Or radiant Pat Paterson, with that very English skin and green eyes also. French Ketti Gallian, Drue Leyton and Conchita Montenegro all have jewel-toned eyes, but Conchita is an interesting case. Born in Sebastian, Spain, in addition to those eyes, she has copper hair.

There are no more patterns for beauty. Old standards have fallen by the way, which gives every one of us a chance in the daily beauty competition. Going back to our green eyes again, it wasn't so long ago that there was a stigma attached to the fact that you didn't fall within the blue or brown classes. But no more.

It has always seemed to me that the light eye possessed more appeal than the very dark eye, for the reason that the light eye is very changeable according to your mood. You can notice the dilation or contraction of the pupil, so that these eyes really seem to change color at times, and of course it is true that a hat,



Powdering is a definite art, thinks Irene Dunne. "Choose a warm, vibrant shade, blending thoroughly over face and neck," advises the star of "The Age of Innocence." Skin tones are the style

interesting effect from touching the upper lids with a bit of white petroleum jelly or any cream. The result will be the slightly shiny, moist eyelids you see on small children. The use of either shadow or cream is beneficial to the skin, too, for even a little bit helps to keep the lids smooth and unlined. If you use one of the gold or silver shadows, however, I suggest that you keep it entirely on the lid.

THE fitting finish to the glamour of shadow is the correct use of mascara. Those made by reliable manufacturers practically remake your eyes, because few, after all, are blessed with a lustrous, dark eye fringe. If you are blonde, brown is a better daytime choice than black, and for evening I suggest a blue. The effect under electric lights is lovely, and the bluish cast gives a softness that you do not get from black. The only harm that could result from a good mascara is your rough handling of your eyelashes in removal. The best method is to wet a piece of cotton in cold water and brush it upward over the upper lashes as if you were applying the mascara, and downward over the lower lashes. If your mascara is moisture proof, use a little cream in the same manner. Naturally, rough handling can pull out and break lashes, but the correct removal and application of mascara will probably stimulate your lashes and really improve them.

"NEW Beauty" is our latest bulletin to tell you of grand, new things to make you lovely. "The Perfect Home Manicure," "Skin Worries," "Make-Up Tips," and "Fresh as a Daisy" are recent bulletins that will help you the year through. Glad to send you any or all for a stamped, self-addressed envelope for each, or to answer any special beauty problem. Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Why Any Girl Can Be MORE ATTRACTIVE

*A New Kind of Make-Up
Originated by Hollywood's Make-Up Genius
Holds the Secret of*

Lovely Beauty

THE real testing laboratory of beauty is Hollywood. Daily, hundreds of screen tests are recorded. Daily, hundreds of make-up tests are made. And now for twenty-odd years, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, has worked intimately with the stars of the screen to discover new beauty secrets.

Now, out of this unique experience, Max Factor brings to you . . . to every woman . . . a new and original idea in make-up for every day.

It is color harmony make-up . . . because it is color, and color alone, as thousands of tests have proved, that can actually make natural beauty appear more ravishing, more youthful, more attractive. Yes, one may even appear ten years younger if correct color harmony is used.

But . . . color harmony make-up originated by Max Factor is amazingly different. It consists of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades that are scientifically and artistically perfected for each variation of blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette types.

The face powder creates a satin-smooth, clinging make-up. The rouge is lifelike in its natural coloring. The lipstick is the one that withstands every close-up test. And the color tones of each blend together in a beautiful harmony of color to create for you the lovely beauty of your own imagination.

Now this luxury, Color Harmony Make-Up, created originally for the screen stars, is available to you at nominal prices . . . Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Until you test your color harmony in Max Factor's Make-Up, you will never know how beautiful you can be. At all leading stores



FACE POWDER

In original color harmony shades that actually enliven the beauty of the skin . . . and there is a shade for your individual coloring. Perfect in texture, Max Factor's Face Powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours and hours. One dollar.

ROUGE

In harmonizing colors to blend with your face powder and your colorings so as to impart a youthful glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth in texture, Max Factor's Rouge blends easily and smoothly . . . creating a soft and natural coloring. Fifty cents.



LIPSTICK

Super-Indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must withstand every close-up test. So here is the lipstick you can depend upon to create lasting lip make-up, permanent and uniform in color. And only Max Factor's Lipstick will give your lips that alluring beauty of perfect color harmony. One dollar.

Irene DUNNE

Starring in R.K.O.'s

"AGE OF INNOCENCE"

*Illustrates a Max Factor Color
Harmony Make-Up*

For her colorings . . . reddish brown hair, creamy skin and brown eyes . . . the perfect color harmony make-up is Max Factor's Brunette Face Powder, Carmine Rouge and Carmine Lipstick



Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP

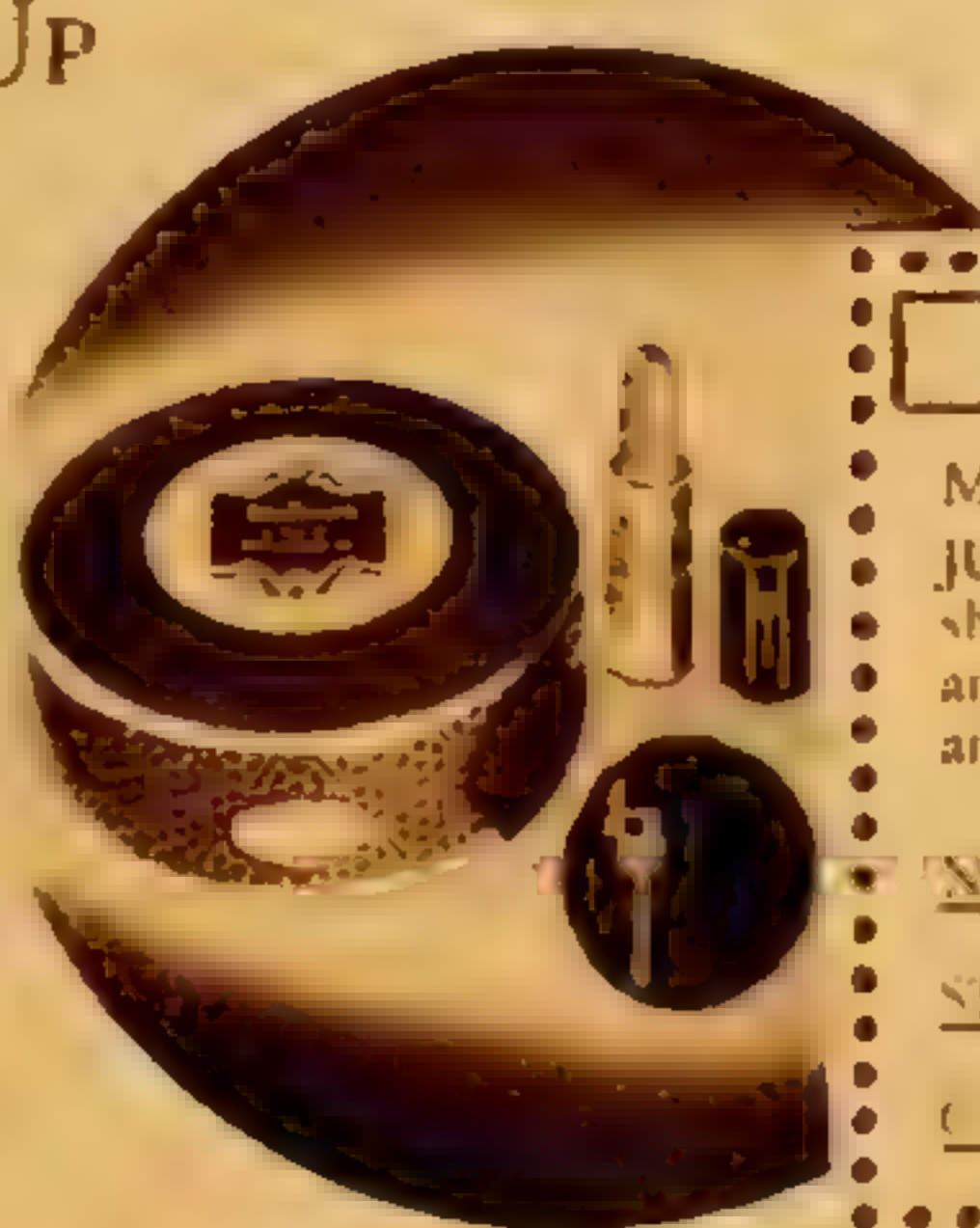
Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

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For you, Max Factor will create your own individual color harmony make-up chart and send you his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." . . . How to rouge a round face; how to rouge a thin face; how to conceal hollow cheeks; how to make up small eyes, thin lips, and many other valuable secrets. Mail the coupon now.



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MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" FREE

NAME

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN ☐ Dry ☐	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Only ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	type above and below



Eugene Robert Riche

CAROLE LOMBARD, known as Hollywood's practical joke girl, who will go to no end of trouble to get a laugh, looks very alluring when she's laughing herself. Nothing daunts her—ribbing, rumors or hard work. She finished "Now and Forever" at Paramount, then got right busy on "Part Time Lady" with Roger Pryor at Columbia

3 trying moments conquered!

How WONDERSOFT KOTEX
gives women freedom never
before dreamed of

Bridge takes concentration

● At the bridge-table, she used to squirm and fidget on *those* days. But Wondersoft Kotex stays dry at the edges, stays soft for hours. No chafing or harsh rubbing because sides are covered in filmy cotton.



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● The kind of frock she wouldn't have dared to wear yesterday; so sheer, so light in color. But she is absolutely sure of protection to both dress and lingerie, when she wears Wondersoft Kotex. The special center absorbs safely; the sides stay dry. And not a single tell-tale line shows.

● Too bad all women don't know the special patented advantages found only in Wondersoft Kotex. Wear it on either side, of course. Buy it in that smart new box that doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. All stores have it—and you pay the same price for either Super or regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.



Ice-skating is Vigorous!

● But the modern girl can enjoy sports without discomfort. Wondersoft Kotex never squeezes, ropes or pulls; it keeps readjusting itself to the body, because of the special center—unlike any other pad.



Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.

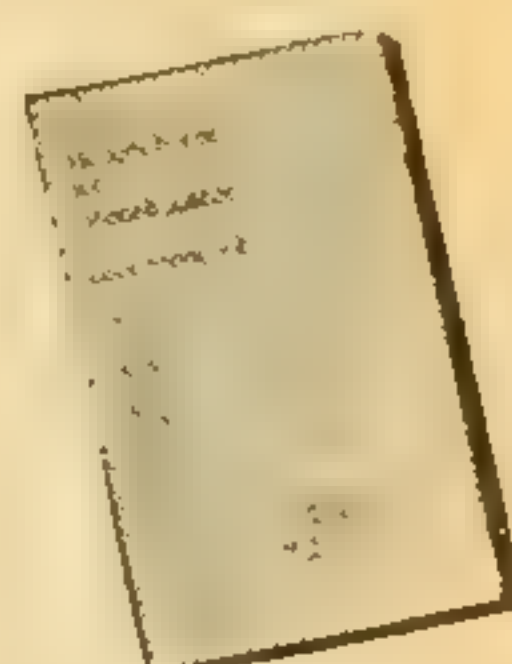
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Intimate health facts revealed in a book that explodes old superstitions; it is called "Health Facts on Menstruation." If you want a FREE copy, send the coupon below.

Do you wonder: "How shall I tell my daughter?" For all mothers and guardians, FREE copies of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday," a simple, understandable book that the child, herself, may read.

I want "Health Facts on Menstruation" ☐
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Hollywood Cinema

FASHIONS *by Seymour*

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The leading ladies of the films have to devote time and thought to their dress. And when it comes to handbags, they choose models with Talon Fasteners for many reasons.

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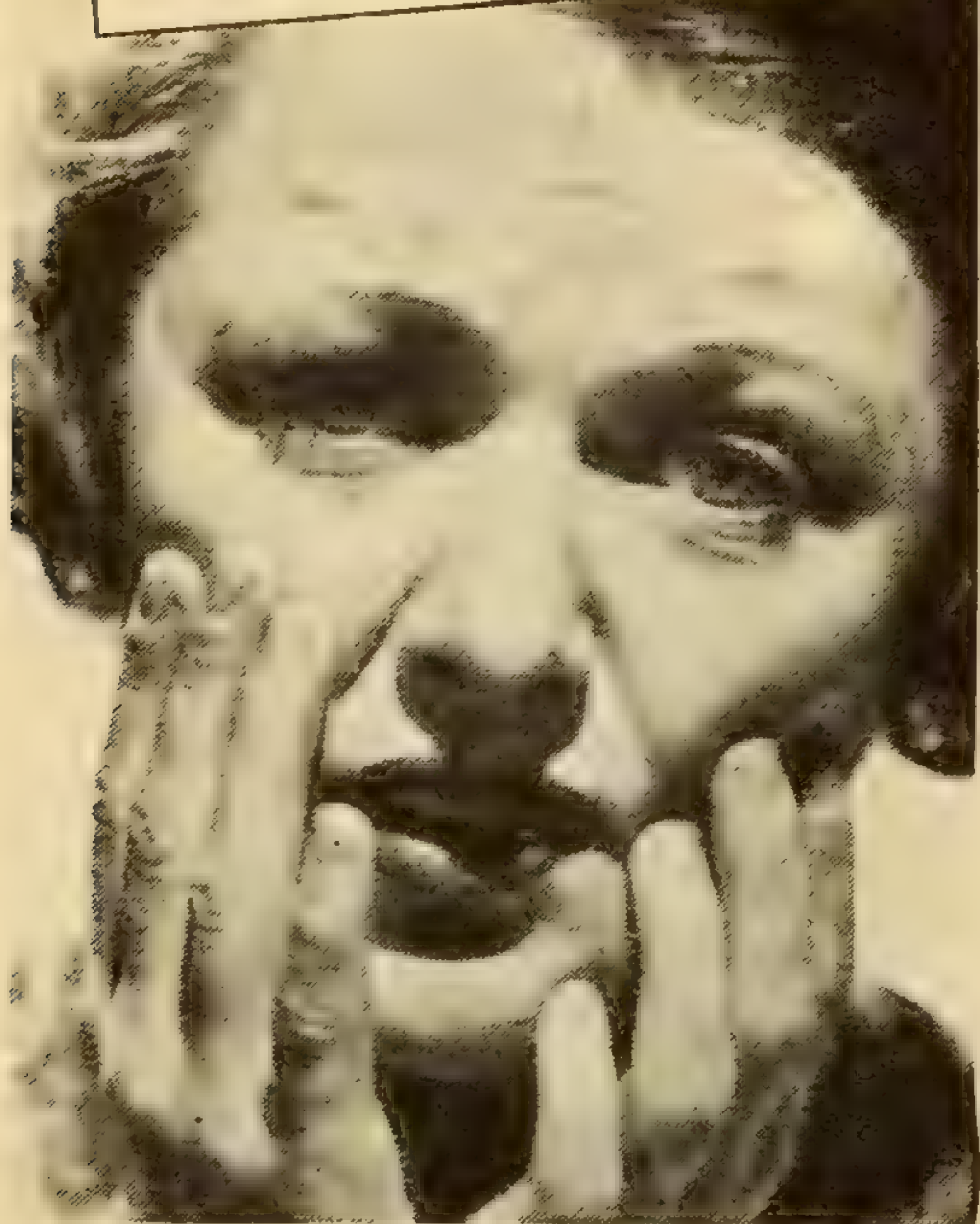
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DULL skin, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation!

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Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements stimulate the entire digestive system. They give tone to weakened intestinal nerves

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THIS OFFER NOT GOOD IN CANADA

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

"FIGHT for Clean Pictures Won!" was the title of a story in the November 1919 issue. According to the article, the heads of the studios passed a resolution "unanimously declaring war to the bitter end on anyone making or showing salacious pictures." An interview with Dustin and William Farnum told of their childhood and how they started their theatrical careers.

Girls were urged to learn about vampires from Hedda Hopper, then a leading home-smashing, heart-busting lady on the screen. A story on Rod LaRocque said that he was reforming, giving up his villainous rôles to become a comedian and a hero. There was an interesting story on Louise Fazenda, written by her friend, Emma-Lindsay Squier, in which it was revealed that the comédienne could bake



Louise Fazenda

pies as well as throw them. Several pen and ink drawings by Madge Kennedy proved she had earned her living as a newspaper sketch artist before going into the theater. This issue carried most interesting rotogravure pages, and among the stars whose portraits appeared in this section were Constance Talmadge, Mabel Normand, Mary MacLaren, John Barrymore. Harold Lloyd, making a two-reeler, was injured when a supposedly harmless bomb exploded in his hand. It was feared that his screen career might be ended by the accident. The outstanding pictures of the month included "The Pinnacle," Eric Von Stroheim's first directing job; "Checkers," with Thomas Carrigan; "The World and Its Woman," with Geraldine Farrar. Cover girl, Lillian Gish.

10 Years Ago

JUST ten years ago we were arguing over bobbed hair! The November, 1924, issue carried an article, "Why I Refuse to Let My Wife Bob Her Hair." Briefly the anonymous author's reason was, "Bobbed hair means bobbed brains." "What is Love?" Twelve women stars answered the question. In Gloria Swanson's definition is this comment, "I am through with love . . . The finest thing about a passion is the memory of it. I have that memory." But Gloria has married twice since then. Horoscopes of various stars were read by Evangeline Adams. For Rudolph Valentino she forecast "contradictory aspects" beginning in 1925, saying, "It will either be the banner time of his life . . . or he will be lost in space." Valentino died in 1926. Gossip items: Agnes Ayres was



Estelle Taylor

married to S. M. Reachi (divorced 1927); Wallace Beery and Arieta Gillman were married (still happy); a baby boy was born to Lila Lee and James Kirkwood (they were divorced, 1929); Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford happily returned to Pickfair after a trip abroad. Asked if rumors of his engagement to Estelle Taylor were true, Jack Dempsey said, "It is just newspaper hokum." (But they were married in February 1925, divorced in 1931). Best movies included "The Man Who Came Back," teaming George O'Brien and Dorothy Mackaill; Norma Shearer in "Empty Hands"; Pauline Frederick in "Three Women"; J. Warren Kerrigan's "Captain Blood"; Thomas Meighan's "The Alaskan"; Jetta Goudal in "Open All Night." On cover, Jackie Coogan.

5 Years Ago

THIS issue was very much concerned with fashions. And, looking at the pictures, we will bet that you ladies would never believe you really wore 'em! Short skirts with very long waists, uneven hem lines, flowing scarfs—they look pretty silly now! Hollywood was still agog over the Crawford-Fairbanks nuptials. A story, "Filmland's Royal Family, Second Edition," told Crawford admirers that Joan's marriage had not made her high-hat, and asked the question: Will Joan and Doug uphold the Pickford-Fairbanks tradition? Other marriages of interest were: Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck (divorced in April, 1933); Lenore Ulric and Sidney Blackmer (divorced August, 1933); Marian Nixon and Edward Hillman, Jr. (divorced March, 1933). Cal York said



William Haines

Loretta Young and Grant Withers were getting romantic. They were married in January, 1930, divorced September, 1931. "How Bachelors Manage Their Homes" told about the happy home life of Charles Farrell, Buddy Rogers, Bill Haines, Gary Cooper and Ramon Novarro. Since then Charles has married Virginia Valli and Gary has married Sandra Shaw. The others are still batching, however. Best movies were "Taming of the Shrew," Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks' venture into Shakespeare. It was hailed as "the event of the decade." Other best movies were: Ann Harding's "Her Private Affair," "Marianne," with Marion Davies and Lawrence Gray, and "Rio Rita," with Bebe Daniels and John Boles. Janet Gaynor was on the cover.

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*C*HIC stars that
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MISS JUNE CLAYWORTH, the Universal player seen in "Are You Decent?". If the picture were called "Are You Chic?", we'd say "very" to this stunning gown of metallic embroidered Celanese Clairanese with V decolletage topped by a flaring bow.

The Fan Club Corner



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THE second annual convention of movie fan clubs, held in Chicago, August 11-13, under the sponsorship of the Movie Club Guild of Chicago, brought a record number of delegates from fan clubs throughout the entire United States for three busy, interesting days.

Registration of delegates Saturday took place in the offices of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, where identification badges were distributed and official program books autographed. Many movie club officials who had for years corresponded with each other met for the first time. The offices fairly rang with happy laughter and enthusiastic fan club chatter until early evening, when the entire body went to Chicago's famous Chinatown for dinner. Afterward, a tour of the streets, shops and temples was enjoyed, followed by a "last show" at a loop theater and a back-stage visit as guests of Carlos Molina, Hollywood orchestra leader.

Sunday was spent inspecting the sights of A Century of Progress (World's Fair). An especially enjoyable visit was made to the Hollywood concession, where Don Dillaway, Lincoln Stedman, Victor Lewis and other Hollywood players attending the World's Fair greeted the visiting fans.

At the official luncheon and business session, held in the Silver Room of the Hotel Knickerbocker, Monday, Buddy Rogers, Carlos Mo-

the NBC Broadcasting Studios. As guests of Jackie Heller, popular young radio songster, they enjoyed an entertaining and instructive hour.

A birthday dinner party, given in honor of Buddy Rogers, was celebrated at the College Inn in the evening, followed by dancing to the music of Buddy and his California Cavaliers.

Among visiting delegates at the convention were: Jean Betty Huber, June Clyde Club, Morris Plains, N. J.; Chaw Mank, Movie Fans Friendship Club, Staunton, Ill.; Minnette Shermak, Jean Harlow Club, New York City; Dorothy Suter, Jean Harlow Club, Youngs-



At the fan club convention. Above, left to right, rear row; Helen Moltz, Sheboygan, Wis.; Nettie Dering, Chicago; Phyllis Stewart, Madison, Wis.; Minnette Shermak, New York City; Lenore Heidorn, Chicago, and Harold Shell, Festus, Mo.; front row, Estelle Nowak, Chicago, (left) Dorothy Suter, Youngstown, O. At the left—Don Dillaway, Hollywood player (left), Lillian Conrad, Chicago, and Chaw Mank, Staunton, Ill. Below, Minnette Shermak and "Buddy" Rogers



lina, Jackie Heller and his manager, and Rosita DuVal were guests of honor. Telegrams were read by club officers from Douglass Montgomery, Dolores Del Rio, Gloria Stuart, Ruth Roland, Helen Mack, Billie Dove, Johnny Downs and Ivan Lebedeff. And the beautiful gardenia corsage Barbara Stanwyck wired Bonnie Bergstrom, president of the Barbara Stanwyck Buddies, caused feminine hearts to flutter.

Club reports from the fan delegates showed a remarkable increase in membership and interest on the part of all clubs. Speeches from the various guests and committee members completed the luncheon program. Plans for increased activities and further development of fan clubs, as indicated by this session, make the coming year look like a big one for fan club work.

Following the luncheon, the delegates visited



town, Ohio; Helen Mortz, Joel McCrea Club, Sheboygan, Wis.; Marion L. Hesse, Ginger Rogers Club, Elizabeth, N. J.; Phyllis Stewart, Ben Bernie Club, Madison, Wis.; Harold Shell, Helen Mack Club, Festus, Mo.; Orpha Morgan, Kansas City, Mo.; Etta Jones, St. Louis, Mo. and the following from Chicago, Lillian Conrad, Ruth Roland Club; Bonnie Bergstrom, Barbara Stanwyck Club; Rose Badali, Dolores Del Rio Club; Walter Dreffin, Movie Club Guild; Lenore Heidorn, Billie Dove Club; Bettie Dering, Joan Crawford Club; James Tobey, Gloria Stuart Club; Irene Rourke, Douglass Montgomery Club; Ruth Fiffer, Pat Paterson Club; Anna Glance, Jackie Cooper Club; Frances White, Johnny Downs Club; Jeannette Campanella, Dolores Del Rio Club; Ruth Keast, Johnny Downs Club; Jeannette Mendro, Ivan Lebedeff Club; Estelle Nowak, Gloria Stuart Club; Ann Sameca, Dolores Del Rio Club; Blanche Gunther, Billie Dove Club; Ruth Smith, Johnny Downs Club; Loraine Weil, Dolores Del Rio Club.

ALL fan clubs belonging to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs are now receiving the individual membership cards furnished by the Association. Please write to the Association offices if your club has not yet received these cards.

The Silver Star Fan Club, formed in honor of Franchot Tone, has recently celebrated its first birthday. Phyllis Carlyle, 45 Smith St., Portland, Me., writes that they are planning many new and interesting features for the coming year. Gina Thornton, in charge of club news, writes that Joan Crawford is offering the winner of their new membership drive a prize.

The Tragedy of 15,000 Extras

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

These people saw no glitter, no romance, no bright mirage of stardom. To them, it was hard work and serious work. To it they gave all their thought, time and strength, exactly as any man or woman who loves his job. All the money they could possibly spare went into the replenishing of their wardrobes, so necessary to the ten and fifteen dollar pay checks. They gave time and money to maintaining their appearance. Hair must be waved, clothes pressed, hands manicured. But less and less money came in as the mob of unqualified drifters increased. And the amount of work had to be distributed over thousands of pleading, starving people.

Furthermore, the type of picture being made cut down the demand for extras. The gorgeous spectacles, with the exception of an occasional De Mille picture, gave way to homey little dramas demanding few supers.

Now the professional extra was fortunate if he worked one day out of three or even four months. When the hue and cry of these people grew louder and louder, the NRA Code Committee took the matter in hand. A committee composed of men and women entirely outside the motion picture industry was formed. Its job was to whittle down the extra list so that, instead of thousands of extras eking out less than a bare existence from motion picture work, hundreds might earn a livable wage.

The committee asked each casting director from every studio to send in a list of recommended extras. Theselists were gone over

New, richer Polishes give you Lovelier nails! New GLAZO now only 25¢



Whether or not it matters to you that Glazo's price is so low, you surely care enough about lovely hands to want, in your nail polish, the virtues that Glazo alone can bring.

For Glazo has new polishes, richer and more lustrous, that give nails a lovelier sheen . . . and that wear, by actual test, 50% longer.

The six Glazo shades are color-perfect . . . approved with highest honors by beauty and fashion authorities. An exclusive Color Chart Package shows them all as they look when on your nails . . . the answer to that problem of choosing the

shades you like best. And that's not all . . . A new metal shaft brush is a special Glazo achievement, making application far easier with either hand. And neither brush nor bristles can come loose.

NEW POLISH REMOVER CONTAINS OIL . . . NO ACETONE TO DRY CUTICLE OR NAILS!

Glazo's New Polish Remover contains no acetone! It does contain a special oil that leaves the cuticle soft, and banishes all fear of brittle, splitting nails due to harsh removers of acetone type. Leaves a perfect surface for fresh polish. Extra-size bottle, to last as long as your polish . . . 25c.

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless. 25c each. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO NEW POLISH REMOVER. Contains no acetone! It does contain oil that makes it non-drying to cuticle and nails! Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. A new liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size New Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.

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I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, New Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of polish preferred) . . .

☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium



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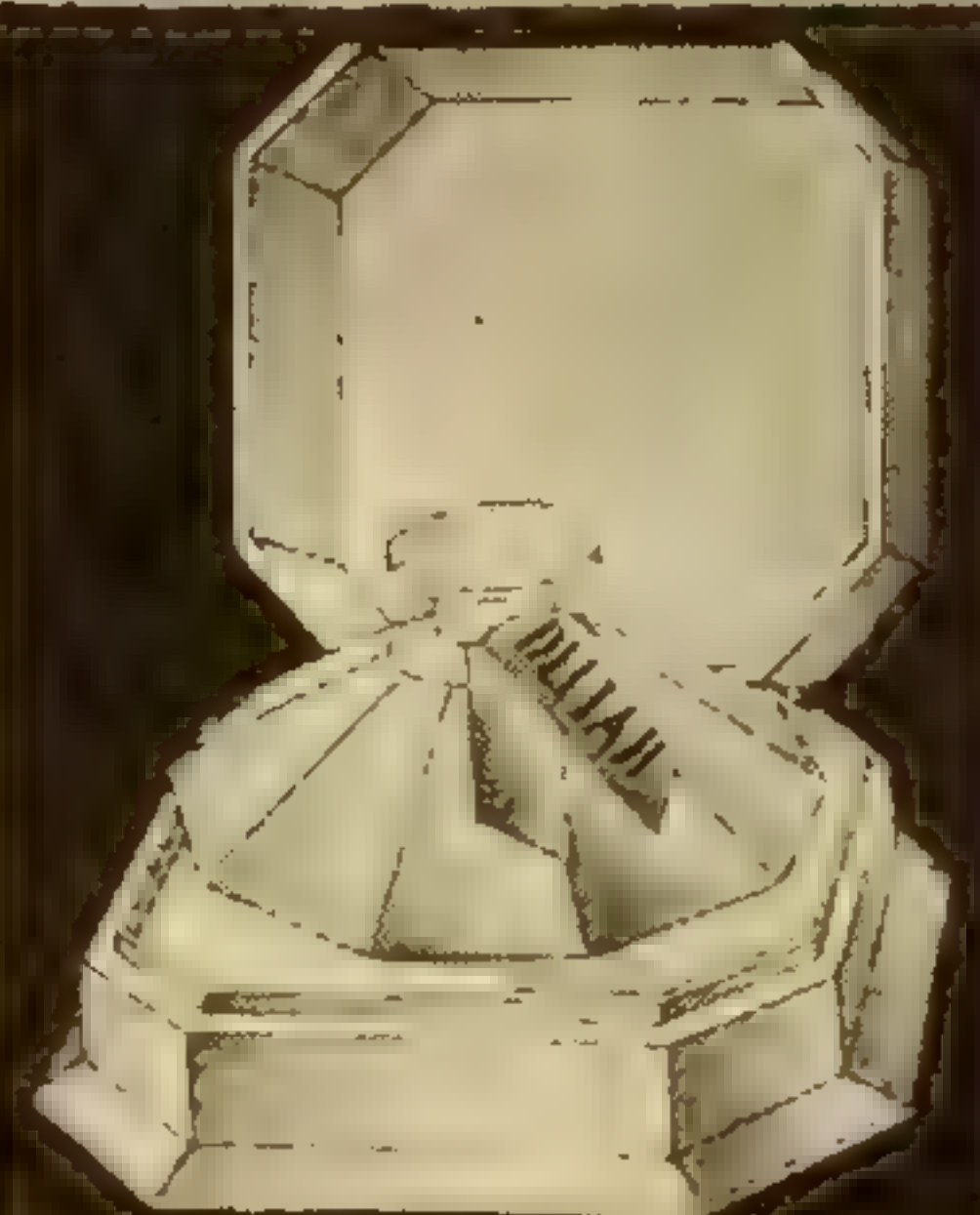
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Quality known and recognized the world over; packed in exquisite containers and priced for economical yet fine gift giving.

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The Gift supreme for the woman of discrimination.



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Fittingly bottled in "crystal-polished" flacon with gold plated neck and stopper.

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Designed to introduce Deltah Parfum Gardenia and Deltah Powder to appreciative women. Powder in Golden Boudoir container.

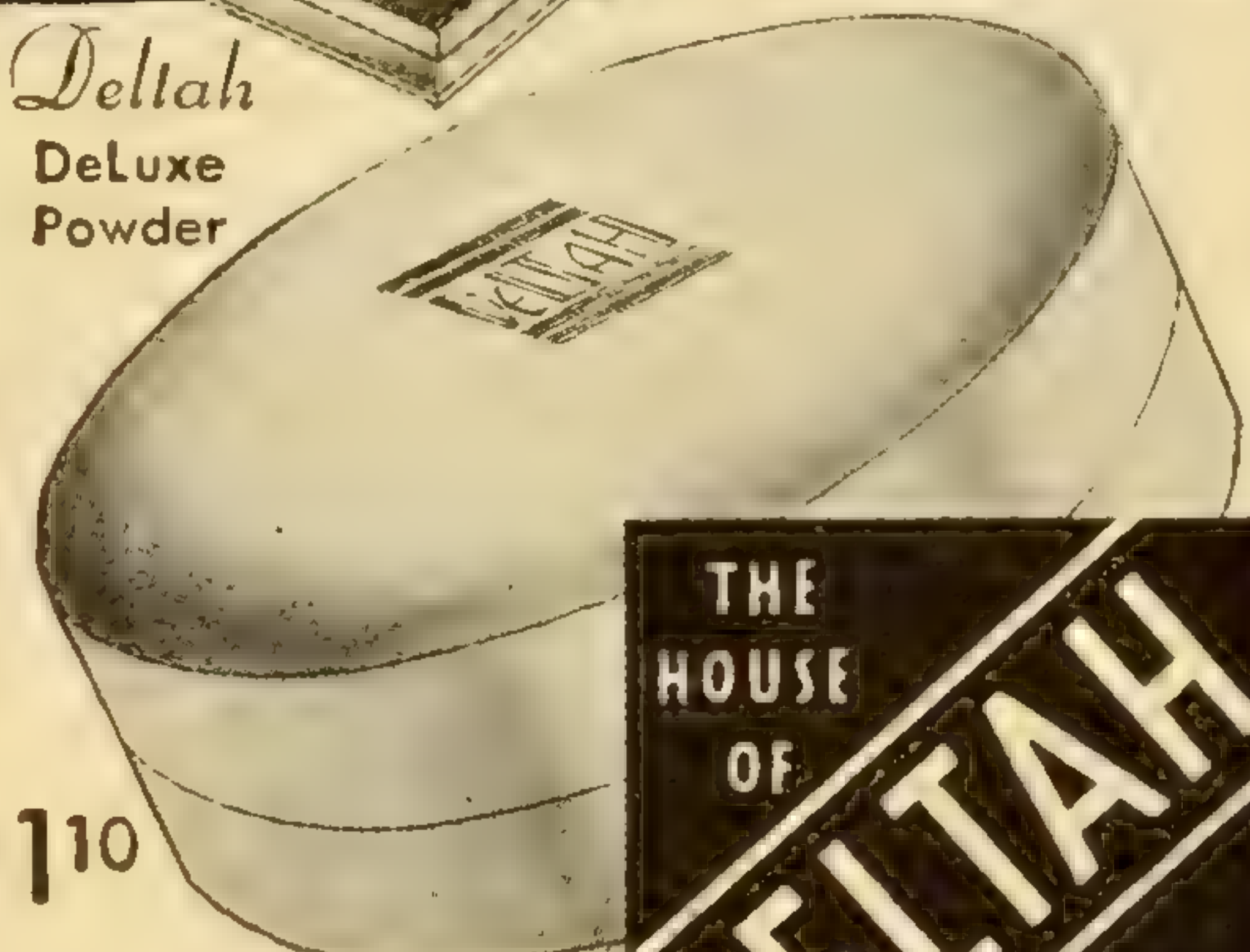


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—the supreme silk sifted face powder that women are talking about—in Golden finish metal box.

THE HOUSE OF
DELTAH
NEW YORK
PARIS

carefully. If Mary Smith was recommended by three casting directors, Mary was put down as having three votes, and it looked pretty good for Mary.

If Jack Jones was recommended by one director, he in turn was given one vote. Naturally, the extras receiving the most votes, or, in other words, the extras considered capable by the most studios, remain on the list.

Hollywood is waiting now, fearfully, anxiously, to see what this great army of discarded extras will do. There are no factories, no sweat-shops, no mills in Hollywood to swallow them up. And among these hanger-on extras there exists a strong bond of friendship and co-operation not found in the professional extras. They were ever-eager to help each other in work. What will they do in unemployment?

ONCE I saw an extra come dejectedly out of the casting office at M-G-M and join the group that lingered about the gate.

"No luck?" someone asked him.

"I could have the job if I had a pair of glasses. It means five dollars—God knows I need it."

Without a word, an old man removed his glasses and handed them to the young chap.

"Here, Buddy," he said, "I can't see much without them, but I'll sit right here and wait."

The young fellow reached eagerly for the glasses, then stopped suddenly. "But look—I can't do that! You know how this business is. I might be in there till late tonight."

"That's all right. You're hungry, aren't you? I'll wait in the alleyway."

All day the old man sat there, unable to move because, without the glasses, the world was a foggy blur. After sundown, a chill wind came up.

It was past eight o'clock when the young fellow came out with the spectacles, and found the old man shivering but uncomplaining in the alleyway.

"It's tough on you, my being so late," the boy apologized. "But at least, we can eat now! I'll bet you've been hungry as long as I have!"

IT is quite usual, among these extras, for five or six of them to live together in one room. When a call from the studio comes for one, there begins the hectic business of assembling a decent outfit. This fellow's suit, that one's shoes, another's best tie, and so on. Until the lucky one is sent off looking quite well-dressed. And the others sit around pantless, coatless, shoeless, till their pal returns with their clothes and a few dollars. Then they eat again.

Two extra girls have been driven to the extremity of living in a tent. Other forlorn souls have retreated to a shantytown near Universal City, where they manage to exist in huts crudely fashioned from scraps of tin, iron and lumber from the junkpiles.

Some extras who hang about the M-G-M

studio have banded together, into a sort of little club. They take turns, sitting in a broken-down automobile in a vacant lot across the alley, while another member is stationed near the telephone in a nearby pool hall, in case a message for one of them should be relayed there by Central Casting. No such message has ever come, but who knows? That's the sort of hope the extra feeds on—pathetic, futile.

"No work—nothing today—no work—no work—I'm sorry—nothing today." Hour after hour the monotonous drone goes on in the Central Casting Office.

Occasionally it is broken by a frantic voice.

"YOU'VE got to help me! Anything!" And the next second the drone begins again, "No work—I'm sorry—nothing. No work."

And yet they still pour in, demanding jobs, demanding to register, demanding to know why they haven't been called.

"You can see that some adjustment had to be made," Miss Mell, of the Central Casting Bureau, said to me. "It isn't so much the young ones I'm worried about. It's the older ones—the old men and women."

The telephone rang, and Miss Mell answered. I could hear the frantic hysteria in a girl's voice as it carried over the wires. Miss Mell talked to her patiently, calmly. But the girl's wild accusations, pleadings, oaths and denunciations, grew louder.

"Please, please," Miss Mell tried to talk to her.

Finally the girl broke into tired sobbing. There was a click of the receiver, and the room was quiet again.

"You see, it isn't really I whom she hates," Miss Mell said. "It's the thing I represent to her—security. Someone who possesses a job."

THESE scenes will be eliminated when the fifteen thousand names are struck off the list. But what scenes will take their place?

It's Hollywood's burden, certainly. And yet, Hollywood is not to blame. For years it has done everything in its power to discourage the influx of movie-struck people drifting in. For years warnings and pleadings have been sent out that there are no jobs in the motion picture industry.

And still they came, thousands upon thousands.

What will become of them now?

Hollywood doesn't know the answer. The extras certainly don't know the answer.

"Charity—it will help out some," an old man said in a shaking voice.

"We don't want any of that Russian stuff, is all I know," said another, discussing their fate.

"You mean Communism?" I asked him.

"Yea. We don't want that. We'll get along—somehow."

Hollywood Love Song

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

with a feeling of happy expectancy. "If he speaks to me I'll die—and if he doesn't I'll die!" she decided.

But she remained jubilantly alive when George Barnes invited her to join a week-end party on his yacht.

"It's my birthday—and the family's giving

me a dinner—and maybe you'd better call mother," she finished lamely. As soon as his back was turned she flew to the telephone. "Mums, he is going to ring you up and please say yes. What? You don't understand?" It was two minutes before Blondy could make herself intelligible.

In the end, Mrs. Blondell agreed the cake and candles could wait.

The Penguin was a fifty-seven foot cruiser built for deep-sea fishing. Only Blondy didn't fish. She leaned back in a dark corner of the deck, strangely excited. What would happen next? She wasn't long finding out.

A man's figure was silhouetted for a second against a shaft of moonlight. Then he was beside her, lounging against the rail. They didn't talk. Words seemed so unnecessary between them. It was as if they'd known each other since creation—and they'd never really spoken together. Someone in the cabin was strumming a guitar and singing. A wave splashed.

"Joan, will you marry me if I can get free?"

It didn't strike her as odd, his proposal that first night, because it seemed as if she had been waiting for this moment all her life.

A CORSAGE of orchids arrived on Monday morning. Roses on Tuesday. "Thinking of opening a flower shop?" teased her mother. Joan had always been brusque with men. Gone Dutch treat with them, laughed with them, fought with them—and never loved one before. George's attention was sensationally novel.

They were going down to the boat one evening and Blondy slipped into a sweater.

"You'll need a coat," he advised.

"I haven't one," she said casually.

She couldn't go around buying coats, even with the salary she was getting now, when so many things were needed for the family and the house. George said nothing. But the following morning a camel's hair coat, downy as silk, was delivered at the door. Without a card.

"There's some mistake. You'll have to take that back," protested Joan.

An hour later young Mr. Barnes appeared at the door with the coat over his arm. "Don't be silly. *You take this!*" And Joan did.

It was the same way with the diamond and ruby brooch. She'd never owned any real jewels. Somehow they still seemed remote from the blonde kid who had fought her way up.

Hollywood gossips, of course, could not be denied their inning. And in this case they had a juicy morsel.

"You know, Joan dear, you're just a young girl," they'd draw her aside to whisper. "*And George Barnes has been married three times!*"

"Yes, I know," she'd reply quietly. "He told me the first night I went out with him."

What did it matter? What did anything matter when two people belonged together—and had been lucky enough to find each other?

"*His health is bad!*" At that Joan flared.

"I wouldn't care if he had leprosy! Let me tell you something—everything lovely in my life has come from George!"

ALL her fierce, passionate loyalty went into the outburst. She knew he was perfectly well—but he *was* thin. Thereupon, Mr. Barnes became the subject of a woman's strategy.

Joan began making excuses to have dinner in her apartment. Now Blondy was a good cook, and it was no trick at all to stop at the grocery on her way home from the studio. A girl with a starring contract intent on choosing the best lima beans was a new sight to Hollywood. But Blondy hadn't thought of that. She was thinking only of getting George fat. She succeeded. "Oh dear, I'm afraid you don't like that. And I spent *hours* fixing it!" No man is proof against that plea from the woman he loves. Mr. Barnes ate.

"Thanksgiving again!"

Umm, big spread, Betty?"



"Oh!... You're always hungry! Turkey, cranberry sauce, yams, mince pie—all the fixings, and—my new Community Plate!"

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There was only one drawback to their romance.

They couldn't marry. His wife consistently refused to divorce him.

"No need to go on with this," Blondy made a dejected gesture toward the beautiful early American furniture they'd been collecting. It stood scattered throughout her rooms, mute testimony to their hope.

The next evening, as she sat waiting for George, a voice came over the radio. "And have we news tonight! George Barnes has just given Joan Blondell the biggest diamond in America. A seven and three-tenths carat that's a headlight!"

With that Blondy went into a blaze. "How can he tell such lies! If he were here I'd . . ."

Then George came in. He gently pushed her into a chair before she could sputter out her estimation of one Mr. Winchell.

"Just a minute. I have news for you! Close your eyes, dear."

When she opened them the seven-point-three diamond was on the finger where diamonds belong.

CAME the near-tragedy. At a quarter of six one morning Blondy's phone rang. "Honey, can you hurry over? Something's gone wrong with me . . ." George's voice fell away from the receiver feebly.

Joan made the four miles in less than four minutes. Double-pneumonia, the doctor described it. And for eight days she sat beside his bed, fighting valiantly what seemed a losing fight. Once he roused himself — "I've waited so long for you, Joan . . ." She caught his

hand and held it tight against her cheek, choking back the sobs.

"You've done it," the doctor said at last. "He's through the crisis."

Joan fainted.

THEY were both working in "Broadway Bad" at Fox some six months later when George rushed onto the set, more excited than she'd ever seen him.

"Joan, *Joan*, she's done it. She's given me a divorce!"

* * *

On a sunlit morning in Yuma, two rather shabby young people stood before a minister and solemnly spoke their "I do's." Joan was in a faded gingham dress and smoked glasses. George wore an old suit and no tie. They had planned the disguise as an aid to secrecy. But no disguise in the world could hide their feelings as they looked at each other in the mellow sunlight.

* * *

"George," she said that night, "I'm going to ask you a question that sounds awfully silly—but I can't help that. It's just as if I said 'Do you know the Smiths of Chicago?' . . . But a long time ago, six or seven years, were you in the Park Central Hotel one night in November? Standing at the news counter?"

"And you," he took it up quickly, "came in and bought a stamp, only you couldn't see where to put it very well because your eyes were so full of tears."

"I *felt* it was you," said Joan. "Just now when you turned and smiled. It *had* to be you, because you're the only man in my life . . ."

You Can't Call a Lady a Liar

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

serapis! And getting the movie, "Adventure Girl," was not as simple as trading for an Indian necklace.

In the first place, the Black Hawk is a small vessel to risk the storms of the broad Atlantic and brave the hurricanes off Hatteras. Joan's crew was scant—her seventy-six-year-old father, Captain Wagner; her sailor, Bill Sawyer; a deck-hand, Otto Siegler, and her cameraman, Harry Squire.

But Joan wasn't afraid. She was born on a windjammer. She had sailed boats when landlubber youngsters her age were still in kindergarten.

They struck their first storms off Hatteras. It was night, and for hours on end the black waves picked up the tiny schooner, tossed it high into the air, and let it drop again.

AT the height of the storm the mainmast snapped. That usually means death to a boat on a bad sea. The mast fell heavily across the deck. Bill Sawyer leaped from its path—but too late. It struck him with sudden force. At the same instant the ship rose crazily on another wave, and Bill was tossed overboard. Joan pulled off her oilskins and without hesitation leaped over the rail, after Bill. There was a long, bitter struggle in the stormy waters. The ship, without its mainmast, was out of control. Finally, dragging Bill, Joan reached the schooner, and pulled herself and the sailor to safety.

On the screen, the scene is exciting. The storm is thrilling. The rescue amazing. But the most impressive thing (especially to the

feminine mind) is that Cameraman Harry Squire apparently stood calmly at the rail grinding his camera—catching each detail of the storm, the struggle, the rescue.

MISS LOWELL feels Harry showed no lack of gallantry or cooperation when he insisted on taking pictures instead of helping in the rescue! Quite the contrary. "That's why I think Harry is a wonderful cameraman," she says. "He stays with his camera. He'll risk any discomfort to get a picture! Why, I've seen him stand waist-deep in a mosquito-infested swamp along the Rio Dulce, just to get a good shot."

It was along the Rio Dulce that the famous boa-constrictor shot in "Adventure Girl" was made—by Harry, of course.

The scene shows Miss Lowell about to enter a cavern, when suddenly her progress is stopped by a boa-constrictor that drops from a tree, coiling itself neatly about her neck.

"That was the most unpleasant experience of the whole trip," says Joan, not forgetting the time an alligator bit her. "I *loathe* snakes! But it *was* a good shot; wasn't it?"

"It was a grand shot," I agreed, "but did Harry just happen to be on the job at the moment?"

"Oh, no! It wasn't as simple as that. We had to stage that," she said triumphantly. "We went out early in the morning, and found one that was hanging in a tree. Then I stood directly beneath it. Harry was near me, with the camera ready. And Bill, of course, was there to assist in my rescue. As

the snake dropped on me, I put my hand to my throat, thus preventing the possibility of quick strangulation. As soon as the snake coiled, Bill hurried to help me, and I wasn't hurt. But I don't ever want to do it again."

Joan didn't say whether or not Cameraman Harry yelled "Hold it!" But, anyhow, it's understood that he enjoyed the shot, which came out perfect.

However, the most distressing and dangerous experience of their entire trip came not when they were in a snaky jungle, but while on board the Black Hawk, becalmed.

IN a storm, the ship's water-tank became punctured and their precious supply of fresh water spilled into the sea. For three days the schooner lay quiet on the calm water beneath a blazing sun, and the crew went almost mad with thirst. The tiny bit of water they did find in the bottom of a ginger-ale bottle, they voted to give to the ship's bulldog, Mascot Jack.

Finally, when relief appeared improbable and death seemed near, Joan and Bill let down a boat and decided to try rowing forty miles away to an island. Suffering from intense thirst, and exhausted, they finally made the island. Bill collapsed as the boat reached its shores. A native got water for them, reviving Bill. Filling their boat with a supply of water and cocoanuts, they rowed back to the Black Hawk, getting there just in time to save the life of Joan's father, who had collapsed.

In the movie this incident is terrifying and impressive, and the photography is particularly beautiful. But it is difficult not to keep thinking of the cameraman and imagine him following Bill and Joan on their forty mile row, exhausted, dying of thirst, but grinding his camera valiantly. It does seem that Cameraman Harry, and not the bulldog, deserved the last of that drinking water.

The only serious mishap was Joan's crocodile bite. She got it while wading in a stream, and would have been completely done for, if a group of Guatemala natives hadn't been handy to rescue her. As it was, her leg was badly nipped and, lacking medical attention, blood poisoning set in.

However, Joan Lowell got back all right—with the picture in the can, a schooner-load of fine jewelry and Indian handwork, and a six-year-old adopted son.

And she came back a changed woman, too. Whether it was the alligator nip, or the acquisition of a load of jewelry, or the foster-child that changed her, no one knows. But gone are the hard-bitten epithets, the shipshape cusses. Gone, too, are the sailor pants, the old tarpaulin jacket, her nautical bearing.

It was a demure, almost shy Joan Lowell that returned from the wilds of the Central American jungle.

PROUDLY, but quietly, she introduced Mariano, the adopted child whom she found half-starved and ill in Guatemala. Eyes shining with maternal pride, Joan relates, "You know what Mariano said when the ship sailed into New York harbor? It was night and the buildings were all lighted. 'Look,' he exclaimed in Spanish, 'New York is like heaven—with stars in all the windows!'"

Her immediate concern is not for adventure, but for the welfare of the child—his schooling, his care. Ask her now if she can still spit a curve in the wind, and she changes the subject.

Says she, "I don't want people to think I'm a big, tough, strong-armed Amazon. I'm not at all. I'm only five feet three; I wear a size



"Peter, what has gotten into you? You're acting like a spoiled baby."



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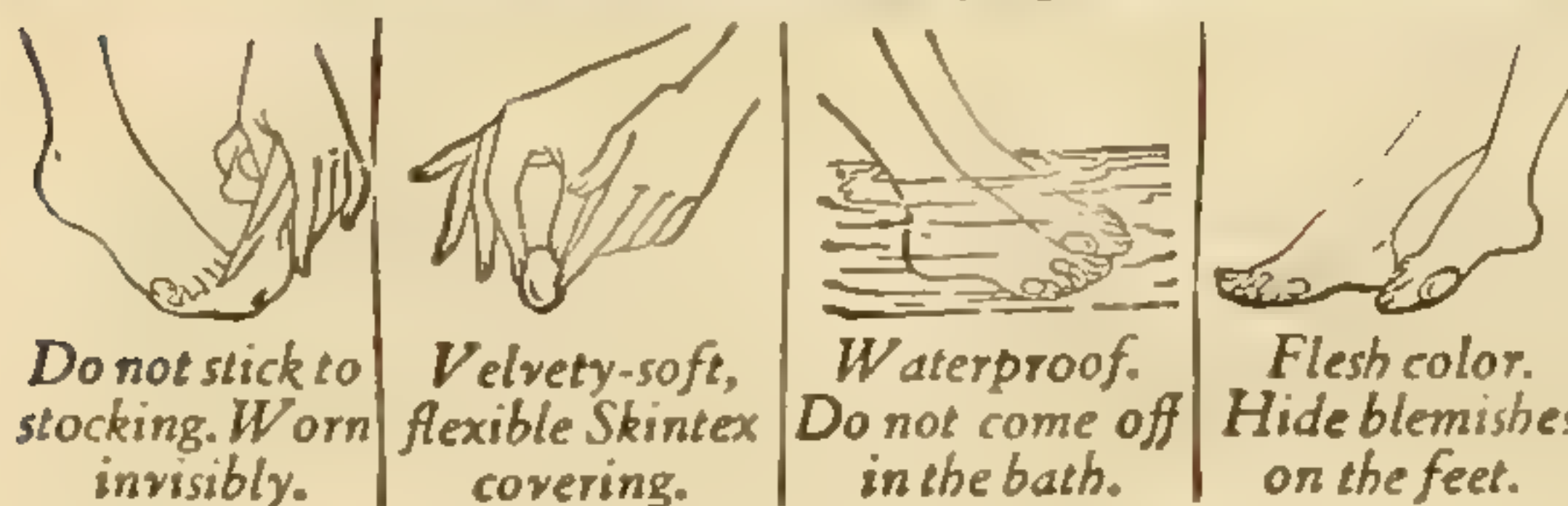
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fourteen dress. I love pretty clothes and feminine things."

And, like any other woman, she got a kick out of the amazement men in Guatemala showed when she bossed her crew around and the men obeyed.

"Yes, of course I want more adventure," she says, "I am still planning on sailing around

the world. I'll take my father, and Bill, Otto and Harry along when I go. Mariano? No. He must stay here, in school. He's only six, but he's had a lifetime of experience already. His family, you know, was massacred and Mariano's right arm cut off. Now he must have a quiet, happy childhood with all possible advantages."

Robbing the Cradle for Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

voice, "It's a sign of fame. Great fame."

Today, Shirley Temple's name is on every lip. I dare say without any exaggeration whatsoever, Shirley Temple is the most popular actress in Hollywood today.

And she is just five years old.

Naturally this invasion of child talent has had its effect upon the motion picture industry. The change is felt in every department from the casting office right up through the wardrobe and writing departments.

IN almost every wardrobe department the frocks of mature stars lie neglected while groups of sewers gather about little frocks of fluff to "Ah" and to "Oh."

Writers who could write child dialogue had to be brought in. "But would a child say that?" is now the favorite wail that floats through the windows of every conference room in town. What a blonde siren would say to her heavy sweetie on the screen is no longer important.

Oh, it's left its mark all over town. Behind it all is plenty of thought and effort, grief and woe, headache and gray hairs.

The nervous director, once furious at the least delay, is now off in some corner with The Child (they speak of him with reverence) perched on his knee. Together, they are going over the scene. If it takes an hour, or days even, what of it? The Child must understand. Let the adult stars stand around and get corns if they want to. The Child is the one who will draw in the shekels at the box-office these days.

Directors who once kicked over chairs and gave the movies back to the Indians when more than five takes were necessary, now go on with one take after another. The baby star must get it right.

After the seventeenth take in "You Belong to Me," in which Helen Mack, Lee Tracy and little, six-year-old David Holt took part, Helen nervously approached Director Al Werker.

"Was I all right in that scene, Mr. Werker?" she asked.

He stared at her open-mouthed. "Why, Helen, I—I—guess so," he said. "You see, I forgot you were in it. I was watching David."

It's no wonder, however. Two days after shooting had begun on that picture, they knew it was no use. The picture was David's. "Give it to him," Lee Tracy graciously said. "The kid's got everything." So, changes were made and Lee and Helen Mack played second fiddle to an unknown boy.

When the picture was previewed, hard-boiled critics sat up and howled themselves silly. Little David Holt had pulled a Shirley Temple and the town isn't over it yet.

A little brown-eyed lad, no bigger than a minute, David came all the way from Florida with his mother and baby sister to break into movies. At three David was trouping all over the State of Florida with a group of kiddies.

Singing, dancing and one-night-standing it like an old timer.

But, once in Hollywood, it wasn't so easy until David's neighbor, a veteran actor, brought David to the notice of a casting director. It was all over then but the shouting, with Paramount grabbing up his option, co-starring him with Max Baer, and even testing his baby sister, aged three.

It's the same story in every studio in town. Out at Universal they go into long raptures over their little Baby Jane Quigley, just three. And is she a sugar-plum!

We watched her make a scene with Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life." The camera was going and all was ready. Claudette read her line first. The baby looked up strangely, but went right on to the end of the scene. The minute the director called "Cut," that tiny little mite of a baby cried out, "It's wrong, it's wrong, she said it wrong."

Claudette actually grew scarlet beneath her make-up. "She's right," she shrugged. "I did change a word. I'll be more careful the next time," she promised Jane with a smile.

Mickey Rooney, the little Irishman, is the clown of the bunch. Soon after he was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, we went over to the studio to look over the Rooney individual, aged eleven. A ripe old age, that practically makes him the grandpappy of the bunch. (Unless you include Frankie Thomas, now twelve, on the stage since he was nine months old.)

As we passed the darkened prop department, the sound of jazz, sizzling hot, floated out the door. There, at a prop department piano, pounding out red hot melody and doing an imitation of Cab Calloway at the same time, sat little Mickey.

He keeps his entire set in a constant state of hysterics and in "Hide-Out" stole practically all the laughs from the chagrined Bob Montgomery.

He played the part of Clark Gable as a child in "Manhattan Melodrama," and did all right with the rôle.

"Yep, I got myself a contract all right," Mickey said. "Don't think it was easy, though. It took years of hard work."

AMONG the army of baby free lance players, little Cora Sue Collins is the busiest of the lot. And feels a bit uppish because she was chosen among dozens of others to play Garbo herself, as a child, in "Queen Christina."

You must believe me when I tell you this little brown-eyed miss, who tore out our hearts in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane," owes her success in Hollywood largely to herself. Her mother was anxious to bring Cora Sue to Hollywood and pictures from their home in West Virginia, but lacked the money. "I suppose I could borrow a little money and sell silk stockings on the way," she said, "but I couldn't

possibly subject you and your sister to such chance."

"Oh, but Mother, we want to," Cora Sue cried. "We shan't mind if things get bad."

"Not even when it means sitting up in a day coach all the way?" her mother asked.

"Shucks, no. I love sitting up," Cora Sue said. And so it was decided. The going was pretty bad. Long after they arrived in Hollywood. But Cora Sue was true to her word. She never complained. And the break finally did come.

No, it isn't all chance when these "babes in the Hollywoods" let forth a stream of tears that wrecks the heart of every fan in the audience. Babes that they are, they've known a bit of strife and work and grief themselves. They aren't just children. They're troupers.

OVER at RKO Studios they scream loudly to all who will listen about their little three-year-old Jane Preston, who made her debut in "Anne of Green Gables."

"Wait till you see our Jane," they boast. "You'll forget all the others." And on they go, bragging about their Jane like any fond and adoring parent.

Then there's Richard Ralston Arlen, sturdy son of Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston. Look at the job of work Ricky did in "She Made Her Bed." A comer? Certainly.

There are two other little girls the studios are keeping their eyes on. Virginia Weidler and Carmencita Johnson. They caught on in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

And more young—very young—men:

Ronnie Cosby, nearly seven now, who can make a lion sit up and take notice. He did that, with the loss of some of his own hide, in "King of the Jungle," some time ago. He was nearly five then. Since that time he's been in eight pictures, and going strong. Another comer is Scotty Beckett, who wowed 'em in "Whom the Gods Destroy." And Billy Lee, who has just started his screen career with Paramount. And Buster Phelps, who has been in twelve pictures. And has two more signed for. Then the inimitable Spanky MacFarland of the Hal Roach comedies, who has made a hit in feature pictures, too. A grand actor and trouper. A natural!

Those are all in Hollywood. But the East is beginning to brag. It has Jackie Borene, recently on location with Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Jackie first came into notice because of his voice. His sister, Sally (a song-and-dance miss herself), found the kid brother so good she gave up her job in order to manage him. He's a Paramount discovery, so he'll probably land on the Coast in short order.

And, of course, Dickie Moore can't be passed up. He's proven his worth, and keeps right on proving it.

A RARE picture it is that goes out of Hollywood without its child prodigy today. A friend tells of meeting Director Mickey Neilan hurrying to the front office with a script of his latest picture, "The Lemon Drop Kid," under his arm.

"What's the matter, Mickey?" the friend asked.

"Matter? Why, listen, they've given me a picture to direct with no child in it. What do they think I am? I want a child like everybody else."

And he got it. Baby LeRoy was written in.

Yes, it's a new era in pictures. If it keeps up, and it has every appearance of doing so, it wouldn't surprise me to see some of the old timers take to rompers and safety-pins. For it's the day of the new youth in Hollywood.

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GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Here's the Key to Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

"Keepsake?" she answered. "She said to me, once, 'Iris, whenever I'm making a picture, you're working, too. But how can I make sure they'll keep you busy when I'm not?' It must have worried her, for she got the studio to give me a long-term stock contract, and now I don't have to worry any more about where my next meal is coming from. That's the keepsake Miss Dressler left me!"

LISTEN to this, infant, and tell me how you like it! Last night I ran plunk into the arms of the Law, and out again through the unconscious intervention of Joan Crawford! Hold your breath, and I'll Tell All! Me and a lad from M-G-M, while dashing home from the swanky new Bath and Tennis Club near the beach, were discussing Joan's birthday party on the set some time before, and how all the boys and girls had gotten together and bought her a swell cake, for thirty bucks, and she'd bought gardenias for everyone, and even pinned one on the carpenter's overalls! Then they all put on their Sunday expressions and had their pictures took!

The picture was in the car, and I looked at it, when *zowie!* . . . along came the Law and told us we were knocking off sixty. Just as the gent started handing out the ticket he noticed the picture. Right away that grim look of Order Above All forsook him, and he asked, pretty please, if he could peek. So he looked. Then he asked if maybe his wife couldn't peek, too. We said, sure, and he hopped on his chug-chug and led the way.

Well, the missus thought it was swell, and begged us to tell her *all* about Joan. She brought out tea and cakes, while the Guardian of the Law unbuckled his belt and his dignity and settled down to listen. Pretty soon in popped sister-in-law and husband. We listed all of Joan's virtues, her clothes and make-up and everything else we could think of, and began to wonder, rather desperately, where it all was going to end; but, as night fell, we were released by these rabid Crawford fans . . . without, may the saints bless the gal, a ticket! Did you ever?

DID I tell you how I snuck over to the "Music in the Air" set the other day 'cause I was dying to see Gloria Swanson work after she had been so long out of pictures? She came gaily in, on the fond protecting arm of Herbert Marshall.

Just before she stepped before the cameras she glanced at him, 'way off in a corner. He smiled. So Gloria started to work. She went through all her old Sennett slapstick stuff . . . falling on the floor, dress blowing up . . . all of it, and simply killing, too. But the moment she had finished a scene she would glance over at the boy friend, who either would nod, or shake his head. If it was not so much to Mr. Marshall's taste, she'd beg the director to let her try again. And when she re-did it, it was so darned swell that the dignified Herbert's suspenders nearly snapped with pride.

MEMBER when youse and me saw Fred Astaire in New York in "Gay Divorce," baby, and we just adored him, he was that swell? Well, when I learned that he was doing the movie of it (retitled "The Gay Divorcée") with Ginger Rogers, Eddie Hor-

ton and Alice Brady, quick as wink I phoned the director, Mark Sandrich, and told him I was lunch-inviting myself to RKO! Being the understanding sort he introduced me to Mr. Astaire and to Eddie Horton also. And the three of us lunched. Ginger wasn't there, praise Allah! I can stand doing without *that* competition! But I did feel giddy! For a gal who loves attention I was doing pretty good!

Between munches Mr. Sandrich told us that some years ago in a projection room in New York, he saw a little girl sing a song in a Rudy Vallee short. When the lights went on there sat the little girl crying her eyes out, because she thought she was so bad. It was her first picture, and it looked like it would be her last. To comfort her, he patted her shoulder and told her that one of these days she'd be a star, and he'd be her director. Now—has this the nice dramatic ending you want it to?—the girl was Ginger; and here she is a few years later, creating a spectacular sensation in Mr. Sandrich's picture! Satisfying?

When we went back on the set Eddie Horton had to do a dance—imagine it!—with little Betty Grable, who is a de luxe cutie. Poor Eddie—it certainly done him wrong!

"Remember when the talkies came out," he panted, "and all the billboards screamed 'Garbo talks!?' Well if I live long enough, maybe you'll advertise me, 'Horton dances!'"

It still baffles me how Fred Astaire happened to get the afternoon off—but he did; and since it was one of those delightfully balmy California afternoons (adv.) he went beaching . . . and . . . don't swoon, pet! . . . he asked me to go with him! We had a honey of a day. First, a dip into the blue-and-snowy briny, then trotted happily along the wide, deserted sands, all wet and shining as the tide left them, and up above, the sunlit cliffs. (I never loved exercise so much before!) Then we came upon a charming little Japanese lady, with her husband sitting on a nearby log. She was doing a quaint, pretty dance for her audience of one. She was a little fruit store lady; and when I asked what the dance was she got shy and giggled, but finally told us it was one of the seven surviving kinds of Japanese dances.

She did the Mikado, and the Bamboo, and the Cherry Blossom for us. Very short. Then I asked her to teach me the Cherry Blossom, but, not being born to the kimono, I couldn't do so well. Then Fred stepped to the fore and volunteered to show me. But he wasn't so Yokohama, either. So the little Jap lady and her husband teamed up with us, and it ended with a class on the seashore, and all of us in a row dancing the Cherry Blossom. Well, pal, I've seen some sitcheations in my little span, but none more amusing than one of the world's best dancers, Mr. Fred Astaire, being taught an Oriental fandango by a little Jap couple who hadn't the faintest idea who he was!

O-OOH!—I forgot to tell you about the enclosed picture! It got taken at the studio, on the way out with Mr. Astaire. I was hailed by a couple of Southern voices that belonged, surprisingly enough, to Wheeler and Woolsey, who were in character for their parts in "Kentucky Kernels." "Please take a picture with us, ma'am," begged they. "Sho', sho'," I said. "But please explain the woe-begone expressions!"

"Well," said Bert, "my little daughter, Pat, was in the car when I went to fetch a lady. 'What's she like?' the little one asked. 'Blonde,' I said. Pat stuck her nose in the air, and said, 'Hmmp! I thought so!' So if you'll just step into a little picture it would help square me with the boss!"

"And Spanky MacFarlane," put in Bob Woolsey, "who is in 'Kentucky Kernels' with us, was introduced to Bert here by his mother, who said, 'Spanky, this is Mr. Woolsey's partner.' Spanky took one look at me, and piped: 'Does he *have* to have a partner!' So, if you kinda stepped in between us, it might help!"

Well, anything to preserve the home and kiddies, Joan . . . so that's me in the middle, looking coy, with those insanity specialists you're so nutty about.

JOAN, darling, last night I trotted some visiting Easterners out to the Hollywood Brown Derby, where they all got swivel-necked watching the front door. Me, too! Isabel Jewell came in looking as Rue de la Paix as anything, with Lee Tracy. Right away, my company developed acute hysteria. So I sent over a menu with a pen. It came back bearing the two magic signatures, and the bearer was Mr. Tracy himself, who bowed, smiled, shook hands. Tomorrow I send him a big bunch of daisies.

Well, the thrill of that carried us through the soup. Then someone spotted George Raft on the other side of the room and went mildly balmy. So I went over and laid my story in his lap. He said he'd *love* to meet the folks. Maxie Rosenbloom, the world's lightweight champ, who smacks the whiskers offa his opponents, was dining with him. I kinda held my breath, because Maxie's such a clown you never know what to expect . . . but he was as good as gold. I could have introduced my white-haired old grandma.

LAMB, I wanna go to Honolulu! Over the week-end at Raquel Torres Ames' house in Malibu, all I listened to was Honolulu; and when I saw Raquel do marvelous Hawaiian dances that settled it! If somebody doesn't take me quick, so I can learn to do wiggle-waggles with my arms like Raquel does, I'm



"The Captain Hates the Sea," but Victor McLaglen, in the Columbia picture, loves the jokes John Gilbert tells him

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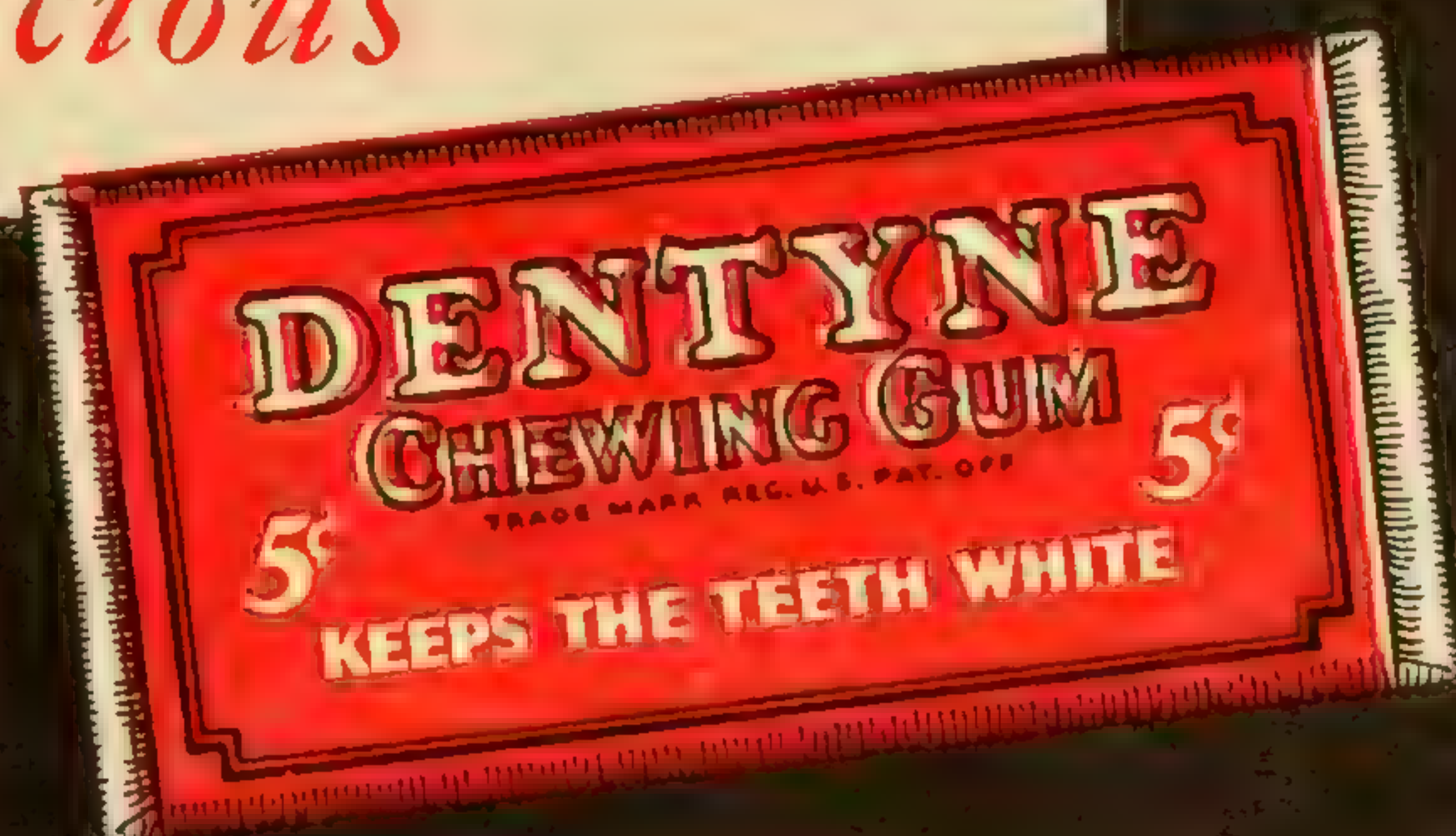
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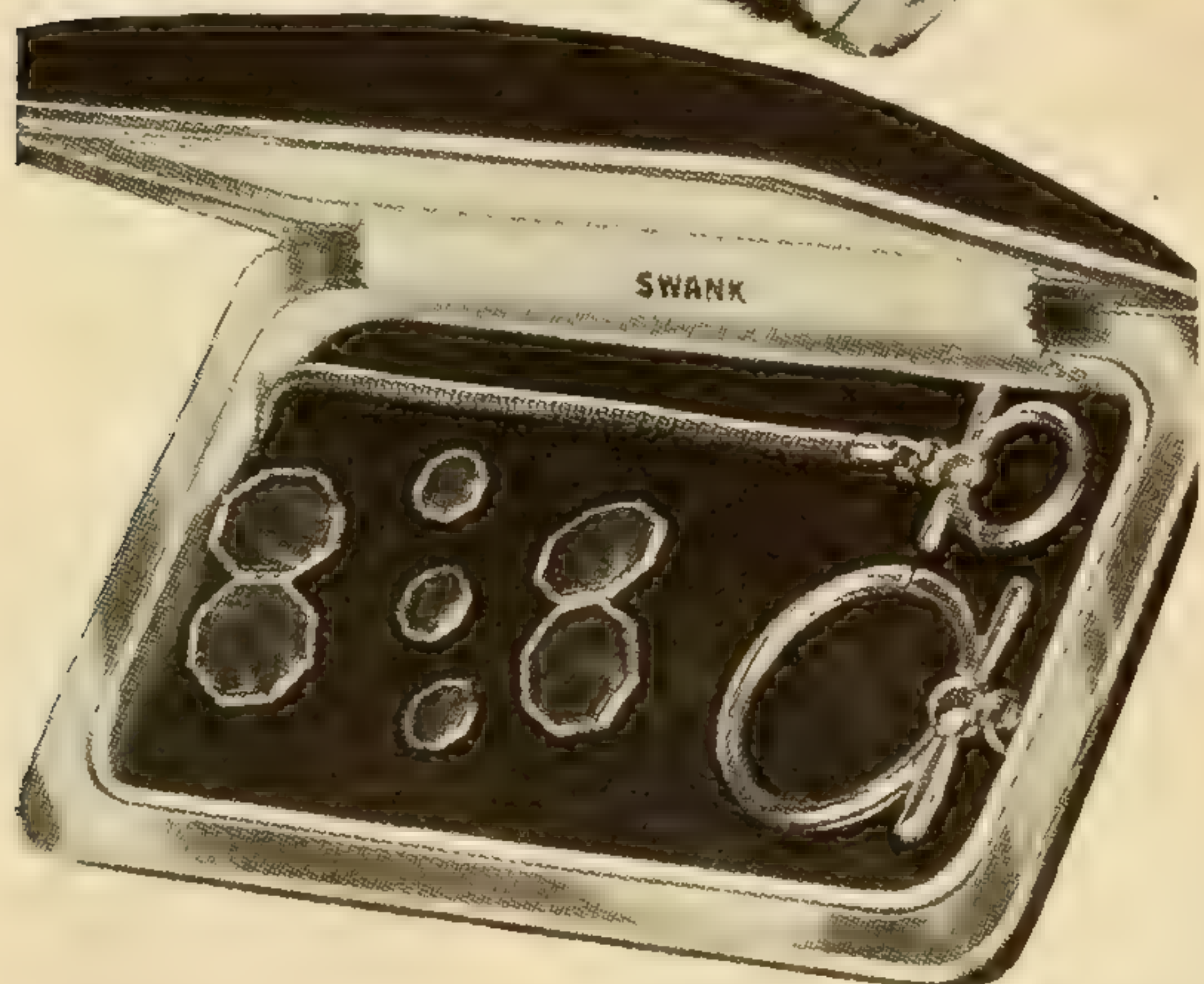
Chew delicious

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MOUTH HEALTHY
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WHITE . . .





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who dress well
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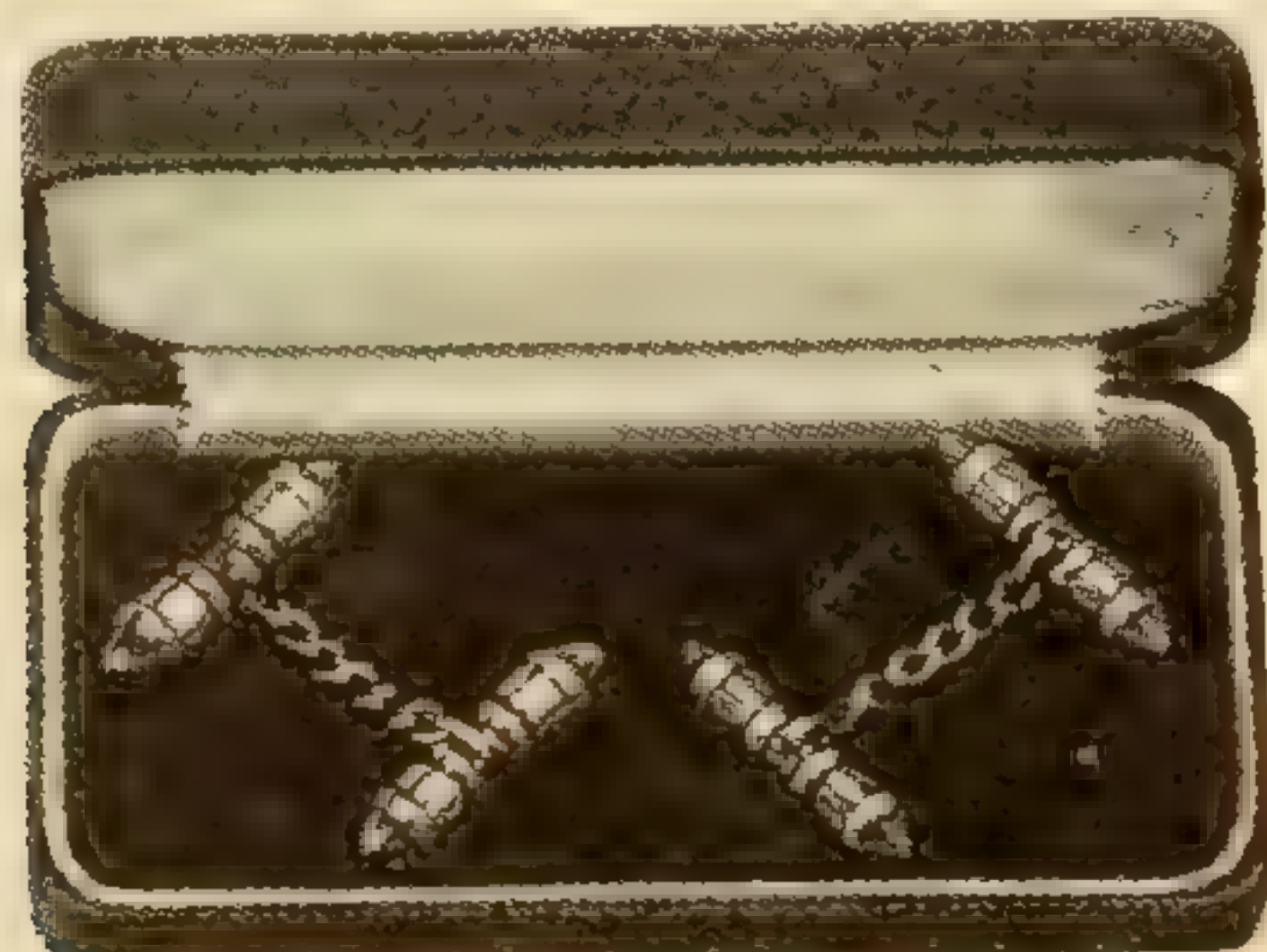
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going to swim! And oh, Joan, she and husband, Steve Ames, are the most enchanting couple ever! She's so sultry looking with the kind of skin and hair you see on magazine covers, and he's more fun!

Alice White and her husband were there, and Alice crocheted mad little caps so fast we all got light-headed watching her. I told her I'd like one, too.

She said, sure!—but I'd have to wait till Christmas, or no cap. Twenty on the list ahead of me.

INCIDENTALLY, I'm lunching with the Ames today, and should be in my bedroom primping, right now. But I have to tell you just one more bit—if only my little left flipper will hold out! It's about Norma Shearer and Lew Cody. And, although there's a regretful note in her voice when she mentions Lew, nothing connected with that humor-loving soul could be anything but amusing. Seems that in a picture long ago, called "Demi-Bride" with Norma and Lew, there was an English writer whom the whole cast loved to tease. One day he decided to have a laugh on them. It was at a time when Hollywood was terribly foreign-director conscious, so our wise little writer

trotted over to the make-up department and got all tricked out like a German. Then, with fur-lined overcoat and Homburg hat, he got himself escorted to the set by the publicity department (in on the joke), and was introduced as *Herr Schnitzel*, greatest of the great Continental megaphone-wielders.

ON the set that day were loads of visiting guests, and they were just as impressed with the great *Herr Schnitzel* and his guttural accent as was the cast. But when *Herr Schnitzel* turned his head, his friends recognized, by the peculiar contour of his head, none other than our English funster. Nothing was said, but Norma, chatting charmingly, got on one side of him, and Lew got on the other, also chatting of this and that—and the director got in back and gave him a sudden swift kick in the pantaloons and sent him flying.

It was a great laugh—except that no one thought to tell the visitors what the joke was, and to this day I'll bet, they think that that's the way Hollywood treats its foreign directors! Well, my Joannie, fun's fun, but you can't laugh all the time! Toodle-oo!

Mitzi.

He's Jinx-Proof Now

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

star who is at the top without losing your own foothold. At that, I don't believe it would have mattered one iota to Brent if he and Ruth Chatterton had been temperamentally suited. They were not.

He came to Hollywood restless, eager, seeking to add another chapter to his adventure-driven life. He found the studios run on a factory basis.

"When the whistle blows, you leap. Somebody tells you how to lift your hand and raise your eyelid," George vehemently told me. "You rehearse running up the stairs twenty times and when you're puffing worse than a white mare on ice they tell you to 'turn on the charm!' You go into a rôle before you've finished the last and you're never sure just what character you're playing until the production is about ended. I tell you, the dry mechanics of this thing are getting me down!"

I can hear him yet, the hot-headed rebel. And if the camera had caught him then he would have set fire to fifty million feminine fancies!

BUT one has time to think during a long drawn out vacation. Especially when it's enforced. Especially when you're still under a contract that prevents you from accepting three-thousand-dollars-a-week offers on a radio program.

"I've got a five-year plan," he informed me recently. "Now every cent I earn goes into an annuity. At the end of that time I'll have enough to take care of myself for life. My manager allows me exactly twenty-five dollars a week for spending money."

"Here," I said, "the coffee's on me, old man."

"Oh well, if you insist on paying for this, let's have steak!" He shot me a wicked grin.

"Are you—er—budgeting romance, too?" I asked with the neat tact of an old friend. Rumors of dates with Myrna and tête-à-têtes with Jean Muir have been circulating.

"Romance is out," he said tersely, finally.

But, of course, an Irishman must have some excitement. Some danger. It's the breath of life to him. So Brent has taken up aviation in a large way.

"The first time I made a solo flight was the most thrilling moment of my life, bar none!" he said.

Barring not even that moment, back in 1921, when he jumped down into a boat a split second ahead of a policeman's bullet. For a spy of the Free State was no welcome visitor on English soil in those days. And George was that.

A seventeen-year-old madcap with danger his only design for living.

IN a way, it still is. That is what makes Brent a glamorous figure—he usually gets close enough to fire to be singed by it.

There was that afternoon he was held up at the studio for still pictures. Twenty minutes late, he tore out to the airport to find the plane had gone up without him—and his instructor had been killed in it five minutes before. . . . Missing death by twenty minutes—it's all in the game to him.

At the preview of "Stamboul Quest" one producer remarked, "I'd give \$250,000 for Brent's contract."

He was, you see, that "hot." They put him in "Desirable" and then Garbo claimed him for "The Painted Veil." As the lover. A royal summons, that, to share the leading male honors with Herbert Marshall.

"Aren't you afraid of the Garbo jinx?" asked a writer. "She's had thirteen leading men, and each one's reputation as an actor has suffered when he has finished in her production!"

Brent shrugged.

"I'm jinx-proof," he said. "Didn't you know? The jinx can only work on you a hundred times or so, and it's over its quota with me!"

Right now he's considered one of the best bets in Hollywood.

First Aid to Actors

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

blocks the grass grew tall and the cows roamed fancy free. And any movie cowboy who missed the last car from Universal City was marooned for the night, stranded on the other side of the unpaved Cahuenga cow-path as effectively as though marooned on a desert island.

Those days, the drug-store that Sam owned was virtually the civic center. All the social life revolved around Sam's back room, and the old pot-bellied stove, around which the present-day celebrities used to gather, warmed to many a yarn.

Besides being a stove, it was the cradle of the movies in more senses than one. More casting was done around that stove than in all of the studios put together—but, of course, you could scarcely call them studios then. Scenarios were written there by the bale, with its kindly warmth for inspiration, and they weren't all that went on the cuff, either. At one time, Sam carried on the cuff the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars, all loaned to actors in grub-stakes, and so forth.

Sam's losses on these accounts averaged less than *one-fourth of one per cent!*

IN those gay, improvident times, it was customary to borrow a few dollars from Sam one day and then go out and make a thousand the next. Sam carried a huge roll of greenbacks for the purpose, and no check was ever too big for him to cash. Oftentimes, since the studio paid off in vouchers, an actor wouldn't have the necessary carfare to go downtown to cash in, and so he'd go to Sam.

A lot of the biggest stars did it—Wally Beery, Gloria Swanson, Wally Reid, and a bit later on, Pola Negri and the rest of them.

Sam runs a little restaurant now, but then his drug-store had a corner on the make-up business. Then, all the old-time players would naturally trade at Sam's. It was nothing to put a meal on the slate one noon and buy a hundred dollar bottle of perfume the next. Sam says that perfume was considered the height of luxury and elegance.

His two best perfume customers were Pola Negri and Wallace Reid.

POLA had a passion for the strongest, heaviest scents she could find. She bought hundreds of dollars worth at a time, tipped the clerks liberally, and always paid cash from an enormous roll of bills, stuffed carelessly in her bag. She was always sweet and patient. Never once did anyone in the store get a glimpse of the fiery temper for which she was so well known in the studio.

Perfumes also fascinated Wally Reid.

"He didn't use them himself," Kress remembers. "But Wally couldn't resist the temptation to buy dozens of bottles, which he would take home to Dorothy, his wife, or give away to anyone who happened to be around. I finally had to limit him to a certain amount, and refused to sell him any more than that."

Emotional young Hollywood, with sudden wealth and not much balance, was perfume crazy. Strong scents and plenty of them. The actresses bought it by the gallon—literally bathed in it—vied with each other to see who could have the most perfume bottles on the dressing-table.

Gloria Swanson led the procession. Pola



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was a close second. But Gloria was just as attracted by the container as by what was in it. She practically lived in a glass house made of beautiful perfume bottles. Numbers of these she bought from Kress.

Gloria was Sam's particular enthusiasm.

"Talk about glamour—that girl had it without half trying. She didn't need any build-up, any press-agent, to tell you she was glamorous. It just walked in the store, right along with her!

"A magnetic, irresistible child, impulsive, sweet, loyal—too generous for her own good, and a poor business woman," is the way he sums her up.

"After Gloria married Herbert Somborn and was expecting her baby, her daily exercise was the walk from her house at Wilcox and Yucca down to the drug-store for a soda and the movie magazines. Every day she sat in her pet booth in the little back room, chatting over the village news—who had been cast in what picture, what happened at so-and-so's party the night before, who had a new sweetheart, and so on.

Then she had another soda, gathered up her magazines and perhaps a new bottle of perfume, and strolled back home."

WHAT a contrast from the aloof, sophisticated Gloria of today!

The night she returned to California after marrying the Marquis de la Falaise, Gloria telephoned Kress and told him she *had* to see him immediately on urgent business of the greatest importance. He left a dinner party and raced out to her house as fast as he could drive.

You could never guess what Gloria wanted. It seemed that, in Atlantic City, a friend had taken some snapshots of Gloria and the Marquis, and they had brought the films out with them. Perfectly harmless pictures, taken on the beach in bathing suits.

Gloria wanted Sam Kress, "the only person in Hollywood she could trust *absolutely*," to take the films to a photographer and promise to remain in the dark room with him while they were being developed and printed. She was afraid he might make some extra prints and they would get into the newspapers!

Little Gloria, the former bathing girl, had suddenly become a Marquise—and such publicity would be undignified!

Gloria may have changed from the unsophisticated child of the corner drug-store days, but she never forgot her old friends. Later, when she was in New York and learned that Mr. and Mrs. Kress were there on a visit, she sent a huge basket of flowers, and gave them a big dinner party.

"So far as I am concerned," Sam says, "Gloria tops them all—as a woman, a mother, and an actress. . . . But I told her right out that she made the greatest mistake of her life when she got herself a Marquis!"

ONE time a swarthy, handsome young man, who hadn't been in Hollywood very long, dropped into the store and asked Kress to lend him his fare back to New York.

He was discouraged, broke, and felt that Hollywood wasn't the place for him. Back in New York he knew people who would give him a job.

"Better give Hollywood another try," advised Kress. "You haven't been out here long enough to find out yet whether they want you or not."

So he loaned the actor enough money for a round-trip ticket, instead of one way fare. His name was Rudolph Valentino, and he paid his debt.

When his great success came, Valentino never forgot those who had helped him. He went to the drug-store often to buy his supplies and to see Kress, whom he consulted about all his problems.

Charlie Chaplin was a lonesome little soul, even then. He seldom joined the convivial group at the corner rendezvous. He never spent any money except what he had to for make-up.

"He was working for the future," Kress says.

AT that time, Charlie's one ambition was to play the part of the crippled boy in "The Two Orphans."

Kress remembers him, during a visit he made to the old Sennett studio. Charlie was off in one corner, playing mournful melodies on a violin that had only two strings. Remote, reserved, he would quietly move away if anyone came near.

When the late Lew Cody was a kid, he had a job as soda jerker in a drug-store and, Kress says, he never quite recovered from it.

"He loved to come into the store and discuss the drug business, using all the long technical words he could remember," Kress recalls. "He got a big kick out of going behind the fountain and mixing his own soda—sometimes waiting on trade, for a gag."

Wally Beery was another actor who counted the day wasted that didn't find him at the corner drug-store around four in the afternoon, buying candy for the kids who came flocking in after school.

"Wally himself had a respectable candy capacity," says Sam. "He was good for at least six chocolate bars at a session—a big, hearty man's man, who looked a roughneck and was a rank sentimentalist at heart."

"He was always with a group of men. For several years after his divorce from Gloria, I never saw him in public with a girl. He would sit in one of the booths with several bosom pals, swapping experiences over their sodas, and when Wally laughed, every bottle on the shelves quivered!

"Beery developed a very level business head and was most conservative in his investments, about which he frequently consulted with me. He was never a big spender, never gave a whoop about appearances or what anybody thought."

He saved and invested his money like an efficient business man.

HE was certainly a contrast to the majority of actors at that time. The present informal style of dressing had not come in, and they spent a lot on clothes—always dressed in their best, even to run around the corner and buy a package of cigarettes. Wally, however, never cared how he looked. His suits might have been made for two other people. But he always rated the biggest welcome in the place when he walked in."

The actors in that era were not nearly so extravagant as the actresses. Most of the actresses were little girls with a sudden wealth they had had no preparation to handle.

Mae Murray was the exception. She was a keen business woman, and among her investments she owned stock in Kress' store. So she never failed to drop in every few days to see how business was.

"She knew more about the place than I did," Kress smiled.

Little Pauline Garon was a frequent patron when she was in town.

"I always called her the Wanderluster. She was forever on her way somewhere. One

of the most self-sufficient little girls I ever saw—and all the time looking like a helpless clinging vine who couldn't get across the street by herself!"

Rosemary Theby smoked more cigarettes than any other girl in town—and always forgot to stock up at night. So promptly at eight in the morning, she would telephone for some to be sent up to the house before she could get up for the day.

Lon Chaney had long discussions with Sam about make-up. It was his consuming interest.

"He always wanted me to let him know right away if anything new had come in," relates Sam, "and invariably experimented with whatever it might be.

"When he found something he had never used, he was in a glow of excitement, opened it right there, and went back of the counter to put it on. I kept a mirror in a certain spot where the light was good, just for Chaney."

SAM KRESS knew them all—and gave many a boy and girl more substantial encouragement than just a kind word. They went to him with their troubles and secrets—and although it was many years ago, he still regards them as a sacred trust.

The old Kress corner drug-store is no more—Hollywood has grown up and now has its rendezvous in ornate restaurants and night clubs.

But more than one big star, on his or her way to a grand party, in a limousine, tucks the ermine robe around with a sigh and remembers the good old days in Sam Kress' back room, when fame and wealth—and responsibility—were unknown quantities of the future—and they really had a good time!

The Woman With Sapphire Hair

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

ideas are so few they become history and are recorded in caps—such as "Platinum Blonde." And the quietly gracious, distinguished Janet Beecher is willing to let the case rest right there. She does not feel called upon to "live up" to her unique coiffure with daring or extreme gestures to match.

As a matter of fact, the two words—"daring" and "extreme"—look out of place in a story that concerns her. She is the very antithesis of them.

Small, slender, dressed with exquisite and detailed simplicity, she has distinction, the look of breeding. The blue hair is a perfect complement to the sapphire-blue eyes. She might be forty, she looks thirty, but her complexion is not a day over sixteen.

She keeps it that way by swimming, working in her garden, and scrubbing it with soap and cold water. (Very simple and inexpensive formula.)

MISS BEECHER made her stage debut at sixteen. Eighteen, and she was playing a gray-haired mother for Belasco. A few years later, when her own hair was white, she was forced to resort to transformations, up until the time she startled Broadway by appearing with her own hair revealed. A few of her successes have been "The Concert" (an early one, with Leo Dietrichstein), "Courage," "Men Must Fight," "The Great Adventure," and "The Love Child." There were many others.

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Her forte now is understanding wives—never heroic or embittered—and mothers who are modern, in the best sense of the word. In "Gallant Lady," with Ann Harding (Miss Beecher's first talking picture—she had some experience in silent films), she was a present-day business woman, an interior decorator, hopelessly in love with Clive Brook, but aware that it was no use—and retaining her sense of humor about the whole thing. She retains it at *all* times, in reality, and considers life for a woman insupportable without it.

Miss Beecher made the transition from stage to talking screen without a quiver of apprehension.

"I found out right away that one needn't do a thing one didn't do on the stage. Merely concentrate it. So I immediately forgot the camera and never thought about being 'angle-conscious.' I had a sympathetic director, Gregory La Cava, which is so important in a first picture.

"Then it was so encouraging to have Mr. Zanuck (20th Century producer) send for me and not even require a test. He said he knew my work on the stage well enough.

"For a long time before coming to Hollywood, I had the feeling that this was *the* medium, that I would like to try it. Now I love it.

"Oh, yes, of course I would go back—but only for a really great play."

THIS was the place to ask that inevitable question about missing contact with an audience. Almost every stage player so far has admitted that as the one drawback in pictures.

"No," said this lady, surprisingly, "because you always play to *one* person in the audience. You single out that person as soon as you go on the stage—the one who gives you his whole attention, who rewards you with that important little appreciative chuckle after your first good line.

"Thereafter, you give a performance for that person. Many times we gave our best performances in rehearsal for Mr. Belasco, because he was our most appreciative and exacting audience.

"In a picture you have a director who is vitally interested, you have a crew and a whole company for an audience. A splendidly critical and knowing audience, demanding your best.

"I frequently go to see pictures, and have noticed that the audience is far more responsive than at a stage presentation. Because the movie-goer can catch the actor's eye, on the screen. He feels so much nearer. In the theater—except in the first few rows—you see only the broad gestures. There is not that close communication as with the screen. A picture actor can have a tremendous hold on his audience because they can look in his eyes, and because his efforts are not diffused. Every shade of expression, every thought, registers.

"MY only criticism of pictures is this: Too many of them woefully underestimate the public intelligence.

"Entertainment is constantly changing, but not fast enough to keep up with growing minds. Tremendous strides are made in intelligence, even faster than it can be recorded in books. The screen can work more expeditiously."

"What do you think of the new censorship?" I asked.

"I think it is deplorable that a great industry can be retarded by the vulgarity of a very few little minds in it. One director of one not particularly important picture thinks of some

little vulgarity which has amused him—and he incorporates it into a scene. Impulsively. If he would deliberate, he would realize the millions of persons who are going to see his own personal amusement magnified all over the world—and the detonations that are coming back from it.

"I do not think that pictures should turn to milk-and-water because of what, unfortunately, has happened. People live, and the things that happen to them are not always pretty, and we want to see life mirrored on the screen.

"Tremendous problems can be projected with good taste in writing, and with the right actors to interpret them adroitly and with subtlety."

Miss Beecher recently finished an important rôle with George Arliss in "The Last Gentleman" and she says it was a dream come true. For years, she has known him. Her sister, Olive Wyndham, played several seasons in "The Green Goddess," one of his greatest successes. But this was the first time Janet ever appeared with him.

She reveled in the opportunity to rehearse for two weeks before the picture started, as Arliss always does, and she was thrilled that her second talkie should afford her this opportunity.

JANET BEECHER is resolutely and courageously turning down parts which she does not consider suitable. She is tired of haughty society women who refuse to let their sons marry "beneath" them—especially when it is as plain as day to the audience that the girl is a nice little thing who is going to get all the sympathy, anyway. These characters are uncommon and unnatural to life, and she cannot "feel" them. She says all the Beecher women have been pioneers in one way or another, and she will hold on to her sturdy principles. She will play jolly, understanding women, or grand character parts—or she won't play!

Her own son, Richard (Wingham), is twelve years old and attending a private school in Hollywood, where Miss Beecher has established her home with him and with her mother. She loves having a garden, after years in New York (she was born in Jefferson City, Missouri).

She has been separated from her husband, a doctor, for eight years.

Janet prefers to live the quiet, well-ordered life, and says it took her four days of working in the garden to recover from her one Hollywood cocktail party. So much chatter, so disorganizing. The garden is so peaceful, so inspiring, she thinks she will not desert it again for another party.

Not that she is unsocial—just that she prefers people in small groups with soft voices and something to say.

HER love life, she says, is "practically at a standstill." Loads of friends drop in for but there's no romantic distraction in them. tea, Not that she scorns love—just that her mind is too occupied with work, with her son and mother, her home.

She can become very emotional about her work, and thinks that is a sort of sublimated love life.

First of all, she wishes to be known to her new picture audience as an *actress*. In this she compliments the intelligence of her audience:

She believes their primary interest in her is her acting—not the fact that she may or may not have a romance, or that she is an expert swimmer, or even that she has sapphire-blue hair.



FAREWELL TO AGE

by Elizabeth Arden

● Noon. The Rex was sailing. The Marquesa d'_____ stood at the railing. "Farewell!" she gaily waved. The thought came to me: *with that same spirit, she also bids farewell to age!* For, I had remolded her face into a living picture of its former beauty. Not through complicated rituals: but by three daily steps that bring out latent loveliness . . . Cleansing, Toning, Soothing . . . augmented by special preparations to soften age lines and postpone wrinkles. Cleanse with Ardena Cleansing Cream which floats out dust, make-up, cream and all; freshen with Skin Tonic; and soothe your skin with Velva Cream. Once a week, enjoy a refreshing Anti-Wrinkle Treatment; while for nightly use in combating wrinkled skin, simply use Orange Skin Cream, then pat Astringent Oil around eyes and mouth. Be loyal to this simple beauty care and I promise that you, too, shall say . . . Farewell to Age! For your home treatment, I should like to send you my newly-designed band, the Hair-Protecta. Price \$1. Address Elizabeth Arden, 691 Fifth Avenue, Dept. A P., New York. Ardena Cleansing Cream \$1 to \$6; Ardena Skin Tonic 85c to \$15;

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Burns and Allen
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Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Jessica Dragonette
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Paul Gerrits
Gwenllian Gill
Cary Grant
Charlotte Henry
David Jack Holt
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy
Diana Lewis
John Lodge
Carole Lombard

Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Julian Madison
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Clara Lou Sheridan
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Eldred Tildbury
Lee Tracy
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Howard Wilson
Toby Wing
Anna May Wong

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

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Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Catalina Barrena
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
John Bradford
Frances Carlon
Madeleine Carroll
Dave Chasen
Tito Coral
James Dunn
Jack Durand
Charles Farrell
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Stepin Fetchit
Nick Foran
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Harry Green
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson

Victor Jory
June Lang
Edmund Lowe
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Conchita Montenegro
Rosita Moreno
Herbert Mundin
Warner Oland
Valentin Parera
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Ruth Peterson
John Qualen
Will Rogers
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Constance Bennett
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Fredric March
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Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
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Richard Cromwell
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Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
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Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Ralph Bushman
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Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Douglas Dumbrille
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
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Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
C. Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt

Irene Hervey
Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger
Elsa Lanchester
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchot
William Powell
Esther Ralston
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Maurice Schwartz
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

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Henry Armetta
Nils Asther
Binnie Barnes
Dean Benton
Mary Brooks
Willy Castello
Carol Coombe
Philip Dakin
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff

June Knight
Frank Lawton
Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Florine McKinney
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Roger Pryor
Juanita Quigley
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Francis L. Sullivan
Polly Walters
Alice White
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

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Joan Blondell
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Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
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Dorothy Dare
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Maxine Doyle
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Kay Francis
Hugh Herbert
Russell Hicks
Leslie Howard
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins

Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Terry La Franconi
Hal LeRoy
Robert Light
Margaret Lindsay
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Helen Lowell
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Reginald Owen
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Stanwyck
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Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
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Hollywood Teaches Hugh Walpole How to Write

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

energy, and he has an unerring sense of human proportion as well as literary proportion. Incidentally, he is unmarried.

Mr. Walpole anticipated my first question—Hollywood and his response to it.

"Writing for the screen is a highly specialized art and a most difficult one, as I find it. I wish to learn it from the basic fundamentals, and I have had many things to unlearn first.

"For instance, a few days after my arrival, I sat down all by myself and wrote what I considered to be a very choice bit of sentiment—a scene described just as I would do it in a novel. As you know, I am one of the most voluminous and wordy writers in the world. A few days later, in the office of a certain executive, I saw my tender but verbose little treatment with a large blue 'Lousy' inscribed across its face!

"NO one has written anything like that on my copy for thirty years. I had to come to Hollywood to have it happen to me. Of course, I might have taken a train right then, had not my fears been calmed and my tears wiped away by those three stalwart worthies, Selznick, Cukor and Estabrook. I pay them the highest tribute for their generous cooperation.

I am being trained and looked after with the most monumental patience, and that is the only way any novelist will ever learn to write for the screen.

"Many writers have preceded me, to depart with tales of being isolated in some remote office and told to write a story for so-and-so, a cherished star. Naturally, having not the remotest idea of the *modus operandi*, they have come away embittered, and have seen their story massacred.

"I have learned to say 'I see' before every sentence. Everything must be visual, and writing for the eye and the mind is quite a different thing than writing for the mind, alone. I am learning to curb myself, to condense, to write screen dialogue—which means to select the only right word from any number of possible ones. To write briefly, and to effect, to save words. To arrange for characters to be doing something while they are talking.

"I AM very happy here, working under these ideal conditions. I do not say I would be happy under different ones. For instance, I would be excruciatingly miserable working on a story called, let us say, 'Three In A Bed.' In fact, so miserable that the very next train would bear me away.

"The thrill and excitement of seeing a carefully and lovingly produced picture come together from all sides is comparable with none I have ever experienced. This studio has been nearly a year in the preparation of 'David Copperfield.' The passion for authenticity surmounts all obstacles. The little drawing on the top of Peggotty's work-basket, which will be glimpsed in one shot, was found to be not quite perfect. Everything waited until this was remedied.

"Of course, the good pictures are remembered for years, but there are too many ephem-

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eral results in the lesser ones to justify all the trouble taken.

"There has to be a division made soon between the art of the cinema and the mere, sheer entertainment, which only two or three in the audience will remember for more than an hour. This division is made in all other art—why not on the screen?

"There is no departure made from the letter of Dickens, in this picture. The concentrated aim is to recreate *David Copperfield*, and I am proud to be taking part in this great enterprise. Any man would be proud.

"And I am speaking for many who want to share in the artistic creation of pictures. But not ever in shoddy pictures, unworthy of all the effort.

"I HAVE never known people to work so hard, so ceaselessly—and it should be to some end. I thought novel-writing was hard work until I came here. I came over originally for two weeks, thought I would be asked a few questions, and go home. Now it will be the end of the year before that will happen.

"The element that has been neglected most is the script. Writers are shy of coming to Hollywood because they know they have not studied picture technique. They hear of others who have had their stuff torn up and destroyed, and been disgusted. It is useless for any writer to try without at least six months' apprenticeship, instruction and practice. He must be here to learn the technique and see the machinery. When he learns it and forgets it, as a pianist does, he can put himself into his work as well as he does in a novel. A novel, as a novel, is seldom adaptable for the screen, without drastic changes. It is not for the novelist to lament.

"Let him learn how, and then see his essence preserved. Paul Morand, H. G. Wells, Thomas Mann, should be asked to write something definitely and individually theirs—created for this medium.

"As for the physical Hollywood—there is a constant nervous feeling here. All on the quiver. Pictures are quickly coming and going, there is always a new one tomorrow. This influences the temperament of the place. A door opens and maybe it's a fortune or maybe you're fired.

"It is as if we were all marooned on an enormous ship in the middle of a vast sea, where the entire population has one aim and ambition to accomplish—the making of mov-

ing pictures. It has its own life, makes its own laws, and lives dreadfully close. This whole sex and divorce business and cheap glamour plays a very tiny part, and it is monstrous the way private lives are violated in the public prints.

"Hollywood is not a cheap place, or even a glamorous place. It is a community of hard-working, self-sacrificing people, working together in a common art. It is a heart-breaking example of all kinds of people of different strata of birth, intelligence and beliefs, getting along together, without undue discrimination, in extraordinary harmony. It is full of beauty and mockery and courage. And a wit relentlessly sustained.

"This outside-world reputation is a Frankenstein monster you, yourselves, have constructed—and it is up to you to destroy it!"

I could have listened the rest of the afternoon, the week—or the year, for that matter—but on Mr. Walpole's desk was urgent work to be done. He talks with the utmost ease, with choice discrimination between fractions of meaning, with a solicitude for words, and with never a pause to find one. He is eloquent enough to be a great orator, which is an exceptional gift in the frequently inarticulate writer.

HE writes every word in exquisite script, and it is inconceivable to him that anyone could accomplish a novel on the typewriter. The mechanics would come between the characters and himself. He loves the feeling of the good paper, the pencil in his hand. He dictates only articles and letters. He says if you really have to write, you can't be stopped, and the ability to write cannot be taught. Your uniqueness may be in your weakness and it should not be trained out. Writers are born to write, and couldn't do anything else if they tried. All arts, he continued, should be the revelation of a unique personality, which is the only excuse for being a writer or a painter or a musician.

The combination of personality and ability is necessary to success.

Mr. Walpole deplors the fact that so few contemporary writers are building solid and lasting reputations with consistent work. It is a whole-time job, and the writer must have seclusion and solitude. But he should not become anti-social.

"What a man is, he writes. What he writes, he is."

"Little Women" Leads All the Rest

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

held the lead right from the first batch of ballots that came in. That in itself is the highest compliment the picture can have.

Also, it most certainly indicates that the majority prefer a high-grade brand of clean, wholesome entertainment. It indicates to a nicety the keen discrimination of the movie-going public—that acting, directing, photography and story must be of the highest caliber.

"Little Women" was called a picture of triumphs for Katharine Hepburn, as *Jo*. And who can forget the other three little women, Joan Bennett as *Amy* (by the way, Joan was in the cast of another PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal picture, that of "Disraeli," 1929 winner), Frances Dee as *Meg*, and Jean Parker as *Beth*?

But, the entire cast was magnificent, and you probably remember everyone—Paul Lukas, Spring Byington, Douglass Montgomery, Edna May Oliver, Henry Stephenson, Samuel Hinds, Mabel Colcord, John Davis Lodge, and Nydia Westman.

And one of the biggest parts in the success of "Little Women" was in George Cukor's directing. Through his skill, the story was given naturalness. It would have been so easy for him to make of the picture a gushy, saccharine muddle.

A lot of credit goes to Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman in their adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's book, keeping close to the story and the dialogue of the original, yet modifying adeptly to present day usage and

custom. The excellent camera work was that of Henry Gerrard.

Also, this is the second time PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal has gone to an RKO-Radio picture. The first was for "Cimarron," 1931.

Incidentally, the PHOTOPLAY medal is solid gold, and two-and-one-half inches in diameter. It was designed and executed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

PREVIOUS winners of the medal were "Humoresque," 1920; "Tol'able David," 1921; "Robin Hood," 1922; "The Covered Wagon," 1923; "Abraham Lincoln," 1924; "The Big Parade," 1925; "Beau Geste," 1926; "7th Heaven," 1927; "Four Sons," 1928; "Disraeli," 1929; "All Quiet on the Western Front," 1930; "Cimarron," 1931, and "Smilin' Through," 1932.

The Way Good Stories Go Wrong

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Finally the four of them got together and decided that Hepburn and Crawford would both be Ethel Barrymore and come out at the last of the play (I'm afraid it's turned out to be a farce, after all) and say, "That's all there is, there isn't any more," and Doug, Jr., could be *Hamlet*, but Oakie would have to be contented to be the skull of "Alas, poor Yorick" when the grave-diggers dug him up and had to promise not to wear his sweat-shirt in this scene.

ALL of which would have been all right and a swell ending to the whole massive, super-tremendous spectacle if, just at this point, Chaplin, still as Napoleon of course, hadn't announced that he, himself, would end the play, as it had been written for him in the first place (and there's where I made my greatest mistake).

And what was more, he would end it riding down Hollywood Boulevard on the mule Al Jolson went to heaven on in "Wonder Bar." Still playing the part of Napoleon, remember, and that Guy Kibbee was all set to be the mule.

Well, it was terrible.

I argued that Napoleon would never ride a mule down Hollywood Boulevard, and Charlie admitted that maybe not, although he wouldn't put it past him, but that he had a special reason for wanting to ride the old Missouri mule.

He explained he intended to train the mule to kick out his back feet at a lot of people and showed me a list of people he intended to have kicked in the head, stunning them into permanent unconsciousness, and another list that he intended having the mule kick other places and things.

"YOU can't do it," I screamed. "You'll lose your Napoleon hat." "Sure," he grinned, "and maybe I'll lose my Napoleon breeches too, but who cares?"

So there you are. That's the way good stories go wrong in Hollywood. I'm only hoping the censors will have sense enough to cut out that part of it.

In fact, I'm not sure it would be a good idea if they'd cut out the whole thing and forget it.

In fact, that's not a bad idea at all.

DRESSING THE PART



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The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE DRAGON MURDER CASE— First National

ANOTHER murder mystery solved by *Philo Vance*, this time convincingly portrayed by Warren William whose job it is to track down a dragon in a gloomy pool. Not up to the S. S. Van Dine standard—nevertheless, amusing and reasonably sinister. Cast includes Helen Lowell, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot and Eugene Pallette.

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal

EVEN the late Russ Columbo's unsurpassed singing could not prevent June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta from having a field day. Vaudevillians Pryor, Knight and Columbo dodge police and pursue elusive "bookings" from Coast to Coast, with Armetta as the heavy-eating gigolo keeping them broke and the audience in hysterics. Andy Devine and Richard Carle also add to the fun.

THE DEFENSE RESTS—Columbia

THE story of a none-too-ethical, but almost unbeatable, criminal lawyer, dynamically portrayed by Jack Holt, who is forced by gangsters to defend a kidnapper. He turns the tables by framing his client, for a surprise climax. Fine support by Jean Arthur and Nat Pendleton.

HAVE A HEART—M-G-M

IN spite of a story whose turns can be guessed ahead all the way, Jean Parker, James Dunn, Stuart Erwin and Una Merkel enrich this wistful film about a crippled girl with heart appeal matching its title. Jean fights for love over her handicap, finds it in Dunn, then loses it by sacrificing her operation money to clear him of a theft charge. But he comes back for a happy ending.

DESIRABLE—Warners

UNEXPECTEDLY returning from school, Jean Muir meets George Brent in the apartment of her mother (Verree Teasdale). Fascinated by Jean's naïvete, George encourages her to resist her mother's efforts to keep her existence a secret—with clever and amusing consequences. Of course, George falls in love with his protegee and marries her.

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Columbia

AN amusing story, written, directed and acted by Frank Craven. In return for a favor, Arthur Byron entertains Craven at his home, where the guest lingers too long and becomes involved in intimate family affairs, with excruciating results. Helen Ware, Mary Carlisle, Charles Sabin.

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT— RKO-Radio

NOT a single drop of entertainment value can be wrung from this story of "Blue Bookers" of 1929 giving away to the "Brad

Streeters" of 1934. Having lost everything but their yacht, Sidney Fox and Marjorie Gateson charter the boat to a mob of newly rich for a cruise, with dire results. Ned Sparks, Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, Mary Boland, Sterling Holloway, Irene Franklin are completely wasted.

WAGON WHEELS—Paramount

THERE is a good song, and also Gail Patrick. Otherwise, this Zane Grey story is the same old Western you have been seeing for years. Randolph Scott is the hero and Monte Blue the villain. The picturization of the difficulties on the old Oregon trail, and numerous Indian raids take the place of plot.

THE KANSAS CITY PRINCESS— Warners

THIS "so-called" comedy about two Kansas City manicurists, Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell, out to do some plain and fancy gold-digging, is certainly no strain on the intelligence. Escaping racketeer Robert Armstrong's attentions, they step off to Europe—and luxury. Not for children.

ROCKY RHODES—Universal

WESTERN plots aren't supposed to matter, but the very familiarity of this one endears it to any audience that loves to hiss and clap. Buck Jones burns up the open spaces on his horse, fist-fights with the lowdown who's trying to grab the whole country for himself, and saves not only his own ranch but the heroine's (Sheila Terry), too.

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M

WITH a million wagered against the St. Louis Cardinals by C. Henry Gordon, an unscrupulous sportsman trying to buy their franchise, and two barred players hanging around, the stage is set for three murders during the league games. Catcher Nat Pendleton and Umpire Ted Healy are excellent comedians, and reporter Paul Kelly's work is convincing. Ace pitcher Robert Young and Madge Evans, manager David Landau's daughter, lend romance.

A LOST LADY—First National

A CONSIDERABLY revamped revision of Willa Cather's famous novel, presenting Barbara Stanwyck as a disillusioned woman married to Frank Morgan, who brings back her faith in men. The marriage is not for love, and they promise always to be "honest." Ricardo Cortez comes along, and then Frank has a heart attack. From there on, things drift in slow motion. Supporting cast includes Lyle Talbot and Phillip Reed.

THE LADY IS WILLING—Columbia

IN the rôle of a detective, forever in disguise, Leslie Howard manages to pull this little made-in-England farce out of the depths. The attempts of four men to square accounts with

a stock swindler furnishes about all the story there is. Cast includes Binnie Barnes and Nigel Bruce.

ADVENTURE GIRL—RKO-Radio

THOUGH some of the incidents in this account of Joan Lowell's adventures in the tropics are quite beyond belief, the film offers to thrill-seekers an hour packed with action. Some very beautiful camera work, and interesting narration by Miss Lowell.

PURSUED—Fox

EVERYONE must have been kidding, including the cast, when they made this picture. It's too hilariously melodramatic to be true. Rosemary Ames, a tinted lady, and Pert Kelton, her scarlet playmate, meet villain Victor Jory in a sort of South Sea island dance hall. Russell Hardie is the hero, manhandled to keep him away from the plantation.

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST—Monogram

THIS will appeal to the same folk who enjoyed Gene Stratton Porter's novel. Marian Marsh is *Elnora*, struggling under the dominance of her mother's (Louise Dresser) aversion. Helen Jerome Eddy and Ralph Morgan are the *Sintons*, most natural in their devotion to *Elnora* and their love for little *Billy* (Tommy Bupp). Betty Blythe portrays the *Bird Woman*. And Eddie Nugent is convincing as the young lover.

CITY PARK—Chesterfield

THREE old cronies who hang out on a park bench and watch the world go by see Sallie Blane, but now they do more than watch—particularly Henry B. Walthall—thereby getting themselves involved in the destiny of a country girl gone broke. Walthall is the picture, but Sallie, Matty Kemp, Hale Hamilton and the rest help.

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL—Mascot

THERE is a double reason why this weak story may prove interesting to you. One is the array of 1934 Baby Wampas Stars, the other is Bill Haines' return to the screen. Haines, a headline hound for Superba Pictures, falls in love with Judith Allen and sets out to make her a star. Finally, John Miljan persuades Judith he can give her the happiness she craves and Bill's antics in winning her back climax the picture.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS—Liberty

LIFE in a girls' reform school—to which Sidney Fox is sent after a ridiculous courtroom scene—in the raw. Lucille LaVerne is a brutal, she-Simon Legree superintendent; Lois Wilson, the sympathetic matron who shoots her superior while the girls try to escape. Unconvincing and wearisome. Paul Kelly satisfactory as a member of the school board.

BADGE OF HONOR—Mayfair

BUSTER CRABBE is a lot better in the jungle than as the demon reporter who unearths the traitor on his own newspaper. Phoney and amateurish, with some pretty awful dialogue. Ruth Hall, as the publisher's daughter, doesn't help much.

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- ☐ I belong to CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Here is my drawing in Christmas Greeting Card Contest. It is yours to keep and I hope it wins a prize.

NAME

AGE

ADDRESS

"Spanky" himself is "Okie-Dokie" at drawing. So boys and girls of 14 years or under should take his advice and enter this new CRAYOLA Drawing Club contest. It's really very easy.

Just make an original colored drawing for a Christmas Greeting Card. Draw any picture or design you like—or ask your teacher for a suggestion. Make your drawing on paper not over 8" x 10" in size, and color it with colored wax crayons. Then you'll not only have a chance to win one of the fine prizes, but, win or lose, you can get a packet of Christmas Cards now and have them all colored in plenty of time to send to your friends.

Of course you must join CRAYOLA Drawing Club to enter the contest. But you can join now by checking the No. 1 square on the coupon and mailing the coupon with the flap from a box of CRAYOLA Colored Crayon. You will receive the Official Membership Card and the packet of Christmas Cards.

Present members of CRAYOLA Club may enter the contest merely by checking No. 3 square and mailing the coupon with their drawings. But members who want the packet of Christmas Cards should check No. 2 square and mail the coupon NOW with a flap from a CRAYOLA box.



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Mutiny of the Talayha

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

was diverted to the arrival of Able-Bodied Seaman Warner Baxter. He came on board with a huge sea chest loaded with bottles of snake-bite remedy, a 30-30 rifle, shotgun, and two six-shooters.

At this moment a glittering limousine drew up at the wharf.

Liveried servants leaped to open the door, and out stepped a gentleman in the plumed duck-bill hat of an Admiral.

Beneath the hat was Mr. Richard Barthelmess.

All hands being piped on deck, Admiral Barthelmess came aboard amid three rousing Bronx cheers.

Log Entry by Captain Colman

Mr. Barthelmess today boarded ship wearing an Admiral's hat hind-side foremost, explaining that he was a Rear Admiral. Accordingly I assigned him quarters in the poop.

The good ship moved majestically out of the harbor under power of its auxiliary engine. Built in Bristol in 1899, the sloop was one hundred and five feet long, with mainmast towering one hundred and twenty-three feet into the sky.

Accommodations for fourteen passengers and crew of seven were noted.

With the prevailing nor'wester bellying the mains'l, the ship was soon hull down to the south. All were now eager for the serious work of the expedition, so Mr. Powell dealt out the cards and chips with a right good will. Captain Colman and his First Mate exchanged significant glances as they raked in the first two pots.

They had chosen well in selecting a crew for this work.

But elation slowly turned to despair as the hours wore on.

Able-Bodied Seaman Baxter was winning every pot! Grumbles began to be heard, and unrest was rife among the men. Evening came, and at eight bells of the dog-watch Warner had cashed all the chips three times over.

"Let's hang him from the yard-arm," hissed Mr. Powell to Admiral Barthelmess.

"I'll make him walk the plank," growled the Admiral, rubbing a rabbit's foot.

AT one bell the "bosun" was roundly scolded for singing out "All's Well!" Open rebellion was curbed only by the sight of Seaman Baxter's guns. He raked in the last pot on a bluff, and dark plots began to form in the minds of the crew.

Baxter now owned the Admiral's hat, and Dick found himself referred to as supercargo. The winner, who had heard nothing but stories of how costly the trip was going to be, no longer cared.

Meanwhile a stiff blow had come up, and the Talayha rolled with gunnels awash. Next day the disgruntled crew put out fish lines and cast dark looks at Mr. Baxter, no longer able-bodied, as he stood by the taff-rail.

We now refer to the log of the Talayha. In Mr. Colman's handwriting we read:

Mr. Colman caught a four-pound bass and landed it in ten minutes.

Then Mr. Powell came into the navigating room and made this entry:

Mr. Powell caught a six-pound bass, landing the fish in five minutes. He used light tackle.

Apparently these entries were noted by Mr. Baxter. He wrote:

Mr. Baxter caught three suckers and skinned them. He used light tackle consisting of a pair of deuces.

Then they ate lunch—that is, lunch was served—and Mr. Baxter declared that since he had cleaned out everybody, he was going to leave at Ensenada and find some worth while competition.

Mutiny reared its ugly head at once. Leave them? Never. Not until they had a chance to recoup. Mr. Baxter was almost persuaded to stay and take their I. O. U's. They put into the harbor at Ensenada. The customs officers came aboard and found there was something wrong with the papers. But Supercargo Barthelmess set a bottle on the table, and the papers were approved.

The guns, however, nearly caused international complications, and lockers were searched for flags bearing the skull and cross-bones. All went ashore at last and headed for Hoosong's. It was here that Seaman Baxter got word calling him home to go on location with the "Broadway Bill" company, under direction of Frank Capra. It was a crushing blow to the crew. Laughing softly into the Admiral's hat, Mr. Baxter boarded a waiting auto.

It was a sad group that wended its way to Celia's Cafe. Celia put on a new 1912 phonograph record and the dance girls crowded around to see the motion picture stars. Apparently they only knew of John Gilbert, and decided Mr. Colman was he.

And now, to further dampen their spirits, a man arrived from the airport. A plane, he said, had arrived to take Mr. Barthelmess home on urgent business!

All went out to the field where Reginald Berkeley, the writer, was waiting. When Dick learned that Reggie was to take the stick, he had to be jammed into the open cockpit by main force.

The two survivors of the expedition returned to their ship and determined to continue the voyage at all costs.

Log Entry by Captain Colman

We fished constantly, catching bass, barracuda, bonita, yellow tails and trying our hand at spearing flying fish. Baja California is certainly the fisherman's paradise.

At last they reached St. Martin's cove and put in. The customs officer came aboard and he, too, found something wrong with the ship's papers.

Again a bottle was brought out and the papers were found to be in order.

The sloop sailed on, bound south. Eventually Turtle Bay was sighted. The customs official came on board and found something wrong with the papers. A bottle was brought out . . .

Captain Colman ordered the return trip, and as soon as the ship headed on its first tack, the Captain and Mr. Powell realized they faced a problem.

The auxiliary motor was started, but in twelve hours they had made only ten knots on their due course.

Log Entry by Mr. Powell

Once we got so far on the westward tack that we thought we sighted Hawaii. The seas pounded us constantly.

We had no rolling-boards in the bunks, and only by banking the mattress to make a hollow could I keep from rolling out.

My quarters were amidships, beside the engine room. In that heavy weather I couldn't open my portholes, and the result was too close to suffocation for comfort.

I endured it until flesh and blood could stand no more. Then I mutinied.

One night I crept aft to where Captain Colman lay, snug and happy in the master's quarters. I rushed his cabin and singlehanded captured a spare bunk next to the porthole. Calmly and cold-heartedly I grabbed up his jaunty yachting togs and jettisoned them. His pleas and protests were in vain.

While still under disgrace for leading the attack on the Captain's quarters, Mr. Powell sighted the whale that was to climax their adventures.

Getting out his binoculars, he watched it spout about a mile away. It disappeared, and rose to spout again within a quarter-mile of the ship.

Again it sank, and Mr. Powell kept his glasses trained on the spot.

Suddenly his vision was shut out. At first he thought someone had walked past him, then he realized with horror that the obstruction had moved upward, and not across.

Jerking away the binoculars, he saw the whale rising to spout not five yards off the rail!

Log Entry by Mr. Powell

I went cold all over. That mammoth head kept on going up and up, with a miniature geyser erupting from it. Little pig eyes looked me over. I was too paralyzed to move.

Then the brownish body curved and the flukes came up.

If it had given one sideways flirt of its hips I would have been a gone sailor.

Mr. Colman ran to the rescue with a bird gun, but the danger had passed. After the excitement had died down, all hands were served a tot of grog. They needed it. If the whale had come up a few feet farther along, he could have tipped over the sloop with its top-heavy mast.

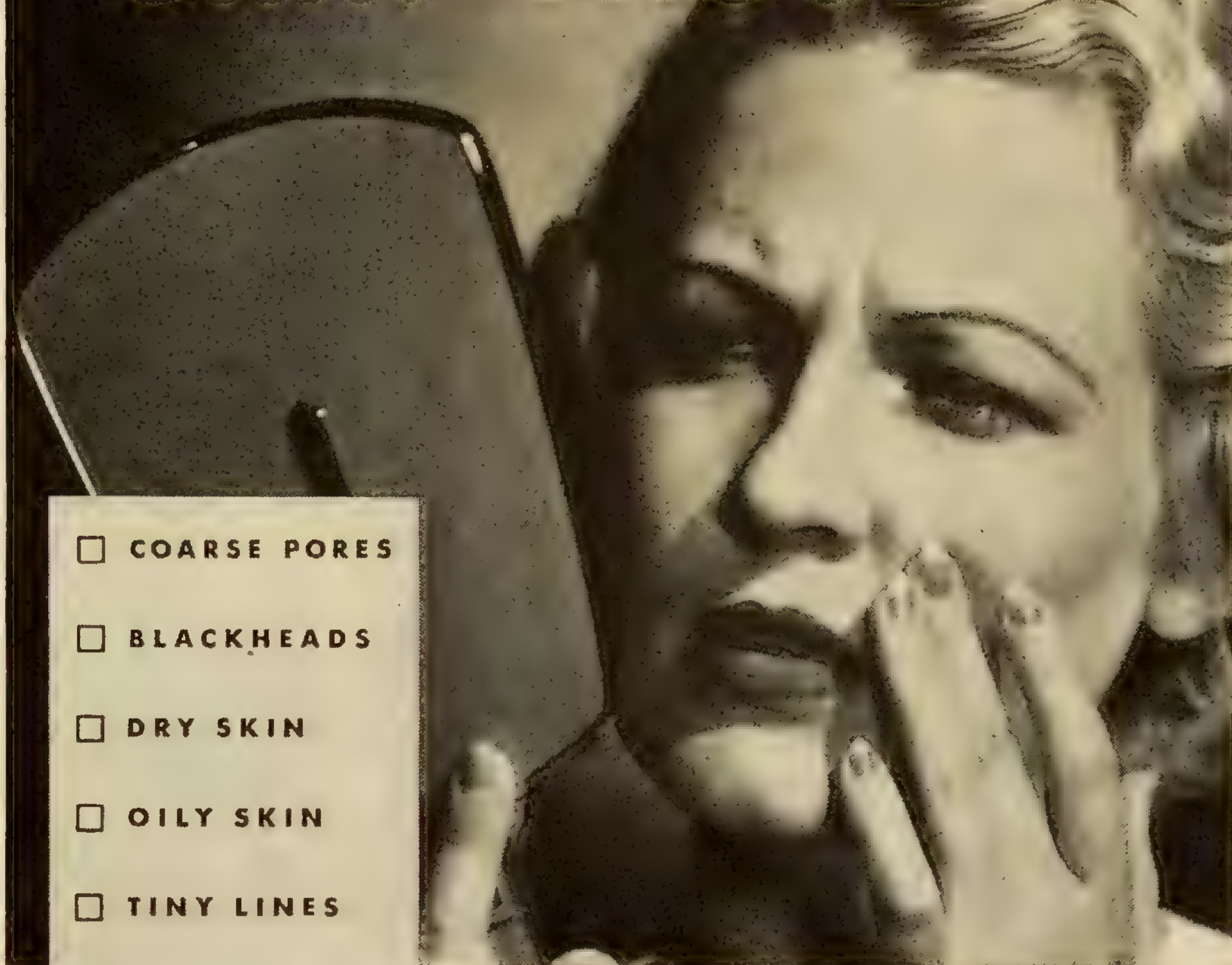
Log Entry by Mr. Powell

Without further adventure we reached Catalina Island, and hove to for a rest. We rested for three days, at the casino, in the ballroom, at parties. Then, completely worn out, we sailed for San Pedro and came ashore.

Now Ronnie and I are planning a motor trip. We took this voyage for a rest. Then we had to rest up from the rest trip at Catalina. Now we should rest up from the rest we took.

And thus ends the log of the cruise of the Talayha.

✓CHECK YOUR SKIN TROUBLE



- ☐ COARSE PORES
- ☐ BLACKHEADS
- ☐ DRY SKIN
- ☐ OILY SKIN
- ☐ TINY LINES
- ☐ SALLOW SKIN

Nine Times Out of Ten "Paralyzed Pores" are the Cause!

● By *Lady Esther*

Coarse Pores, Blackheads, Sallow and Muddy Skin, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin—practically every skin trouble to which woman is victim—is but some manifestation or other of "Paralyzed Pores".

"Paralyzed Pores" are due to nothing other than wrong method of skin care!

Ordinary methods are all right as far as they go, but they don't go far enough! They reach the surface dirt of the skin, but *not* the subsurface. And it's that underneath dirt that causes all the trouble, leading, as it does, to "Paralyzed Pores".

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In our efforts to remove this underneath dirt we do everything but the right thing. We use hot and cold applications which shock the delicate pores and render them crippled. We use strong alcoholic preparations which do not remove the dirt, but only close the pores and seal it in.

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When pores become paralyzed they become enlarged and conspicuous. Blackheads and whiteheads appear. The whole breathing and functioning of the skin is impaired and it becomes lifeless and drab and either too dry or oily. It is simply impossible to have a beautiful skin with "Paralyzed Pores".

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Lady Esther Face Cream is unique for the

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fact that it *penetrates*. It does not stay on the surface. It does not have to be rubbed in or massaged in, which only stretches and widens the pores. You just smooth it on. Almost instantly, and of its own accord, this face cream finds its way into the pores. Penetrating the little openings to their depths, it dissolves the accumulated grime and waste matter and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that does away with dryness, harshness and scaliness and makes the skin soft and smooth and flexible. For this reason face powder does not flake or streak on a skin that is cleansed with Lady Esther Face Cream.

At My Expense!

I want you to try Lady Esther Face Cream at my expense. I want you to see the difference just one cleansing will make in your skin. I want you to see how much cleaner, clearer and more radiant your skin is and how much smoother and softer. Write today for the 7-day supply I offer free and postpaid. Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard, and by return mail you'll get a generous 7-day supply of Lady Esther Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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2018 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

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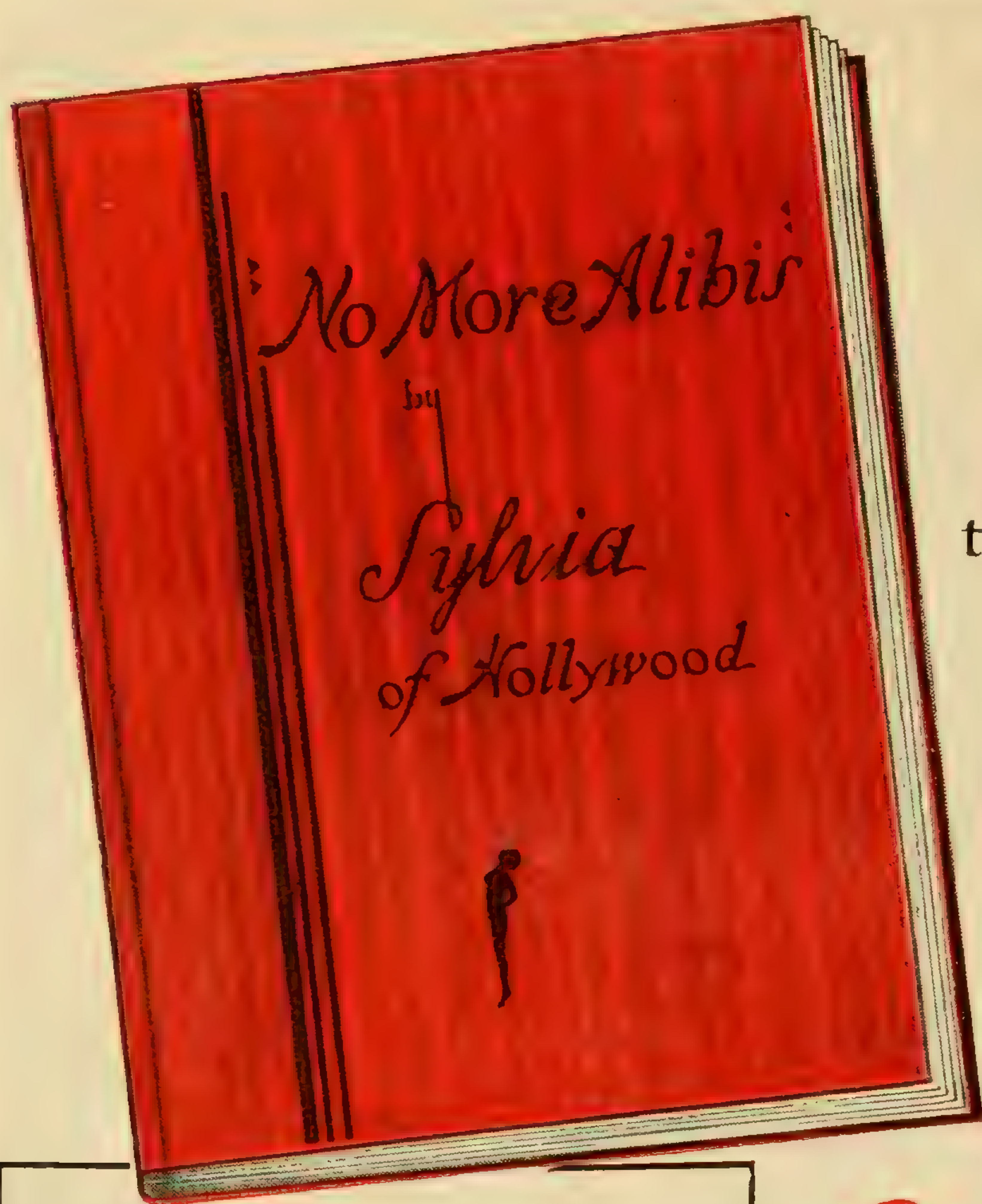
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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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 Reducing the Breasts
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the BEAUTY SECRETS

of the Glamorous Stars

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AND

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Sylvia of Hollywood

needs no introduction. This famous beauty expert, known from coast to coast for her remarkable beauty and health treatments, has now made it possible for you to secure all the beauty secrets for which the notables of the stage and screen have willingly paid fabulous sums.

A glance through the contents of this unusual book as listed in the panel to the left will quickly convince you that Madame Sylvia has left nothing unsaid in giving the women of America a most complete and thorough treatise on the subject of health and beauty.

The woman who wants to reduce will find a simple treatment for taking off five, ten or fifteen pounds while, on the other hand, the woman who considers herself too slender will learn how to add the additional pounds she so desires, and still maintain the proportions that will give her a very trim and attractive figure.

"No More Alibis" tells in detail every single one of Madame Sylvia's beauty secrets—it is written in frank, simple style—the instructions are so easy to follow that you can carry them out to the utmost detail right in the privacy of your own home. The exercises are fully explained with photographs, and the diets are accompanied by complete directions. In short, Madame Sylvia shows you how to overcome every physical defect, how to improve your figure, how to acquire grace, poise and charm, how to make your skin beautiful and your eyes sparkle.

PHOTOPLAY has made it possible for you to procure this amazing compact volume of priceless beauty and health secrets that have contributed so much to the success of the famous women of Hollywood and Broadway. It can be yours for the small amount of only one dollar. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail the coupon.

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 "No More Alibis!" will be mailed to you, postage prepaid, on receipt
 of this coupon and \$1.00. P-11-34

Ask the Answer Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

SADYE S., NEWARK, N. J.—Joan Blondell sang "Remember My Forgotten Man" in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

ELEANOR BADER, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Eleanor, the tallest actress of those you listed is Ann Dvorak, 5 feet, 6 inches. Next comes Myrna Loy, 5 feet 5; then Lona Andre, 5 feet, 4½; Madge Evans and Ginger Rogers each 5 feet, 4; Bette Davis, 5 feet 3½; Jean Harlow, Fay Wray, Jean Parker and Rochelle Hudson, each 5 feet 3; Mae West, 5 feet 2 (5' 5" with shoes); and Lilian Harvey, 5 feet, 1 inch.

R. D. M., LONDON, ENG.— You will be seeing Frank Lawton again soon. His latest picture since the release of "Cavalcade" is "One More River," in which he appears with Diana Wynyard. His next will be "David Copperfield."

MISS S. BROWN, NEW YORK, N. Y.—I don't blame you for becoming confused on the title of the latest Jean Harlow picture. It was originally called "100% Pure." Then changed to "Born To Be Kissed" and finally released as "The Girl From Missouri." Franchot Tone has brown hair and hazel eyes. He is just 6 feet tall.

CAMILLE VILLY, W. PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Ronald Colman was born in Richmond, Surrey, Eng., February 9, 1891. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. He uses his own name in pictures. Latest picture is "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Lupe Velez hails from San Luis Potosi, suburb of Mexico City. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 106 and has black hair and dark brown eyes. Lupe is twenty-five years old and celebrates her birthday on July 8.



Dance director Sammy Lee teaches Alice Faye his newest creation for her rôle in the movie, "365 Nights in Hollywood"

Macaroons a Child Can Make!



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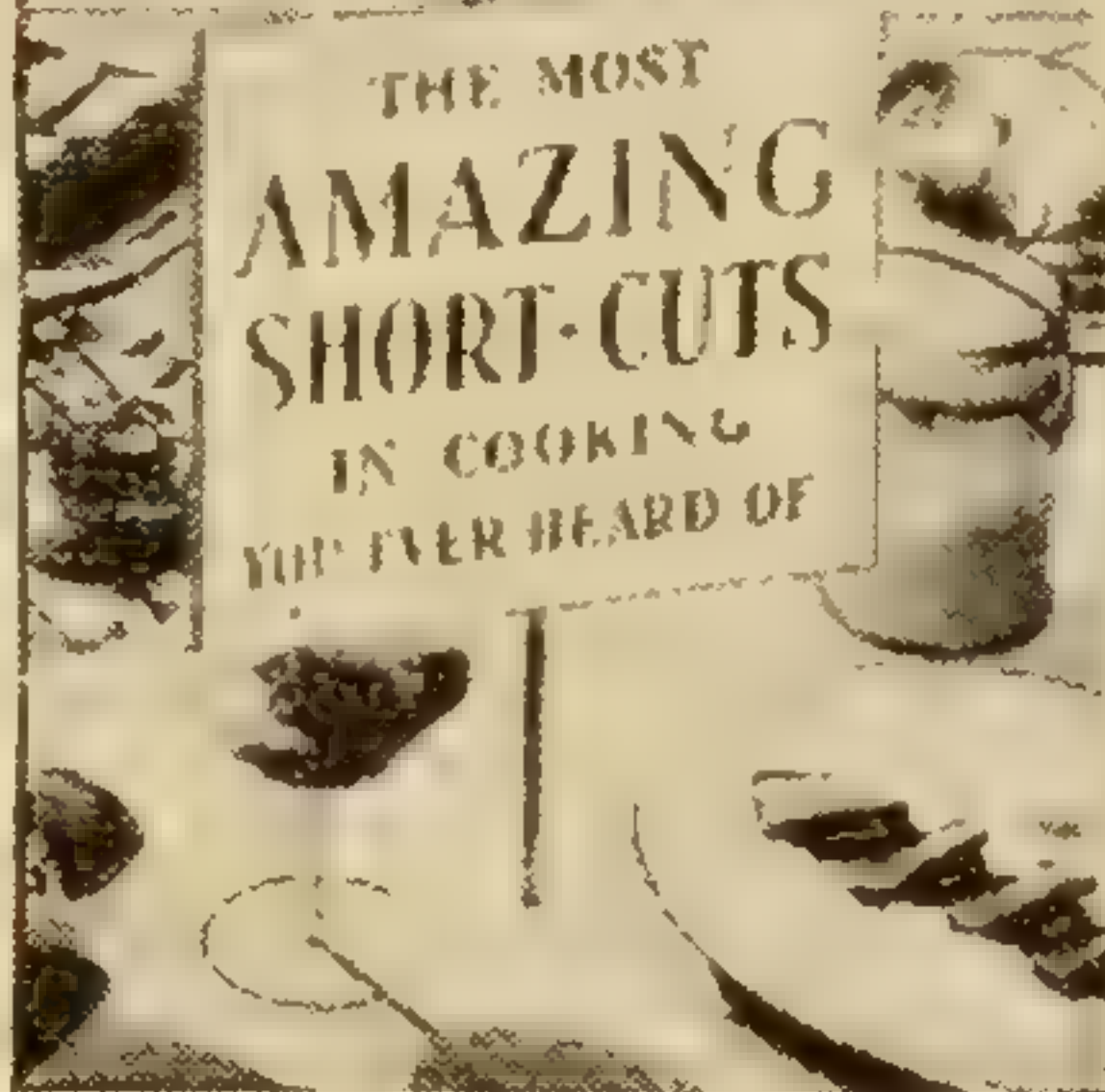
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

MERRY FRINKS, THE—First National.—Aline MacMahon, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frankie Darro, Joan Wheeler and Guy Kibbee are all valuable in making up a comedy well worth your time. (Aug.)

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warners.—This feeble and unamusing tale is too much even for the capable cast, including Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—First National.—As the gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Dvorak) of a rival gangster, Richard Barthelmess, comes through in fine style. New plot twist. (Aug.)

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM—Universal.—In the rôle of a former liquor baron trying to go straight, Edward Arnold is superb. Phillips Holmes and Mary Carlisle do nice work, too. (Oct.)

MODERN HERO, A—Warners.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess' sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rambeau, Jean Muir, William Janney fine, but story weak. (June)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram.—This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheim story justice. But Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (July)

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram.—A few dull spots, but on the whole this yarn about the shipping clerk (Wally Ford), who marries the wealthy girl (Gloria Shea) is amusing. (Aug.)

MOONSTONE, THE—Monogram.—David Manners and Phyllis Barry do a good acting job in spite of poor direction and a loose screen play. (Oct.)

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia.—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this familiar tale of the mother who turns up in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "biddy" in his college dormitory. (Aug.)

★ **MURDER AT THE VANITIES**—Paramount.—Two backstage murders make the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well-known players in support. (Aug.)

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M.—A riot of thrills and nonsense cover up weak spots in plot. Mary Carlisle, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles, Russell Hardie all well cast. (Sept.)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox.—While Nigel Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodrama. Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (Aug.)

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—RKO-Radio.—Plenty of action, suspense and chills, with Edna May Oliver superb in a humorous Philo Vance rôle. Jimmy Gleason and Regis Toomey. (Aug.)

★ **MYSTERY OF MR. X**—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, Mr. X. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

NELL GWYN—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle in a weak screen story on the life of the lowly actress who became a favorite of King Charles II. (Oct.)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Columbia.—Eight persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (May)

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (May)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Breakston heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (May)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McWade's unappreciative family, Jack LaRue kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (June)

NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG, THE—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession. Alison Skipworth. (Sept.)

★ **NOW AND FOREVER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple scores again as vagabond adventurer Gary Cooper's motherless tot. Carole Lombard is Gary's beautiful love. Principals and support A-1. (Oct.)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and fine support. (July)

★ **OF HUMAN BONDAGE**—RKO-Radio.—Deft adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel about a cripple (Leslie Howard) hopelessly in love with a vicious woman (Bette Davis). Expert characterizations by principals, Frances Dee, Reginald Owen and Alan Hale. (Sept.)

★ **OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE**—Paramount.—Paralyzing gags, situations and lines in this Gay Nineties story featuring W. C. Fields, Baby LeRoy, Judith Allen, Joe Morrison and revival cast of stage play "The Drunkard." (Sept.)

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Marian Nixon, Neil Hamilton and Aileen Pringle. (Aug.)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy. Fair. (June)

ONE MORE RIVER—Universal.—Americans will find this account of Diana Wynyard's affair with Frank Lawton, resulting in a divorce from her cruel husband, a trifle ponderous. (Oct.)

★ **ONE NIGHT OF LOVE**—Columbia.—An unusual musical romance. With your eyes open or closed, it's an evening for the gods. Grace Moore's voice is glorious. Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminatti. (Aug.)

★ **OPERATOR 13**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza with Civil War background. Gary Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. (Aug.)

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Gaumont-British.—An amusing skit with all-English cast excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood, who are a comedy riot. (Aug.)

OUR DAILY BREAD—United Artists.—Frankly communistic, this film portrays community ranch life, climaxing with a victory over drought. Karen Morley, Tom Keene and Barbara Pepper fine. (Sept.)

PARIS INTERLUDE—M-G-M.—Good story idea and setting, but disjointed telling. Hero worship is theme—Robert Young's somewhat shoddy idol being Otto Kruger, an adventurous newspaper man. Fine cast includes Madge Evans. (Oct.)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the youth burdened by a shiftless family. Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (July)

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Warners.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an egotistical prize-fighter is okay. Glenda Farrell plays his wife. (Aug.)

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiancé, Phillips Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (July)

QUITTER, THE—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charley Grapewin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)

RANDY RIDES ALONE—Monogram.—Western devotees will enjoy seeing John Wayne track down a band of outlaws led by George Hayes, Alberta Vaughn. (Sept.)

REGISTERED NURSE—Warners.—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Bebe Daniels the object of Lyle Talbot's and John Halliday's admiration. Interesting plot details. (May)

★ **RETURN OF THE TERROR**—First National.—A chilling mystery that has for its locale a sanitarium for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot are right up to par. Suspense well sustained. (Aug.)

★ **RIPTIDE**—M-G-M.—Tense drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (May)

★ **ROMANCE IN THE RAIN**—Universal.—An amusing fantastic semi-musical with Roger Pryor, Victor Moore and Heather Angel, handsomely mounted and uproariously funny. (Oct.)

★ **SADIE McKEE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic metier, but the film is highlighted by Edward Arnold's superb drunk scenes. Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone do fine work. Thoroughly entertaining. (July)

SCARLET EMPRESS—Paramount.—An uninspired presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marlene Dietrich as the princess, and Sam Jaffee as *Grand Duke Peter*. John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Exquisite settings. (July)

SCARLET LETTER, THE—Majestic.—A revival of the classic with Colleen Moore, Hardie Albright and little Cora Sue Collins turning in convincing performances. (Oct.)

★ **SERVANTS' ENTRANCE** — Fox. — Janet Gaynor devotees will enjoy seeing her in this fairy-tale story as wealthy Walter Connolly's daughter, in love with chauffeur Lew Ayres. (Oct.)

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia.—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell's setting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brian's gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (May)

SHE HAD TO CHOOSE—Majestic.—After coaxing her old Ford as far as Buster Crabbe's barbecue stand, there's lots of excitement for Isabel Jewell. Good comedy. (Oct.)

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS—Fox.—Fast, clean comedy in which sailor Lew Ayres finds plenty of opposition when he tries to get gay with Alice Faye. Mitchell and Durant mix things up plenty. Harry Green fine. (Sept.)

★ **SHE LOVES ME NOT**—Paramount.—Smart treatment of the stage success puts this way out front as clever entertainment. Bing Crosby gives an A-1 performance, and you will meet a brand-new Miriam Hopkins. (Sept.)

SHE MADE HER BED—Paramount.—A gay merry-go-round of events—a tiger loose, a big fire, and baby Richard Arlen, Jr. in the ice-box—create an exciting finis. Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)

SHE WAS A LADY—Fox.—Just so-so entertainment, with Ralph Morgan married to his mother's maid, Doris Lloyd, and Helen Twelvetrees as their daughter. Excellent performances. (Oct.)

SHOCK—Monogram.—A sentimental and improbable story of the World War, in which officer Ralph Forbes leaves bride-of-a-day Gwennlian Gill to return to the front, only to be shell-shocked. (Oct.)

★ **SHOOT THE WORKS**—Paramount.—Heartaches and rib-tickles of "show business" put to music and woven into a top-notch story. Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie excellent. Tragic note is presence of the late Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody. (Sept.)



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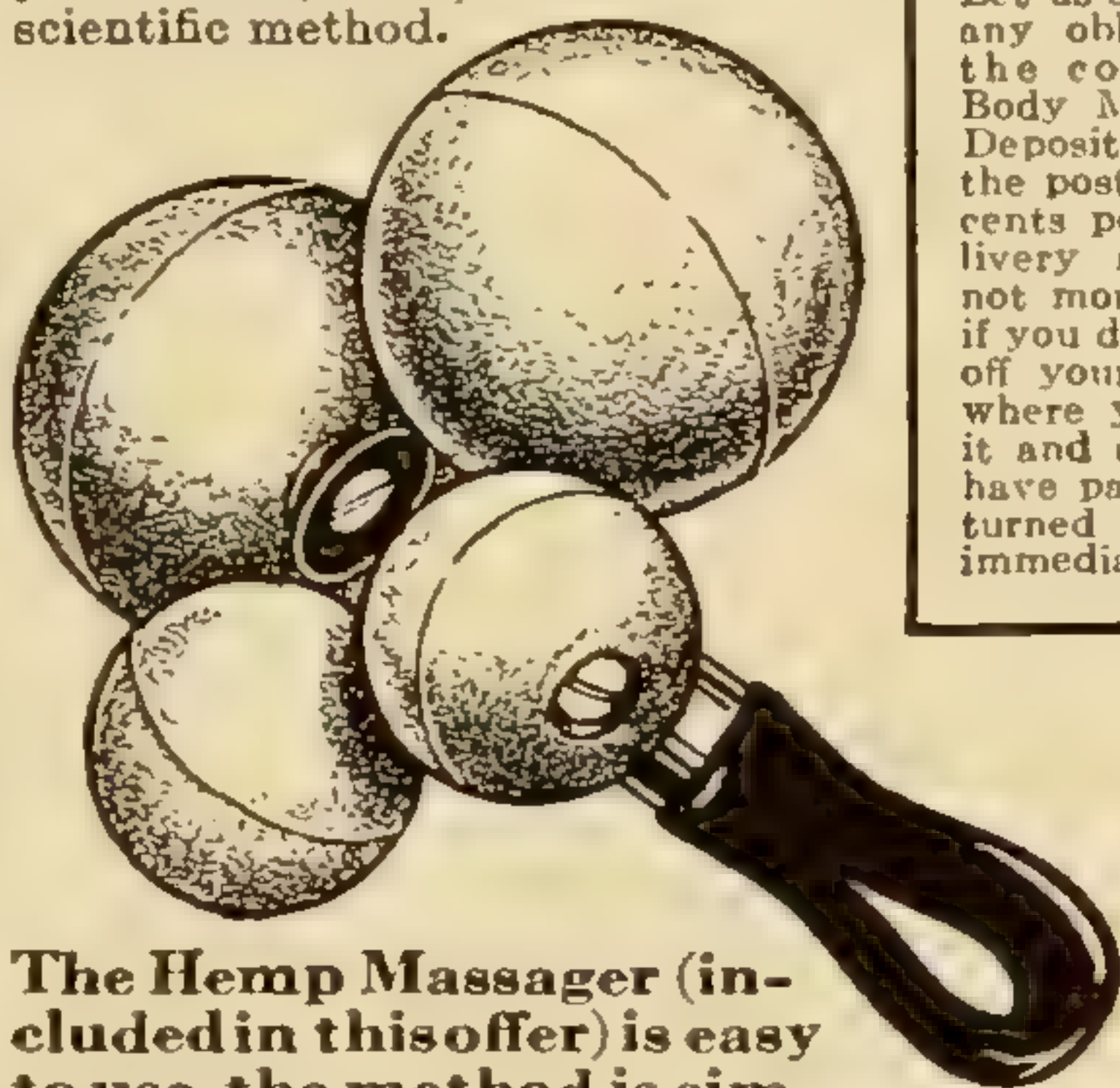
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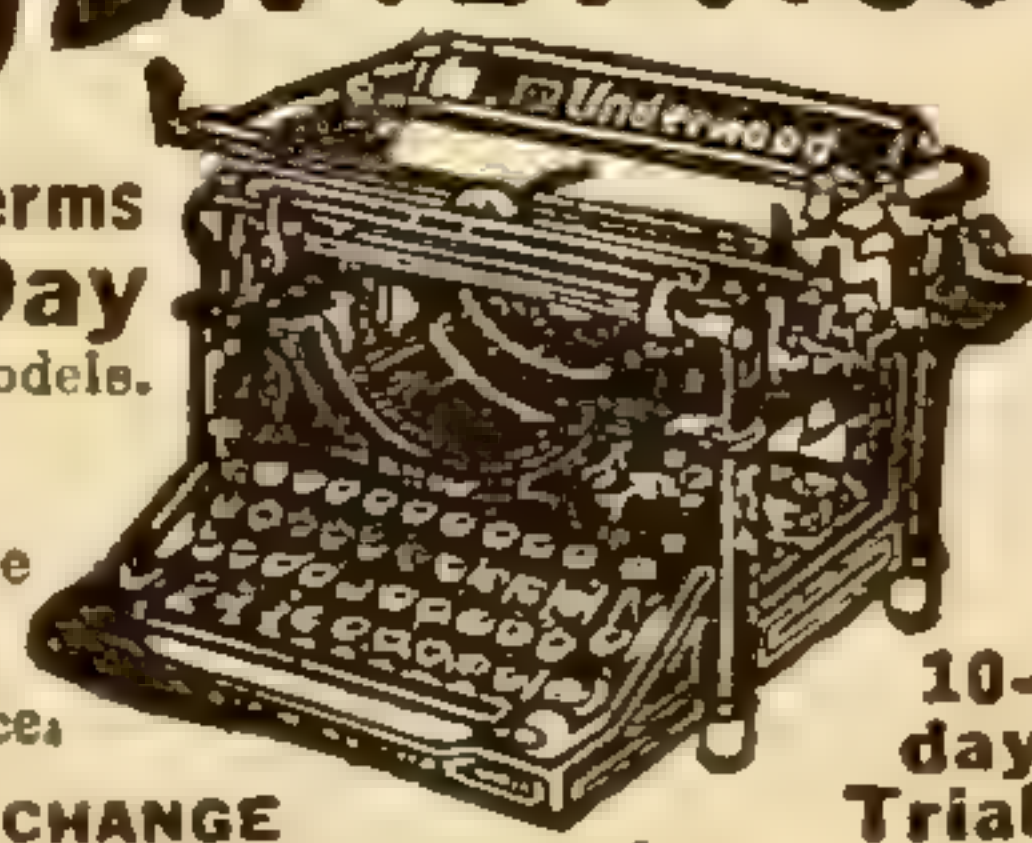
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SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M.—Spencer Tracy handles rôle as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good support. Amusing. (May)

SIDE STREETS—First National.—Aline MacMahon's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a jobless sailor (Paul Kelly) is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (June)

SING AND LIKE IT—RKO-Radio.—A devastating mirthquake. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit to distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Pert Kelton. Ned Sparks. (May)

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-shaded portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schildkraut makes this worthwhile film fare. (July)

SMARTY—Warners.—This marital game in which Joan Blondell switches from Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to William again, manages to be quite amusing. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (July)

SMOKING GUNS—Universal.—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse opera, but it's pretty certain the oldsters won't think much of it. Gloria Shea. (July)

SORRELL AND SON—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Warwick Deering's famous story of the love of a father and son is beautifully told. H. B. Warner splendid. (Aug.)

SPEED WINGS—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evalyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.—Ace high performances by Otto Henry Kruger and Nigel Johnny Bruce, both under Spring's influence. A gay, naughty whimsey, with Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (July)

STAMBOUL QUEST—M-G-M.—Myrna Loy well cast as the compatriot of Mata Hari. George Brent is an American doctor, Lionel Atwill a Secret Service man, and C. Henry Gordon once again the villain. Good suspense. (Sept.)

★ **STAND UP AND CHEER**—Fox.—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (June)

STAR PACKER, THE—Monogram.—Discovering the identity of *The Shadow* (George Hayes) is no easy task, but John Wayne comes through in fine style. Verna Hillie. (Sept.)

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio.—An unusual production, having Australia for locale. Irene Dunne's voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the bandit *Stingaree*, ably portrays his character. Conway Tearle, and good support. (July)

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield.—Pretty poor screen fare, with Sallie Blane as the heiress who can't make up her mind between the nice boy she's engaged to and the second-rater she's in love with, Charles Starrett. (Aug.)

★ **STRAIGHT IS THE WAY**—M-G-M.—Determined to go straight after a "stretch," Franchot Tone fights influence of the old mob led by Jack LaRue. Powerfully constructed drama. May Robson and Karen Morley. (Oct.)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio.—Despite the popular cast—Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Sterling Holloway—this is a pretty weak attempt at humor. (July)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio.—Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia West man, film just doesn't click. (May)

★ **SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—Splendid casting, genuine situations, suspense, and deft direction put this up with the best of them. Warner Baxter is a novelist, and Rochelle Hudson the young poetess infatuated by him. Mona Barrie. (July)

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty.—Columnist Jack LaRue is murdered while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (May)

★ **TARZAN AND HIS MATE**—M-G-M.—A breath-taking production that skillfully blends realism and fantasy. *Tarzan* Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are aptly directed by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too gory for young children. (July)

TELL-TALE HEART, THE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—This gruesome Edgar Allan Poe tale is effectively screened, but it is not recommended for children. All-English cast. (Sept.)

THEIR BIG MOMENT—RKO-Radio.—ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville are the only recommendations for this vague and sometimes confusing film. Dialogue mediocre and gags aren't too funny. (Oct.)

★ **THIN MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—See retired detective William Powell fall right "into" the baffling murder case he wouldn't go "on," and have the time of your life. Myrna Loy top-notch. (Aug.)

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount.—Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn about mythical-kingdom princess Sylvia Sidney's eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his rôle with finesse. (July)

★ **THIS MAN IS MINE**—RKO-Radio.—Society comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue. Kay Johnson deserves honors. (May)

3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Eilers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman creates fair amount of interest. (June)

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.—An argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. Sterling Holloway. Diane Sinclair. (Aug.)

★ **TREASURE ISLAND**—M-G-M.—A beautiful, moving, inspiring adventure film for children and grownups alike. Lionel Barrymore, Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, Chic Sale, Otto Kruger and Nigel Bruce have the leading rôles. (Sept.)

★ **TRUMPET BLOWS, THE**—Paramount.—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, bandit posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, tensely await outcome of the great encounter. (June)

★ **20th CENTURY**—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, satirically veneered. As the eccentric producer, molding shop-girl Carole Lombard into a star, John Barrymore is superb. Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (July)

★ **TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS**—First National.—Through efforts of Pat O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers' "giving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (June)

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible.—Lots of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic. John Miljan, as a polished crook, does a good acting job. Shirley Grey. (Aug.)

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW—Liberty.—Smooth, well-rounded, amusing semi-farce, with Miriam Jordan and Neil Hamilton, both lawyers, opposing each other in court over the subject that has caused their separation. (Sept.)

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal.—A comedy of errors, with Edward Everett Horton making most of the errors, and Genevieve Tobin willing to divorce him if he'll find her another husband. (July)

UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Miljan is the only thing that makes this yarn about unethical divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (July)

UPPERWORLD—Warners.—In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his exoneration, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National.—Honest gambler Joe E. Brown sells his body to science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (June)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (June)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carole Lombard, George Burns and Gracie Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her bit. (July)

WE'RE RICH AGAIN—RKO-Radio.—This merry marital madhouse revolves around a family's attempt to marry off Joan Marsh to wealthy Reginald Denny. But country cousin Marian Nixon gets him in the end. (Sept.)

WHARF ANGEL—Paramount.—Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster and finally making noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (May)

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty.—The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court, where two murders occur. Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge supply the love interest. (Aug.)

★ **WHERE SINNERS MEET**—RKO-Radio.—A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (July)

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, fakes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (July)

WHITE HEAT—Seven Seas Prod.—A fistic combat between David Newell and Hardie Albright, and a sugar cane fire help to liven this film with Hawaiian locale. Mona Maris and Virginia Cherrill adequate. (Sept.)

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY—Columbia.—Heavy melodrama, impressive because of fine acting of Walter Connolly. Doris Kenyon, Robert Young. (Oct.)

★ **WILD CARGO**—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (July)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnotism has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halliday, possessor of uncanny hunches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen, Sir Guy Standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (Aug.)

WORLD MOVES ON, THE—Fox.—Madeleine Carroll, English beauty, begins her American film career in this somewhat uneven picture. Franchot Tone and Dudley Digges turn in suave performances. (Sept.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)



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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ADVENTURE GIRL"—RKO-RADIO.—From the book by Joan Lowell. Directed by Herman Raymaker. The cast: Joan Lowell, herself; Joan's Pop, Capt. Wagner; *Leatherneck Bill*, Bill Sawyer; *Deck-hand*, Otto Siegler; *Joan's own Mascot*, Capt. Jack.

"AGE OF INNOCENCE, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Edith Wharton. Screen play by Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman. Directed by Philip Moeller. The cast: *Countess Olenske*, (Ellen), Irene Dunne; *Newland Archer*, John Boles; *Beaufort*, Lionel Atwill; *Mrs. Welland*, Laura Hope Crews; *Granny Mingott*, Helen Westley; *May Welland*, Julie Haydon; *Mr. Welland*, Herbert Yost; *Mrs. Archer*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Janey Archer*, Edith Van Cleve; *Buller*, Leonard Carey.

"BADGE OF HONOR"—MAYFAIR.—From the story by Robert Emmett. Continuity by George Morgan. Directed by Spencer Gordon Bennett. The cast: *Bob Gordon*, Buster Crabbe; *Helen Brewster*, Ruth Hall; *Miss Van Alstyne*, Betty Blythe; *Larkin*, John Trent; *Tip Crane*, Ernie Adams; *Preston*, Allan Cavan; *Trim Fuller*, Charles McAvoy; *Comstock*, William Arnold; *Kent*, Broderick O'Farrell.

"BELLE OF THE NINETIES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Mae West. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Ruby Carter*, Mae West; *Tiger Kid*, Roger Pryor; *Brooks Claybourne*, John Mack Brown; *Molly Brant*, Katherine DeMille; *Ace Lamont*, John Miljan; *Kirby*, James Donlan; *Gilbert*, Tom Herbert; *Dirk*, Stuart Holmes; *Slade*, Harry Woods; *Stogie*, Edward Gargan; *Jasmine*, Libby Taylor; *Col. Claybourne*, Frederick Burton; *Mrs. Claybourne*, Augusta Anderson; *Blackie*, Bennie Baker; *Butch*, Morrie Cohan; *St. Louis Fighter*, Warren Hymers; *Comedian*, Tyler Brook and Duke Ellington's Orchestra.

"BIG HEARTED HERBERT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Sophie Kerr. Adapted by Sophie Kerr and Anna Steese Richardson. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Herbert*, Guy Kibbee; *Elizabeth*, Aline MacMahon; *Alice*, Patricia Ellis; *Andrew*, Phillip Reed; *Martha*, Helen Lowell; *Junior*, Trent Durkin; *Robert*, Jay Ward; *Amy Lawrence*, Marjorie Gateson; *Goodrich, Sr.*, Henry O'Neill; *Jim Lawrence*, Robert Barrat.

"CARAVAN"—FOX.—From the novel "Gypsy Melody" by Melchoir Lengyel. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Erik Charell. The cast: *Lazi*, Charles Boyer; *Countess Wilma*, Loretta Young; *Tinka*, Jean Parker; *Lieutenant von Tokay*, Phillips Holmes; *Miss Opitz*, Louise Fazenda; *Gypsy Chief*, Eugene Pallette; *Baron von Tokay*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Notary*, Charles Grapewin; *Innkeeper*, Noah Beery; *Administrator*, Dudley Digges; *Major-domo*, Richard Carle; *Station Master*, Lionel Belmore; *Police Sergeant*, Billy Bevan; *Captain of Hussars*, Armand Kaliz; *Priest*, Harry C. Bradley.

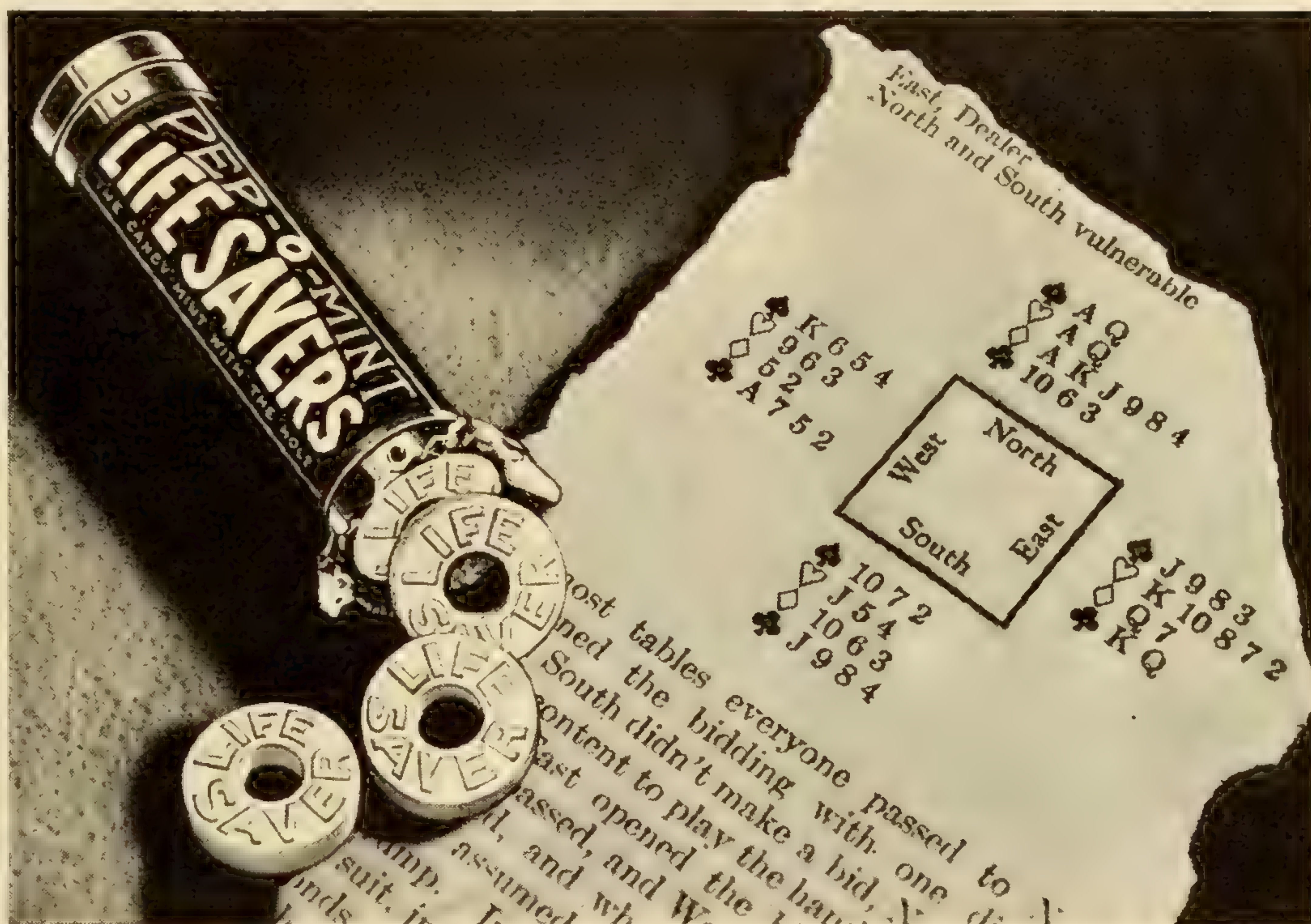
"CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Erle Stanley Gardner. Screen play by Ben Markson. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Perry Mason*, Warren William; *Bessie Foley*, Mary Astor; *Della Street*, Helen Trenholme; *Police Sgt. Holcomb*, Allen Jenkins; *Clinton Foley*, Russell Hicks; *Lucy Benton*, Dorothy Tree; *Elizabeth Walker*, Helen Lowell; *Sam Martin*, Harry Tyler; *Arthur Cartwright*, Gordon Westcott; *Dr. Carl Cooper*, Frank Reicher; *Ed. Wheeler*, Eddie Schubert; *George Dobbs*, James Burtis; *David Clark*, Harry Seymour; *Claude Drumm*, Grant Mitchell; *Judge Markham*, Addison Richards; *Bill Pemberton*, Arthur Aylesworth.

"CHAINED"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edgar Selwyn. Screen play by John Lee Mahin. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Diane Lovering*, Joan Crawford; *Mike Bradley*, Clark Gable; *Richard Field*, Otto Kruger; *Johnnie Smith*, Stuart Erwin; *Amy*, Una O'Connor; *Mrs. Field*, Marjorie Gateson; *Pablo*, Akim Tamiroff.

"CITY PARK"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Karl Brown. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Rose Wentworth*, Sallie Blane; *Colonel Ransome*, Henry B. Walthall; *Raymond Ransome*, Matty Kemp; *Ransome*, Hale Hamilton; *Charlie Hopper*, Johnny Harron; *Bank President*, Claude King; *Maizie*, Gwen Lee; *Mrs. Ransome*, Judith Vosselli; *Andy*, Wilson Benge; *Matt*, Lafe McKee; *Landlady Guppy*, Mary Foy.

"COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Alexandre Dumas. Screen play by Philip Dunne, Dan Totheroh and Rowland V. Lee. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Edmond Dantes*, Robert Donat; *Mercedes*, Elissa Landi; *de Villefort, Jr.*, Louis Calhern; *Mon-*

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"CRIME WITHOUT PASSION"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. The cast: Lee Gentry, Claude Rains; Carmen Brown, Margo; Katy Costello, Whitney Bourne; Eddie White, Stanley Ridges; Buster Malloy, Paula Trueman; O'Brien, Leslie Adams; Della, Greta Grandstedt; Miss Keeley, Esther Dale; Lieut. Norton, Charles Kennedy; Judge, Fuller Mellich.

"DEATH ON THE DIAMOND"—M-G-M.—From the story by Cortland Fitzsimmons. Screen play by Harvey Thew, Joseph Sherman and Ralph Spence. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: Larry, Robert Young; Frances, Madge Evans; Hogan, Nat Pendleton; O'Toole, Ted Healy; Karnes, C. Henry Gordon; Jimmie, Paul Kelly; Pop Clark, David Landau; Patterson, DeWitt Jennings; Grogan, Edward Brophy; Calo, Willard Robertson; Mickey, Mickey Rooney; Higgins, Robert Livingston; Spencer, Joe Sauers.

"DEFENSE RESTS, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Jo Swerling. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: Matthew Mitchell, Jack Holt; Joan Hayes, Jean Arthur; Rocky, Nat Pendleton; James Randolph, Arthur Hohl; Austin, Raymond Walburn; Castro, Harold Huber; Gentry, Robert Gleckler; Mrs. Evans, Sarah Padden; Mabel Wilson, Shirley Grey; Fogg, Donald Meek; Nick, Raymond Hatton; Gooch, Ward Bond; Cooney, John Wray; Mrs. Ballou, Vivian Oakland; Duffy, Selmer Jackson; Ballou, J. Carrol Naish; Dean Adams, Samuel S. Hinds.

"DESIRABLE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Mary McCall, Jr. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. The cast: Lois Johnson, Jean Muir; Stuart McAllister, George Brent; Helen Walbridge, Verree Teasdale; Eph, Arthur Aylesworth; Barbara, Joan Wheeler; Margaret, Barbara Leonard; Russell Gray, Charles Starrett; Austin Stevens, John Halliday; Elevator Man, Jim Miller; Mrs. Gray, Virginia Hammond; Girl, Doris Atkinson; Mac's Secretary, Pauline True; Chel, Russell Hopton.

"DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Herbert Fields and Lou Brock. Screen play by Marion Dix and Lynn Starling. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: The Queen of Malakamokalu, Mary Boland; Nella Fitzgerald, Polly Moran; Capt. Dan Roberts, Ned Sparks; Lindra Stratton, Sidney Fox; Michael Forbes, Sidney Blackmer; Freddy Finn, Sterling Holloway; Mrs. Col-Stratton, Marjorie Gateson; Mrs. Gilhooley, Irene Franklin; Sir Guy, Charles Grapewin.

"DRAGON MURDER CASE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by S. S. Van Dine. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Robert N. Lee. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The cast: Philo Vance, Warren William; Bernice, Margaret Lindsay; Leland, Lyle Talbot; Sergeant Heath, Eugene Pallette; Stamm, Robert Barrat; Monague, George Meeker; Trainor, Arthur Aylesworth; Markham, Robert McWade; Mrs. Stamm, Helen Lowell; Doremus, Etienne Girardot; Ruby, Dorothy Tree; Tatum, George E. Stone; Greeff, William Davidson; Dr. Holliday, Robert Warwick; Hennessey, Charles Wilson.

"FOUNTAIN, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Charles Morgan. Adapted by Jane Murfin. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: Julie, Ann Harding; Lewis Alison, Brian Aherne; Rupert, Paul Lukas; Baron Von Leyden, Jean Hersholt; Ballater, Ralph Forbes; Baroness Von Leyden, Violet Kemble Cooper; Sophie, Sara Haden; Allard Von Leyden, Richard Abbott; Goof's Wife, Barbara Barondess; Goof Von Leyden, Rudolph Amendt; Allard's Wife, Betty Alden; Van Arkel, Ian Wolfe; De Greve, Douglas Wood; Doctor, Frank Reicher; Nurse, Ferike Boros; Commandant, William Stack; Kerstholt, Christian Rub; Shordley, J. M. Kerrigan; Lampman, Charles Naughton; Willett, Desmond Roberts.

"GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Gene Stratton Porter. Adapted by Adele Comandini. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: Katherine Comstock, Louise Dresser; Wesley Sinton, Ralph Morgan; Elnora Comstock, Marian Marsh; Dr. Ammon, H. B. Walthall; Phillip Ammon, Edward Nugent; Edith Carr, Gigi Parrish; Margaret Sinton, Helen Jerome Eddy; Mrs. Parker (the Bird Woman), Betty Blythe; Elvira Carney, Barbara Bedford; Frank Comstock, Robert Ellis; Billy, Tommy Bupp.

"HAVE A HEART"—M-G-M.—From the story by B. G. DeSylva and David Butler. Screen play by Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by David Butler. The cast: Sally, Jean Parker; Jimmie, James Dunn; Joan, Una Merkel; Gus, Stuart

Erwin; Schaubert, Willard Robertson; Dr. Spear, Samuel S. Hinds; Joe, Paul Page; Helen, Muriel Evans; Mrs. Kelly, Kate Price; Mrs. Abrahams, Pepi Sinoff.

"HUMAN SIDE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Christine Ames. Screen play by Frank Craven and Ernest Pascal. Directed by Edward Buzzell. The cast: Gregory, Adolphe Menjou; Vera Sheldon, Doris Kenyon; Lucille Sheldon, Charlotte Henry; Fritz Speigle, Joseph Cawthorn; James Dalton, Reginald Owen; Alma Hastings, Betty Lawford; Phil Sheldon, Dick Winslow; Tom Sheldon, George Ernest; Bobbie Sheldon, Dickie Moore.

"KANSASCITY PRINCESS, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Sy Bartlett. Screen play by Manuel Seff and Sy Bartlett. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: Rosie, Joan Blondell; Marie, Glenda Farrell; Junior Ashcraft, Hugh Herbert; Dynamite, Robert Armstrong; Jimmy the Dude, Gordon Westcott; Marcel Duryea, Osgood Perkins; Sam Weller, Hobart Cavanaugh; Quincy, Vince Barnett; Dr. Sacha Pilnikoff, Ivan Lebedeff; Jim Cameron, T. Roy Barnes; Greenway, Arthur Hoyt; Scout Mistress, Lillian Harmer; Mrs. Ashcraft, Renee Whitney.

"LADY IS WILLING, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by Gilbert Miller. The cast: Albert Latour, Leslie Howard; Gustav Dupont, Cedric Hardwicke; Helene Dupont, Binnie Barnes; Professor Menard, Sir Nigel Playfair; Welton, Nigel Bruce; M. Pignolet, W. Graham Browne; Valerie, Kendall Lee; Brevin, Claude Allister; Dr. Germon, Arthur Howard; Helene's Maid, Virginia Field; Buller, John Turnbull.

"LOST LADY, A"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Willa Cather. Screen play by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Marian, Barbara Stanwyck; Daniel Forrester, Frank Morgan; Ellinger, Ricardo Cortez; Neil, Lyle Talbot; Ned Montgomery, Phillip Reed; Robert, Hobart Cavanaugh; Rosa, Rafaela Ottiano; John Ormsby, Henry Kolker; Cook, Willie Fung; Judge Hardy, Walter Walker; Jim Sloane, Samuel Hinds; Simpson, Edward McWade; Lord Verrington, Jameson Thomas.

"MERRY WIDOW, THE"—M-G-M.—Based on the operetta by Victor Leon and Leo Stein. Screen play by Ernst Vajda and Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Ernest Lubitsch. The cast: Danilo, Maurice Chevalier; Sonia, Jeanette MacDonald; Ambassador, Edward Everett Horton; Queen, Una Merkel; King, George Barbier; Marcelle, Minna Gombell; Lulu, Ruth Channing; Orderly, Sterling Holloway; Valet, Donald Meek; Zizipoff, Herman Bing.

"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alice Hegan Rice and Anne Crawford Flexner. Screen play by William Slavens McNutt and Jane Storm. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: Mrs. Wiggs, Pauline Lord; Mr. Stebbins, W. C. Fields; Miss Hazy, ZaSu Pitts; Lucy Olcott, Evelyn Venable; Bob Redding, Kent Taylor; Bagby, Charles Middleton; Mr. Wiggs, Donald Meek; Bill Wiggs, Jimmy Butler; Australia, Edith Fellows; Jimmy Wiggs, George Breakston; Europa, Virginia Weidler; Asia, Carmencita Johnson; Julius, George Reed; Priscilla, Mildred Gover; Dick Harris, Arthur Housman; Dr. Barton, Walter Walker; Agent Jenkins, Sam Flint; Mose, James Robinson; Box Office Man, Bentley Hewlitt; Usher, Edward Tamblin; 1st Comedian, Al Shaw; 2nd Comedian, Sam Lee; House Manager, Del Henderson; Minister, George Pearce; Mrs. Bagby, Lillian Elliott; Brakeman, Earl Pingree.

"OUTCAST LADY"—M-G-M.—From the book "The Green Hat" by Michael Arlen. Screen play by Zoe Akins. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: Iris, Constance Bennett; Napier, Herbert Marshall; Lady Eve, Mrs. Patrick Campbell; Gerald, Hugh Williams; Venice, Elizabeth Allan; Sir Maurice, Henry Stephenson; Hilary, Robert Loraine; Guy, Lumsden Hare; Dr. Masters, Leo Carroll; Trouble, Alec B. Francis; Boy Fenwick, Ralph Forbes.

"PECK'S BAD BOY"—FOX.—From the story by George W. Peck. Screen play by Bernard Schubert and Marguerite Roberts. Directed by Edward F. Cline. The cast: Bill, Jackie Cooper; Mr. Peck, Thomas Meighan; Horace, Jackie Searl; Aunt Lily, Dorothy Peterson; Duffy, O. P. Heggie; Minister, Charles Evans; Maid, Gertrude Howard; Father, Larry Wheat; Master of Ceremonies, Harvey Clark.

"PURSUED"—FOX.—From the story by Larry Evans. Screen play by Lester Cole and Stuart Anthony. Directed by Louis King. The cast: Mona, Rosemary Ames; Beauregard, Victor Jory; Gilda, Pert Kelton; David Landeen, Russell Hardie; Dr. Otto Steiner, George Irving; Hanson, Terben Meyer.

"RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Norman Krasna. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: Dorothy Hunter, Miriam Hopkins; Anthony Travis, Joel McCrea; Jonathan Connors, Henry Stephenson; Sylvia Vernon, Fay Wray; Philip Vernon, Reginald Denny; Frank Orsatti, Wade Boteler; Donald, George Meeker; Haley, Fred Howard; Cavendish, Herbert Bunston; David Preston, Burr McIntosh; Buller at Lodge, Charles; Buller at Hunter, Edgar Norton; Maid, Beryl Mercer.

"ROCKY RHODES"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by W. C. Tuttle. Screen play by Edward Churchill. Directed by Al Raboch. The cast: *Rocky Rhodes*, Buck Jones; *Nan*, Sheila Terry; *Harp*, Stanley Fields; *Murich*, Walter Miller; *Street*, Alf P. James; *Hilton*, Paul Fix; *Mrs. Rhodes*, Lydia Knott; *Stark*, Lee Shumway; *Reed*, Jack Rockwell; *Bowles*, Carl Stockdale; *Jake*, Monte Montague; *Red*, Bud Osborne; *Boggs*, Harry Samuels; *Silver*, Silver.

"SCHOOL FOR GIRLS"—LIBERTY.—From the story by Reginald Wright Kauffman. Screen play by Albert DeMond. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Annette*, Sidney Fox; *Gary*, Paul Kelly; *Cartwright*, Lois Wilson; *Keeble*, Lucille LaVerne; *Galvin*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Florence*, Dorothy Appleby; *Hazel*, Toby Wing; *Peggy*, Lona Andre; *Gladys*, Kathleen Burke; *Dorothy*, Dorothy Lee; *Fogarty*, Dawn O'Day; *Robbins*, Russell Hopton; *Gage*, Mary Foy; *Nell*, Barbara Weeks; *Governor*, Robert Warwick; *Smool*, Greta Gould; *Winters*, Myrtle Stedman; *Reeves*, George Cleveland; *Walham*, William Farnum; *Duke*, Charles Ray; *Benham*, Jack Kennedy; *Ted*, Eddie Kane; *Judge*, Edward Le Saint; *Detective*, Fred Kelsey; *Detective*, Harry Woods; *Eleanor*, Helen Foster; *Jameson*, Purnell Pratt; *Larson*, Helene Chadwick.

"THAT'S GRATITUDE"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Frank Craven. Directed by Frank Craven. The cast: *Grant*, Frank Craven; *Maxwell*, Arthur Byron; *Dora Maxwell*, Mary Carlisle; *Delia Maxwell*, Sheila Mannors; *Mrs. Maxwell*, Helen Ware; *William North*, Charles Sabin; *Clayton Lorimer*, John Buckler; *Hanson*, John Sheehan; *Lohrup*, Don Douglas; *Berner*, Lester Alden.

"THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Ursula Parrott. Screen play by William Hurlbut. Directed by Edward Slloman. The cast: *Joseph White*, Frank Morgan; *Alice Vaile*, Binnie Barnes; *Sophie White*, Lois Wilson; *Janet*, Louise Latimer; *Helen*, Elizabeth Young; *Henry*, Alan Hale; *Arthur*, Robert Taylor; *Fred*, Maurice Murphy; *Dick*, Dick Winslow; *Marjorie*, Helen Parrish; *Ella*, Margaret Hamilton; *Anne Darling*, Dean Benton and others.

"WAGON WHEELS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Charles Barton. The cast: *Clint Belmet*, Randolph Scott; *Nancy Wellington*, Gail Patrick; *Sonny Wellington*, Billy Lee; *Helly Masters*, Leila Bennett; *Abby Masters*, Jan Duggan; *Murdock*, Monte Blue; *Jim Burch*, Raymond Hatton; *Bill O'Meary*, Olin Howland; *Couch*, J. P. McGowan; *Jed*, James A. Marcus; *Mrs. Jed*, Helen Hunt; *Masters*, James B. "Pop" Kenton; *Ebe*, Alfred Delcambre; *Orator*, John Marston; *Negro Coachman*, Sam McDaniels; *Permit Officer*, Howard Wilson; *Russian*, Michael Visaroff; *Lester*, Julian Madison; *Chauncey*, Eldred Tisbury; *The Factor*, E. Alyn Warren.

"WAKE UP AND DREAM"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by John Meehan, Jr. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Paul Scotti*, Russ Columbo; *Charley Sullivan*, Roger Pryor; *Toby Brown*, June Knight; *Cellini*, Henry Armetta; *Madame Rose*, Catherine Doucet; *Egghead*, Andy Devine; *Earl Craft*, Spencer Charters; *Mae LaRue*, Wini Shaw; *Babcock*, Richard Carle; *Hildebrand*, Clarence Hummel Wilson; *Seabrook*, Gavin Gordon; *Polopolis*, Paul Porcasi.

"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"—M-G-M.—From the story by James M. Barrie. Directed by Gregory LaCava. The cast: *Maggie*, Helen Hayes; *John*, Brian Aherne; *Alick*, David Torrence; *David*, Donald Crisp; *James*, Dudley Digges; *Sybil*, Madge Evans; *Comtesse*, Lucille Watson.

"YOU BELONG TO ME"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Elizabeth Alexander. Adapted by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Bud Hannigan*, Lee Tracy; *Florette Faxon*, Helen Mack; *Mme. Alva*, Helen Morgan; *Theater Manager*, Lynne Overman; *Jimmy Faxon*, David Holt; *Hap Stanley*, Arthur Pierson; *School Principal*, Edwin Stanley; *Instructor*, Dean Jagger; *Lita Lacey*, Irene Ware; *Joe Mandel*, Lou Cass; *Jack Mandel*, Max Mack; *Maizie Kelly*, Mary Owen; *Minister*, Rev. Neal Dodd; *Stage Manager*, Irving Bacon; *Usher*, Allan Fox; *Ventriloquist*, Hugh McCormick; *Poker Player*, Eddie Borden; *Waiter*, Willie Fung; *Blonde*, Margaret Daggett; *Al*, Al Shaw; *Man*, Harry Depp; *Man with Comb*, Billy Pierson; *School Principal*, Edwin Stanley; *Instructor*, Gwenllian Gill; *Sam*, Sam Lee; *Low Voice*, Charles Dorety; *Doctor*, Bernard Suss; *Stage Hand*, Frank Rice.

"YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL"—MASCOT.—From the story by Joseph Santley. Screen play by Dore Schary. Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Bob Preston*, William Haines; *June Dale*, Judith Allen; *Herman Cline*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Gordon Douglas*, John Miljan; *Themselves*, Ted Fio-Rito and orchestra; *The Piano Movers*, Shaw and Lee; *Dick*, James Bush; *Sammy*, Vince Barnett; *The Champion*, Warren Hymer; *The Radio Announcer*, Franklin Pangborn; *Farrell*, James Burtis; *Hansen*, Syd Saylor; *Mrs. Cline*, Greta Myers and the Wampas Baby Stars: *Hazel Hayes*, Judith Arlen, Jean Gale, Ann Hovey, Jean Carmen, Lu Anne Meredith, Betty Bryson, Neoma Judge, Katherine Williams, Lucille Lund, Dorothy Drake and Lenore Keefe.



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]



Anne finds a friend. The heroine (Anne Shirley) of "Anne of Green Gables," discovers Matthew Cuthbert (O. P. Heggie) is her ally

THE close friendship of The Three Musketeers, George Brent, Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, is no more. Since their divorce, Brent has been paying marked attention to Greta Garbo, no less, and Ralph, another husband, has just married Heather Angel. Ruth is very much alone these days, and goes practically nowhere. Her divorce from George has driven her into retirement evidently, as no one sees her.

AND here's the month's sweetness and light, with merely a dash or two of sourness and darkness.

Marian Nixon's divorce from Edward Hillman, wealthy polo player, was just three days old when she and William Seiter, Laura La Plante's "ex," were married at Yuma. . . . George Raft and Virginia Pine aim at Mexico, if, as and when he gets a divorce. . . . He gave Virginia a diamond bracelet on her birthday. . . . Duke York, who gave Ida Lupino that diamond ring, is also the lifeguard at Ida's swimming pool. . . . Duke has doubled for many of the screen stars. . . . Lowell Sherman and Geneva Mitchell won't fess up that they are Mr. and Mrs. . . . Neither will they deny it. . . . Ooh! Mitzi Green's boy friend is Jack Heller. . . . It looks like any time for Dorothy Mackaill and Jack McGowan, the playwright. . . . Buddy Rogers tootles to a red-headed dancer, Jeanne Goodner. . . . And are Gertrude Michael and Nick Foran spooning! . . . Other stepping-out teams include Douglass Montgomery and Judith Wood (it's two months for them now. Must mean it), Alice Faye and Pat de Cicco, Thelma Todd's "ex." . . . Glenda Farrell denies she'll marry Ronnie Simon, New York business man. . . . Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow see no one

else. . . . Randolph Scott and Vivian Gaye are again seen together. . . . Weldon Heyburn is slightly befuddled about Greta Nissen, his wife, what with not being able to find any sign of a Mexican divorce she's supposed to have got. . . . And what with not being able to get in touch with Greta, somewhere in Sweden. . . . And what with not knowing even if she wants a divorce in the first place. . . . Madge Kennedy and William B. Hanley kept their marriage secret two weeks. . . . That lad Maurice Chevalier, who denies he's going to marry Kay Francis, is known in France as the bicycle repairman, because that's what he used to be. . . . There were five years of separations and reconciliations before Nick Stuart and Sue Carol divorced. . . . Nancy Carroll still cares for ex-husband Producer-Writer Jack Kirkland, and vice versa. . . . It's reported Irene Dunne and her doctor-husband are deciding whether to continue. . . . Loretta Young is seeing a lot of Architect Philip Ormsby. . . . Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes, who eloped to Yuma, after a six weeks' courtship, were aided and abetted by Pat Patterson, who eloped to Yuma with Charles Boyer this spring. . . . Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown are bouncing a boy . . . and so are Frances Dee and Joel McCrea.

BINNIE BARNES is singing the international *visé* blues. Binnie very naively entered the United States on a regular visitor's passport, instead of applying for an artist's ticket. Result, after making a couple of pictures, authorities told her she was going back to England, whether she wanted to or not.

Frantically she started numerous trips to Mexico to come in on the quota—but Uncle Sam said it wouldn't do her any good. So she packed up and sailed home to do things right this time. There's also a matter of a contract with Alexander Korda to be ironed out before she returns to Hollywood for keeps—or at least a long stay.

HOLLYWOOD sat up aghast when Franchot Tone attended the Tingle Tangle revue all alone. And coming the night after Tone had tossed all those dirty looks upon Francis Lederer when he became effusive over Joan Crawford, Hollywood wondered if the two had quarreled. At any rate Franchot remained glum throughout the performance.

THE superlative performance given by Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage" has rocketed her stock at her home studio, Warner Brothers. Bette, who had "part trouble," struck, was suspended, and finally made up with her bosses, will now draw an important story especially bought for her. It is "North Shore," a best selling novel.

It is indeed ironic that another studio had to "discover" Bette as a really talented actress—but you can bet that now she is "discovered," her home studio isn't going to squander that discovery on just so-so parts—many of which Bette has had in the past.

DICK POWELL'S new house is equipped with showers only—no tubs. It sounds like a strictly bachelor idea. Wonder what Mary Brian thinks about it?



As part of the "preview" broadcast of "Cleopatra" on the "45 Minutes in Hollywood" program, the above six were heard from the West Coast Columbia station, KHJ. Left to right: Henry Wilcoxon; Gertrude Michael; Emanuel Cohen, Paramount's vice-president in charge of production; Katherine DeMille, daughter of the director; Ivan St. Johns, Western editor of PHOTOPLAY, and Claudette Colbert, the siren herself. In New York, Director Cecil B. DeMille was interviewed on the same program by the publisher of PHOTOPLAY, Kathryn Dougherty



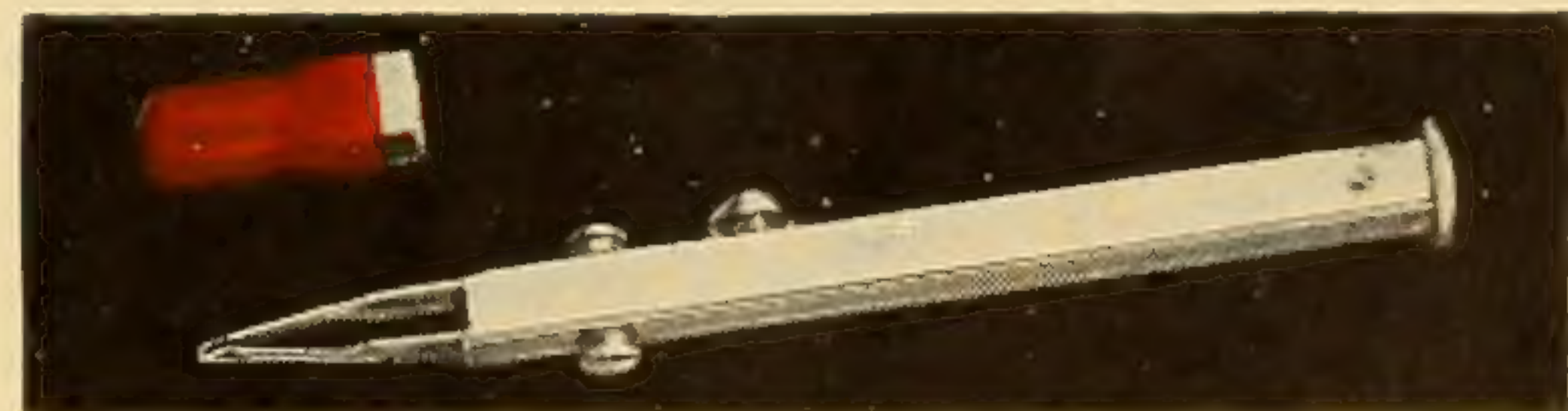
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